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POPERY, PUSEYISM, JESUITISM;

DESCRIBED IN A SERIES OF LETTERS

BY

LUIGI DESANCTIS,

*Formerly Parish Priest of the Church of the Maddalena alla
Rotonda at Rome, Professor of Theology, Official Censor
of the Inquisition, &c., &c.*

TRANSLATED FROM HIS ORIGINAL ITALIAN EDITION
(PUBLISHED AS "ROMA PAPALE"),

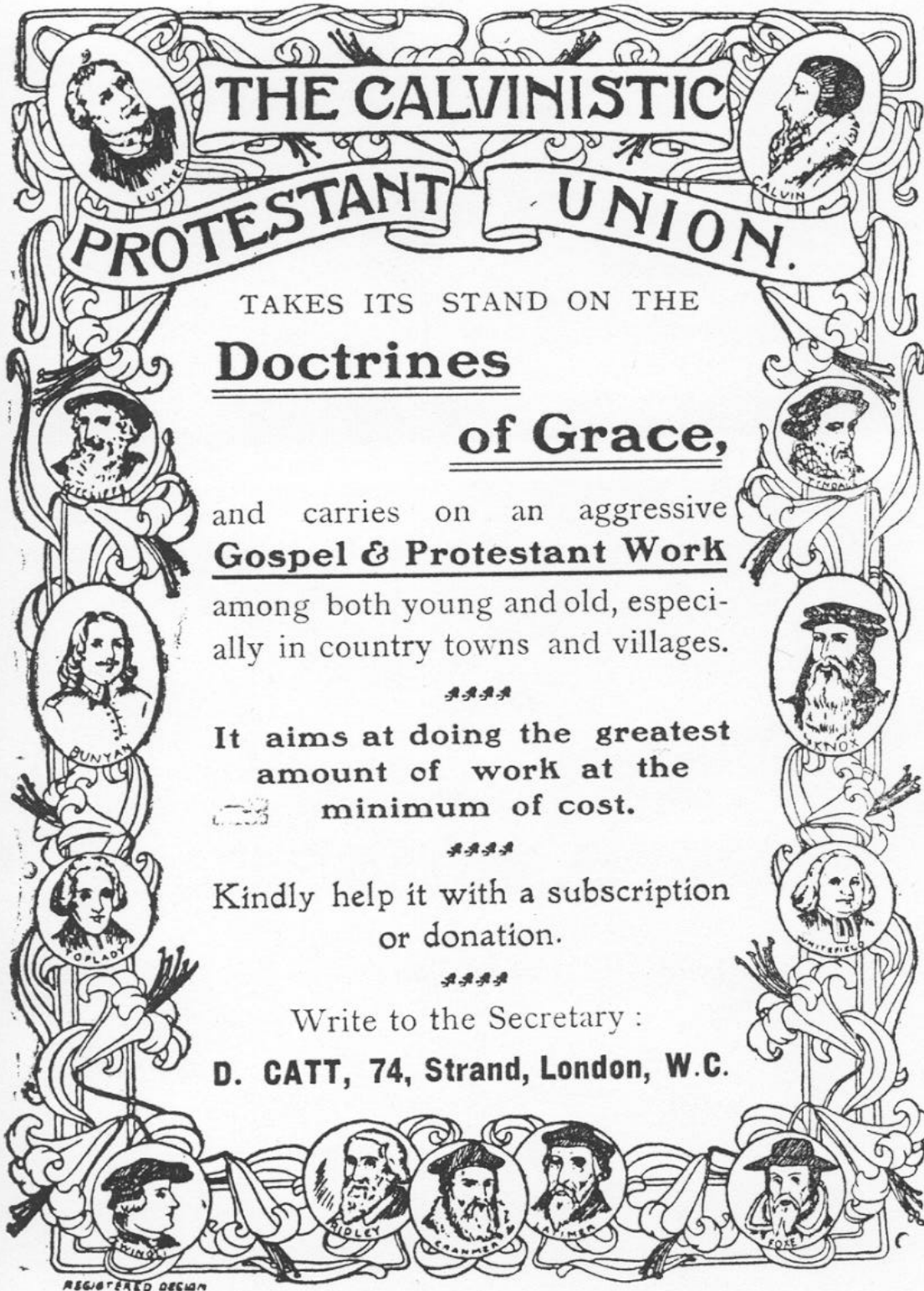
BY

MARIA BETTS.

SECOND EDITION.

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SUNNY ITALY.

O ITALY, thou sunny land,
So queenly and so fair,
When wilt thou burst the iron bands
Of error's subtle snare?

Thy children, bowed beneath the weight
Of priestly rule and thrall,
For liberty, sweet liberty,
With pleading voices call.

Historic ruins, stately piles,
Madonnas, relics, thine;
But for God's own most precious gift
Of freedom, still they pine.

No hallowed Sabbath brings release
From sordid toil and care,
Hushing earth's weary din and noise,
And breathing thoughts of prayer.

No open Bible meets the clasp
Of hands so faint and worn
With struggling for the right to live;
They would they'd ne'er been born.

Yes! poverty and sickness wan
Swift follow in the rear,
When superstition leads the way
Throughout the circling year.

Upon a land where Satan reigns
God's smile can never rest;
Where He is honoured in His Son,
There are the people blest.

Rise up, then, Italy! and take
The Gospel offered thee—
Deliverance, too, from Romish chains;
Then, then, thou shalt be free!

LETITIA JENNINGS, Rome, 1890.

From *The Christian*.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THESE letters were published by Luigi Desanctis under the title of *Roma Papale* in 1865, at Florence, with copious notes. They had previously appeared in the *Record* newspaper, in English, under the title of *Popery, Puseyism, and Jesuitism*, and then were published as a book in English, French, and German, running through many editions as *Popery and Jesuitism*, which works seem almost to have disappeared, for only one copy have I traced.

Roma Papale was given to my husband when we were in Rome (1872). He was greatly struck with its contents, but being deeply engaged on the works of the early Spanish Reformers, left it untranslated.

Now, in my eighty-first year, at the instance of my friend, Mrs. Henry Jennings, an Honorary Deputation of the "Women's Protestant Union," I have, in a simple manner, but I believe faithfully, rendered it into English, with the help of my niece, Ada Meyer, and republish it under the original title, omitting a long Conclusion and the Notes which were written for Italy.

I trust the work may lead to the enlightenment of some of my countrymen.

MARIA BETTS.

Pembury, 1903.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

I am gratified to know that the First Edition of these valuable Letters of Desanctis has been so warmly received, that a Second Edition of this cheap issue is required. I hope that this Edition, to which several Illustrations have been added, may have a still wider circulation. Desanctis' original Italian M.S. is preserved in the Protestant Theological Library at Rome, and it is encouraging to hear that there is a strong desire for a cheap Edition in Italian.

MARIA BETTS.

Pembury, 1905.

PREFACE

to the Italian Edition published as "ROMA PAPALE."



THE letters which we now publish for the first time in Italian are not new. They were published in English in 1852, and had three editions in that language. They were then translated into French and German, and in these languages also they have passed through various editions.

They were at first composed for England, and were published in *The Record*, a journal of the English Church. They bore for title: "Popery, Puseyism, and Jesuitism," and their scope was to show the union of these three sects in making war on true Evangelical Christianity. But the English editor, perhaps not wishing to irritate the great Puseyite party in England, suppressed in the title the word "Puseyism," and published the book under the title of "Popery and Jesuitism"; which title is preserved in the French and German editions.

But the publication of these letters would be of little profit or interest to Italy, as they were written for England, therefore the author, leaving the original plan of the work, has so re-cast these letters as to render them interesting to Italian readers.

Unfortunately, Papal Rome under the religious aspect is not known even in Italy; the organisation of the Court of Rome, the manner in which it manages its affairs, the hidden springs which move all the machinery of Roman Catholicism, are mysteries to many Italians. We do not flatter ourselves to have laid bare all these mysteries, but we hope in our book to have given an idea of them.

As to the doctrines of Roman Catholicism we have not exposed them all—our aim not being to make a controversial book—but we have sought to expose some practical points of Roman Catholicism as seen in action in Rome. He who wishes to know Roman Catholicism as it is, must study it in Rome, and study it, not in books, but see it in action in the Pope, in the Cardinals, and in the

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Roman congregations. Books often only give a false, and always an incomplete, idea of Roman Catholicism. One finds in books either the barbarous and superstitious Papacy of the Middle Ages, or the poetical Papacy of Chateaubriand.

If you observe the Papacy in different countries, you will find it most varied. In the south of Italy you will still find all the superstitions of the mediæval age; in England, and in Germany, where Roman Catholics are mixed with Protestants, you will find a Papacy less superstitious and more tolerant, to be transformed into superstition and intolerance in the day when it shall have become dominant.

It is a certain fact, that after the Council of Trent, Roman Catholicism was entirely fused into Jesuitism. Jesuitism is not very scrupulous; it knows, according to the circumstances of the times and places, how to invest itself with new forms, and to appear even liberal, whilst officially it condemns liberalism.

We have a speaking example of this under our eyes. Pius IX., in his Encyclical and in his Syllabus, solemnly condemns all the principles of liberty and progress, and at the same time we see Theologians, Catholics, Priests, and Bishops pretending to be Liberals and Progressives, remaining attached to Catholicism and the Pope. Thus the people do not know whom to believe, and Catholicism presents itself to tyrants and to retrogrades armed with the tyrannical and retrograde Encyclical; it presents itself to the Liberals armed with the reasons of the Neocatholic Theologians, who affect Liberalism; it presents itself to the people, to deceive them, under the aspect of religion.

These tactics are precisely the fundamental tactics of Jesuitism, which is based upon this principle, amply explained in our book, that *all means are good when they conduce to the end.*

The originator of this impious maxim was Ignatius Loyola. The Roman Court accepted it, and thus it is obliged to submit to Jesuitism, and leave to it the care of managing its interests, so that Jesuitism acts with great zeal every time that the interests of the Roman Court are united to its own. But if the interests of the one are separated and opposed to the interests of the other, then Jesuitism is the first to rebel against the Roman Court, and then *that* must yield to the immense influence of Jesuitism. The day that Catholicism is separated from Jesuitism will be the day of its death.

To have a just idea of the immorality of the Roman clergy it is necessary to have been educated and to have lived, as the author of this book has done for many years, amongst the priests and friars. It is only there that you can know the life of those pretended

servants of God. There you know how those ecclesiastics pass days and hours in idleness, in the most futile, and very often the most immoral, conversations. There you know the cabals and the subterfuges of these servants of God, to reach after and lay hold of a bishopric or the charge of a convent.

But we do not wish to say by this that all priests and all friars are bad or dishonourable men; there are some good ones, but they are rare exceptions. We are persuaded that there are also honourable Jesuits, but such as these are an almost imperceptible minority. They are men who have not known, or could shake off, the prejudices of youth, and whilst becoming old have remained childish. These have not had either knowledge or power to unfetter reason and religious prejudice from the shackles of their early education; they retain as infallible truth the legends with which their youthful minds were filled, and retain as the representative of God the man, who in the name of God, treads under foot the most holy rights of man. Such as these act, if you will, in good faith, but their good faith is the effect of culpable ignorance, created and fomented by Jesuitism.

If you seek to learn the disorders in the nuns' convents, the author of this book has known them well. In the course of twelve years he has been sent by the Cardinal Vicar to almost all the convents of Rome, either as Preacher or extraordinary Confessor, or as spiritual Director, and thus has known all the horrors which are hidden between those walls. When he last year read Signora Caracciolo's book on "The Mysteries of the Neapolitan Cloister," he was obliged to confess that the Neapolitan nuns were much better than the Roman, with some exceptions.

The author of this book not only knows the disorders which he has witnessed, but he knows many others, having had occasion, through these same relations he had in Rome, to read the registers of the Vicariat, and to know much dissoluteness, both of friars and nuns, brought before the Congregations of Bishops and regulars, and of Discipline. Had he wished to speak in his book of such disorders he would have made a scandalous book; but he has written not to scandalise, but to instruct and to edify; and he hopes that Christian readers will appreciate his reserve.

To know that Roman Catholicism is the religion of money, you need to go to Rome, to enter the Chancery, and the Roman Court of equity, and to see in what way bishoprics, canonries, benefices, matrimonial dispensations, and all spiritual favours are bought, to see how the price is haggled over, and to see a class of persons authorised to be the agents of such sales, under the specious title of *Apostolic Commissioners*.

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With regard to the doctrine of Popery you need not seek for it in the books of those theologians who, like Bossuet and Wiseman, have described a Catholicism quite different to that which it really is, and thus ensnare sincere Protestants to enter the Roman Church. You must go to Rome, and observing all things with a searching eye, you will see that real Roman Catholicism has three different doctrines—the *official* doctrine, which is very elastic, and as such, may be understood in not a bad sense. That doctrine serves as a weapon to the Jesuits and their adherents; and with the double meaning to that doctrine they show faithful Catholics that the Protestants calumniate Catholicism. They have a second doctrine, which they call the *theological* doctrine, which goes much further than the *official* doctrine, but still is restrained within certain limits. Finally, there is the *real* doctrine, that which is taught to the people, and which they practise; which is full of superstitions and often full of impiety. We have given some examples of these three different doctrines in our books which we have published on purgatory, on the mass, and on the Pope. We will cite here, also, two examples. Bossuet and other theologians, who have written against Protestants, maintain that it is not true that the Roman Church prohibits the reading of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, because there is no decree of the General Council which prohibits such reading. The Roman theologians maintain instead, that the Church prohibits the reading of the Bible translated by Protestants, because it is falsified. But these two assertions are false, and are contradicted by the real doctrine of the Romish Church, which, in the 4th rule of the Index, prohibits the reading of versions of the Bible made by Catholic authors. Bossuet, uniting with the official doctrine, which says that images should be venerated, denies that the Roman Church adores them; but the theologians, reasonably interpreting the decree of the Council of Trent, which orders the veneration of images according to the decree of the second Nicene Council, which says that they ought to be adored, explain that adoration, which they call the worship of "*dulia*," as *inferior* adoration; whilst the *real* doctrine admits a true and proper adoration, kneeling before the images and crosses, praying to them, and offering incense to them.

Popery Jesuitised can only be known in its reality in Rome. Only in the Secretariat of State, in the Secretariat of extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs, in the Congregation of the Propaganda, and in the Congregation of the Inquisition, can you learn the elucidation of all that mystery of iniquity; there alone can you learn the subterfuges and the evil arts that they adopt to draw all the kingdoms of the earth under the yoke of the Pope. It is an incredible thing

to say, but it is, nevertheless, true; Rome is glad of the progress of infidelity and rationalism, because it hopes, and not without reason, that a country which becomes infidel is more easily made subject to Popery.)

Rome Jesuitised knows how to draw for itself an admirable profit from love of the fine arts. It knows that the world is carnal, and the worldly cannot comprehend the things of the Spirit, because they are spiritually discerned; thus, in place of the worship in spirit and in truth taught by Christ, it has substituted a worship carnal and material, to retain in its bosom carnal men under pretext of religion.

The policy of Jesuitised Rome is contradictory and deceitful; it proclaims and condemns at the same time liberty of conscience; it proclaims it in the countries where it does not rule, to be able thus gradually to sow confusion, and one day to get dominion. It condemns it in the countries where it rules, for fear of losing this dominion. Such conduct shows evidently that it does not act on any higher principle than that of its own interest.

I should never be able to finish were I to enumerate all the monstrosities which are included in the fusion of Popery with Jesuitism. I could have desired to explain more at length this theme, but then I should have had to write many volumes, and this generation does not love voluminous works—hence I must content myself with giving a simple allusion to papal Rome in this present work.

Nevertheless, in presence of the facts cited, and the express judgments of the author, the public has a right to know from what sources he has derived his information, and what credit they may merit. We think it our duty to forestall the request of our readers on this point, so that they may know that he is not writing a romance, but that he reports public and incontestable facts. The author is a Roman by birth, and was educated from his early youth in ecclesiastical life—he has lived for almost twenty-two years in a Congregation of priests, who are in some measure affiliated to the Jesuits; he himself was one of the warmest friends of the Jesuits, because he believed them to be the main support of Catholicism; and he believed Roman Catholicism to be the only true religion. The author of this book has for fifteen years exercised the office of Confessor in Rome, and has exercised that office, not only in the public churches, but in the convents, in almost all the cloisters of nuns, in the colleges, in the prisons, in the galleys, and amongst the military. How much he has been able to learn during fifteen years of office no one can imagine. He has been for eight years parish priest in one of the principal churches of Rome—the Church of the

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Magdalene; he was esteemed by his ecclesiastical superiors, who have many times confided to him the most delicate commissions, and he ever preserves a hundred autograph documents of his superiors, which show that his conduct all the time he was in Rome was always such as to merit their eulogy. Let this be said in answer to the calumniator—Father Perrone—and others of the same class, who have copied from Perrone the calumnies they have poured out against the author. He challenges all his calumniators to set up an honourable jury to examine the documents he has, and pronounce sentence. All this should assure readers that the author has known the facts he narrates.

With regard to the opinions which the author permits himself to give in this book, readers may be assured that he was in a position to give them. After having received academical degrees he was for some years Professor of Theology in Rome itself, he had acquired the degree of *Censore Emerito* (*Emeritus Censor*) in the Theological Academy of the Roman University, and was a member of various academies. The famous Cardinal Micara, Dean of the Sacred College, had chosen him to be one of the *prosinodali* examiners of the clergy of his diocese. He has been for ten years Qualificator, or Divinity Confessor, of the Sacred Roman and Universal Inquisition; in consequence of which he was in a position not only to be well-informed, but also to give his judgment on the facts.

Perhaps it will be asked on what account I have left a position so good, a career which could open up the way for me to the first ecclesiastical dignities, in order to throw myself into the arms of a troublesome and uncertain future. I have never been pleased with stories which have been written about conversions, because they are mainly a panegyric which the converted one writes of himself; and strong in this opinion I shall not write the story of my conversion, only I shall say to him who will believe it, that the motives that have moved me to abandon Rome, and take refuge in a strange land, under the care of Providence, spring from preferring the glory that comes from God to that which comes from men; heavenly benefits to earthly blessings; true peace of conscience, which is only found in Christ, to the false peace the world gives.

This is the secret of my conversion, and as for those who will not believe it, I await them before the tribunal of Christ, when all the secrets of hearts shall be manifested, and there they will see if I have lied. I should feel degraded if I answered those who think that I embraced Evangelical religion in order to give vent to my passions. All who know me can conscientiously say that such

an accusation is a calumny; and then if I had had such wishes, so contrary to Christianity, I need not have abandoned Rome; I might have remained at my post, and have acted as do so many cardinals, prelates, and priests.

I ought also to add that I have never had any serious unpleasantness with my ecclesiastical superiors; nay, rather, Cardinal Patrizi, my immediate Superior, loved me and showed me the greatest esteem; he is still living, and could witness for me. Cardinal Ferretti, then Secretary of State, loved me, and I preserve some autograph letters written to me some time after my departure from Rome, which show that Pius IX., Cardinal Patrizi, Cardinal Ferretti, and all Rome, wished me well; and when Cardinal Ferretti, in 1848, came to Malta, where I was, he publicly gave me the greatest proofs of his esteem. You have only then the impudent effrontery of Father Perrone to calumniate me. If an apparently just reproof could be given me for leaving Rome, it might be a reproof of ingratitude for having abandoned Superiors who so loved me, and who were so disposed to benefit me. But the voice of my conscience justifies me from this reproof, and also the voice of the Divine Word which tells me that we ought to obey God rather than man, and that it would be no profit to me to gain the whole world at the price of my eternal salvation.

Readers will easily understand that the plan of this book is fictitious; the four principal personages, who are in the letters, represent the four different doctrines with which one is more or less confronted. Enrico represents the fervent and intelligent Catholicism of a young man full of zeal. He is the ideal of that class of theological students who go to Rome to receive their religious education, then go into Protestant countries to carry on the Catholic-Jesuit propaganda. Signor Pasquali is the ideal of an evangelical Christian, without sectarian spirit, who follows the religion of the Gospel as it is written, and as the apostle of the Gentiles preached it to our Italian fathers. The author wished to make Pasquali belong to the Waldensian Church, in order to render just homage to that Church, which honours our Italy, and which will always be, whether it wishes or not, the mother or eldest sister of all the evangelical churches which have come out of, or will come out of, Italy. Mr. Manson has been brought on the scene to give a specimen of honest and sincere Puseyism. Lastly, Mr. Sweeteman is an honest defender of Evangelical Anglicanism.

These four principal personages are imaginary; the other personages, however, are real, known by the author; the character which he gives to them is a true one, and the author could state all their names. One difficulty yet remains for readers. They may

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ask how I have learnt to know Jesuitism, so as to describe it in this manner. To that I reply that Abbot P——, a most learned ex-Jesuit, well known in all Rome, was my friend, and from him I learned many things. I was also most friendly with the Jesuits. Father Perrone, who now calls me ignorant, twenty years ago invited me many times to examine and try his theological students; Father Rootan, a famous General of the Jesuits, loved me much, and gave me his book on the exercises of St. Ignatius, which is only given to great friends of the Jesuits, because it contains the unfolding of the *fundamental maxim of the Jesuits, that all means are good, if only they lead to the end*. I have been three times to perform the exercises of St. Ignatius in the Jesuit Convent of St. Eusebius; the first time when I was an enthusiast for the Jesuits, the second time when the study of the Word of God had begun to open my mind, and then I began to see the wickedness of the Jesuit doctrines. I went there the third time, but only to well study those doctrines and to learn the true explanation of them from the two famous Jesuit Fathers—Zuliani and Rossini.

The letters bear the date of 1847-1849. Some insignificant changes have taken place in Rome since that time. For instance, there has been some (amelioration) in the condition of the Jews; but this came to pass, not so much from the exigency of the times, as at the instance of Signor Rothschild, who refused to give money to the Pope if their condition was not ameliorated; but the apparent amelioration has only increased the cruel persecution of those unfortunates.

We wish that this book may have, in its original language, the same reception which it has had in the foreign languages into which it has been translated.

Florence, February, 1865.

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LETTER I.

Exercises of St. Ignatius (Loyola).

[ENRICO TO EUGENIO.]

ROME, November, 1846.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

You have good reason to complain of my negligence in having allowed so long a time to pass without writing to you—but, what would you? In the schooldays I have not a moment of time; the autumnal vacation I passed partly in going through all the lessons of the year—and partly in the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius. But now I will no longer be so negligent towards the dear friend of my childhood. I will write to you every week by stealing some hours of sleep.

I am sorry not to be able adequately to answer your request. You wish to know from me what I think about Pius IX. and his reforms. You know well, dear Eugenio, that I understand little or nothing of public affairs, that I lead a very retired life, and attend with all my might to theological studies; consequently, I am the person the least capable of informing you about such things; I converse with none but the good Fathers of the Company of Jesus, who are my masters, my directors, my friends. These good Fathers, however, tell me that the concessions which Pius IX. made to the Liberals will be followed by the bringing about of great injury to our most holy religion. This is all I know upon this point—nor do I care to know more.

Perhaps you, who are a Protestant, and educated in the pernicious doctrine of independent examination, will laugh at such fears; but if you had had the fortune to be born within the pale of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church, as I have been, you would understand that the religion of Jesus Christ is a yoke, truly a light yoke, as we read in Matthew xi. 30; but, nevertheless, is always a yoke that one should not lighten; it must weigh and

press on the neck lovingly but absolutely. Now, to leave the people so much liberty, the good Fathers say, is as if they took off the bridle from the colt. They add, what is true, that Jesus Christ ordained His disciples, and through them all bishops, and especially the Pope, who is the bishop of bishops and His vicar, to constrain and to force all to enter into His Church—*compelle entrare*, Luke xiv. 23; and it seems that Pius IX. instead, will open the door that all may go out, by causing to return to his States all the Liberals exiled by the most holy Gregory XVI., who are so many rapacious wolves, and who will devour the flock. So say the good Fathers. Besides, I think only of one thing—that is, the salvation of my soul. My masters appear to be satisfied with me, and I hope next year to have finished my theological studies and return to my dear Geneva. Oh, how I could wish to embrace you again as a brother in Jesus Christ! You are good, you are upright in heart, and I hope for your conversion. In the meantime, I will relate to you what has happened to me lately, in order that you may know how much the good Jesuit Fathers are calumniated by those who do not know them.

At the time of the autumn vacation I had the privilege of being admitted to perform the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius in the religious house of St. Eusebius. In the last ten days of October the exercises are performed in that religious house only by ecclesiastics—there were fifty in all; there were a cardinal, four prelates, some parish priests, different brothers, the remainder all priests; I was the only clerk.

The church and house annexed to St. Eusebius, given to the Jesuit Fathers by Leo XII., is situated on the Esquiline Hill, and covers a great part of the remains of the hot Baths of Gordian. The convent, or house, has been destined by the good Fathers as a retreat for those pious persons who desire to perform the exercises of St. Ignatius; and many times in the year those good Fathers fill that house with persons, who for the small cost of thirty-five paoli are admitted there for ten days to perform these pious exercises under the direction of the Fathers. In your religion there are no such things, and I will, therefore, describe to you with some precision these exercises, that you may have an idea of the infinite advantages which we Catholics have over Protestants.

At least a week before the day appointed for entrance, it is necessary to present yourself to the Fathers and provide yourself with a ticket. The good Fathers wish to know some days previously who those are who desire to perform the holy exercises, that they may inform themselves about such persons, with the sacred aim of being able better to direct their consciences.

Exercises of St. Ignatius (Loyola).

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Besides, they wish to be secure and know for certain that those who go to these exercises are proper persons, who do not go for evil purposes.

Scarcely do you set foot in the religious house than two Fathers, with pious courtesy, receive you and conduct you to the little cell which is appointed for you; already your name is printed in large letters and put on an elegant card over the door of your cell, which is neat and very simply furnished. A tolerably comfortable bed, a little table, with necessities for writing, two straw chairs, a prayer chair, a receptacle for holy water, a crucifix, and a card on which are fixed the rules to be observed—that is all the furniture of the cell. About half-an-hour after your entrance one of the Fathers comes to the cell, and with the most affectionate words informs himself of your health, and in the kindest and most loving manner inquires the motives which urged you to make use of these holy exercises; and that with the sacred aim of being better able to direct your conscience. This first visit over, which is made to all, the bell rings, which calls all to the chapel.

The chapel is situated in the centre of the house; four long corridors, where the rooms are, end at the chapel as a centre. It is dedicated to the Virgin, and the picture over the altar represents her seated on a cloud, with the infant Jesus on her left arm, whilst with the right she presents to St. Ignatius the book of the Spiritual Exercises. In the centre of the chapel, upon a green carpet stretched on the pavement, is a large crucifix of brass, and every one coming into the chapel, before going to his place, prostrates himself before that cross and kisses it. When all are in their places a Father comes, seats himself in the arm-chair placed on the altar step, and begins the introductory discourse. The subject of that introductory sermon was taken from St. Mark vi. 31:—"Come ye apart into a desert place, and rest awhile." From that text the good Father showed the absolute necessity for every Christian, and especially for every ecclesiastic, to retire for holy exercises, because Jesus Christ did so in the forty days that He was in the desert, and because He ordered the apostles to do so, as clearly appears from the text. Then he said that all the excesses into which the clergy of the mediæval age fell were occasioned because they abandoned the practice of the holy exercises; and, therefore, God raised up St. Ignatius to suggest them afresh, but with better method, and the Holy Church has greatly recommended them. He then passed on to give the rules, how to perform them with profit, and spoke until some strokes of the bell warned him that he should cease.

Through an unforeseen circumstance I then came to know the signification of those strokes of the bell. It is because during the time of the sermon those good Fathers, zealous for the greater glory of God and the good of souls, go the round of all the rooms and examine the luggage of all, not to take anything, but only to know what letters, what books, what objects the exerciser has with him, what he writes, and this in order to be enlightened how to regulate his conscience. You see that this is a pious work, carried out for the good of those who perform these holy exercises. The strokes of the bell are to warn the Father that the examination is ended. After the sermon each one goes to his room, and finds upon his kneeling chair a brass lamp-stand, with one single burner, and a little book printed in large characters, in which is the compendium of the sermon which has been preached, which compendium of every sermon is found each time you go from the preaching to your room. In this you see the wisdom of the Fathers, who do not give liberty to the preacher to say what he wishes, but oblige him to say the things approved by the Elders. After half-an-hour, which ought to be occupied in meditation, you go to the common supper.

During the dinner and the supper one of the Fathers reads the admirable origin of the exercises of St. Ignatius, the marvellous conversions which accrue from them, and the miracles with which God has willed to manifest His pleasure in and approval of those exercises; all which things were collected and published by Father Carlo Gregorio Rosignoli. After supper each one returns in silence to his room, and then the good Fathers go about visiting all and holding holy conversation with all on matters of conscience. The evening finishes with the examination of conscience, which is made in common, in the chapel, under the direction of the Fathers.

The next day, which is, properly speaking, the first day of the exercises, is entirely devoted to meditation and explanation of the great maxim, called by St. Ignatius the *foundation* of the Christian life, because it is really the basis of the whole religious edifice; a maxim which has given so many saints to the church, and which is the principal foundation of all the actions of the good Fathers. The maxim is this:—"Man is created in order that he may praise and reverence his Lord and his God, and that serving Him he may save his soul." The old translation said:—"And that serving Him he may be finally saved." But the most pious Father Rootan, the General of the Jesuits, has corrected the old translation upon the Spanish autograph, that which the Virgin gave to St. Ignatius in Manresa, which says: "may save his soul." St. Ignatius proceeds to say that "all the things that are on earth were created

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on man's account, in order that these should help him to fulfil the end of his creation." See how man is ennobled!

From this principle St. Ignatius draws two conclusions—the first, that "we ought to make use of, or abstain from, created things as far as they are profitable or injurious to the carrying out of our end"; the second, that "we ought to be indifferent in the choice of created things, which are only means to attain the end; hence, in the choice of means, we must not allow our fancy to judge as to their intrinsic value, but we should only see if the means that we select will conduct us to the end or not." The Christian ought not to consider such things as worldlings, who understand little or nothing of spiritual things, consider them, but ought only to take care to select those means which best conduce to the attainment of the end. Upon this fundamental maxim they make three long sermons, and I assure you that these are not too much in order to root out that prejudice which our pride has implanted in our heart, viz., wishing to judge the means in themselves, and not rather to judge them in relation to the end.

In fact, I had much difficulty in fully admitting the principle of St. Ignatius; it appeared to me that the salvation of the soul was by the grace of God; that service to the Lord was an effect of that grace; hence I could not understand how the salvation of the soul was the effect of my service rendered to the Lord. It appeared to me that St. Ignatius should have spoken of grace and of love, but I found nothing of that.

According to the rules, I wrote down my difficulties and consigned them to the Father Director. In the evening there came to me a venerable Father, having in his hand the paper I had written, and he spoke to me in this manner: "One can easily see," he said, smiling, "that you still suffer from the influence of Geneva. Your Calvinists carry everything to extreme, and their rigorous influence makes itself felt also on the Catholic population; but we shall find a remedy for it. In the meantime, my son, learn that truth, like virtue, does not exist in extremes, the proper medium is the great doctrine which reconciles all. Recall the theological doctrines which you have learnt from our Father Perrone, and all your difficulty will vanish. You know that justification, which is the principle of our salvation, is by grace, but not grace that is entirely gratuitous; to receive it, it is necessary that the man should be prepared for it, and he merits it if not *de condigno*, at least *de congruo*. You must remember that the Council of Trent in the 6th Session, at the 9th Canon fulminates anathema against the Protestants who teach that man is justified by faith and not by works. Remember the doctrine of our Cardinal Bellarmino, who, commenting on the

chapter cited at the Council of Trent, says in his Book I. on Justification, chapter xiii., that it is necessary that justification should find in the man seven dispositions—that is, faith, fear, hope, love of God, penitence, hatred to sin, and the purpose of receiving the Sacraments. You know that justification can, or ought to, be augmented by us through mortification, and the observance of the commandments of God and the Church, as the Council of Trent teaches at the 6th Session, Chapter X. With these considerations all your difficulties will vanish; the salvation of the soul in a certain sense is by grace, although we may and ought to merit it. It is grace because it is a favour of God, but it depends on ourselves, inasmuch as we prepare ourselves to receive justification, and, receiving it, we augment it even to the attainment of life eternal. You see, then, with what reason St. Ignatius teaches us that we save ourselves in serving God. Then, with regard to love, if St. Ignatius does not mention it, he does not exclude it. But here,” continued the good Father, “I warn you; the book of the exercises was given to St. Ignatius by the Virgin with her own hands, as you see in the picture in the Chapel; it is, therefore, a divine revelation; hence you must be on your guard against pushing criticism too far; less discussion, my son, and more submission.”

You cannot think how much good these words of the Father Director did me. They imposed silence on Satan, who suggested in my mind all those difficulties; and from that time I set myself, with all docility, to discern in the book of the holy Patriarch his divine doctrine.

The third day the meditations are—first, on the sin of the angels; secondly, on the sin of Adam; thirdly, on the sins of men, always applying the great foundation maxim, that is, that sin is a deviation from the end, and that this consists specially in choosing the wrong means to attain it. That day and the two that follow are destined to instil into the sinner a salutary fear; hence all is arranged with that view. The shutters of the windows are almost entirely shut, and only sufficient light is allowed to enter the room to prevent you from stumbling. This will seem a trifle; but that solitude, that silence, that darkness, united to the gloomy ideas of the meditations, so terrify, that you feel impelled at once to open all your conscience to the good Fathers. Besides this, the rule prescribes that you should mortify yourself as to food and sleep. All these things together are a blessed combination to produce such fervour as it is difficult to resist.

During the fourth day meditation is continued upon subjects of holy terror—you meditate upon death and judgment. And here I wish to relate a little anecdote which will show you the holy art

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that the good Fathers adopt to cause the good impression of those holy maxims to remain on the mind. Returning to my room full of fervour after the first meditation of the morning, which was upon death, I threw myself on my knees on my prayer chair, and bending down my forehead to pray with great fervour, I was thrown back by a blow, occasioned by my forehead having struck against a hard body which was placed upon my prayer chair. I looked in terror, and imagine what was my fright to find that I had struck my forehead against a skull, placed there in order to be a speaking image of death. After the second sermon on the same subject, I went to my prayer chair with greater caution; but instead of the skull I found a coloured picture pasted upon cardboard; it was the representation of a dead body in complete dissolution, rats ran over it from all sides to satisfy themselves with this putrifying flesh; the limbs were falling away, and the worms swarmed upon the dead body. Under the picture there was this motto:—"Such as I am, thou wilt be." I defy the hardest heart to resist such shocks. After the sermon on hell, I found the picture of a lost soul surrounded with flames, demons, and serpents, and with monsters of every kind tormenting it.

The fifth day the sermons were upon individual judgment, universal judgment, and upon the judgment that Jesus Christ will execute in an especial manner upon ecclesiastics; and I assure you that those sermons were not less terrifying. During these days of terror, the good Fathers came to hear the confessions of the exercisers, and each one prepared to give a general confession of his whole life, beginning from infancy.

The sixth day a new method begins; the shutters of the windows are opened wider to give greater light, the corridors themselves are more illuminated, all mortifications are suspended, and the table is more delicate. The great meditations on the two banners and their followers occupy this day, in which the application of the great fundamental maxim is particularly given; and on this day, for those who can understand it, there is the development of the great spiritual machinery of the holy exercises. In the meditations on the two banners, St. Ignatius conducts the Christian first to the plains of Damascus, where God created man, and makes him see Jesus, who, raising His Cross, invites men to follow Him in the way of abnegation, humility, and penitence, but few are those who follow Him. Then, with a truly inspired impetus, he transports the man to the vast plains of Babylon, and here he shows Satan, seated on a chair of fire and smoke, who calls men to follow him by the path of pleasure, and many follow him. Man must enlist under one of the Captains, enrol

himself under one of these two banners. Well, then, the exerciser imagines himself there in the midst, on the point of choosing. Oh, dear Eugenio, what a solemn moment in my life was that day! That day was a day of exaltation of spirit, and God was sensibly felt in all.

After the sermon we went to our rooms, and all the good Fathers were in movement to visit all, and thus maintain their fervour. On that day is made the so-called exercise of election, and this is what it consists in. Either you are already in a fixed and immutable state, as for example, are the priests; or you have not yet definitively chosen, as in my case; in both cases you ought to make your exercise of election. It is done thus. You divide a sheet of paper into three columns; in the first you write the reasons which you have, or which you have had, to choose that state in which you are, or desire to be; in the second, the reasons which made you, or will make you, contented in that state; in the third, the contrary reasons. That page ought to be, in a word, the state of your conscience, in order to listen to the counsel of the good Fathers, who, from their experience, will direct you in your election. If you consign this writing to the Father Director, as almost all do, it is in order that he may better know the state of your conscience, and, besides, he receives it under the seal of the confessional, and after he has read it, he burns it.

And here I will refute another calumny which is spoken against these good Fathers, viz., that the house of St. Eusebius is, at it were, a snare to entice young men and make them Jesuits. It is false, my dear friend, quite false; and I will give you a proof. I, for example, had chosen to become a Jesuit, as it appeared to me the most secure means of saving myself; however, the Father Director made me observe that I had not chosen well the means that would conduce to the greater glory of God, but had allowed myself to be led away by my egotism. "The greater glory of God exacts," said he to me, "that you return to your own country; there God will open a wide field for you, and were you a Jesuit, you would not be able to return there. Remain then a Jesuit in heart and not in dress; maintain our friendship, allow yourself to be directed by us, but return to your country as a simple priest, and God will be therein more glorified."

After so solemn a day the exercises that remained were not so interesting. On the seventh day you meditate on the life of Jesus Christ as a whole, because it is the model of the life of a Christian, and specially of a priest. On the eighth day you meditate on His passion and death; on the ninth, on the resurrection, the ascension, and the descent of the Holy Spirit. On the tenth, there is only a

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sermon on the love of God. The morning of the ninth day the Reverend Father General came to perform Mass and to give a pious exhortation on devotion to the Sacred Heart of Mary, and on the obligation that all ecclesiastics have to propagate such devotion. After that we were taken leave of by the good Fathers, with tears in their eyes.

Do you not see, my dear Eugenio, with what holy arts those good Fathers seek the salvation of souls and the glory of God? Your Calvinists and Methodists do nothing of the kind. I came out of that holy house quite another man to what I was when I went in. I could wish that all men were Catholics, and as much as in me lies I shall do all that I can for the special conversion of Protestants; indeed, God has already put me on the track of an Anglican minister. I have begun with him the work of conversion, and I have good hopes of it. In the next letter I will tell you how I met with him, and what is the result of the discussion commenced.

Adieu, dear Eugenio; love always your

ENRICO.

LETTER II.

The Puseyite and the Jesuit.

ROME, November, 1846.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

I am the happiest man in the world. You will remember that in my last letter I told you of having formed an acquaintance with a minister of the Anglican Church; well, you will not believe it, but I have already almost succeeded in converting him. I should never have believed that the conversion of a Protestant priest could be so easy a matter, nor have imagined that their arguments were so weak, that it needed only a little logic and a little good sense to reduce them to nothing. But I hope the story which I have to relate to you will be of great benefit to you.

Scarcely had I left the religious house of St. Eusebius, where, as I wrote to you, I had gone through the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius, than I went to the Church of St. Peter to acquire plenary indulgence. My religious acts to this end being finished, I stayed to observe the superb monuments of Christian art, which render that church the greatest marvel in the world, and I particularly stopped before the superb mausoleum of Pope Rezzonico, the work of the immortal Canova. I am not an artist, but such a monument is capable of inspiring anyone with enthusiasm. That statue of the Pope, in marble as white as snow, kneeling with hands clasped, in the attitude of prayer, has an expression so true, that you feel inclined to hold your breath to avoid disturbing that holy meditation. The artist has drawn his inspiration from the fervent prayer this Pope made, that God would cause him to die rather than that he should be obliged to repress the Jesuits, who are the most powerful support of our holy Church. Those two lions, the most beautiful that have ever come from the chisel of man, making the finest contrast to the benevolence expressed on the face of the Pope, the principal figure of the monument, fascinate and delight you.

Whilst I was thus, almost in ecstasy, considering this mausoleum,

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I heard a slight noise near to me; I turned and saw a man of about thirty years of age, with a sympathetic face, dressed entirely in black, having a coat that descended beneath his knees, fastened in front by a long row of buttons, that only permitted a small portion of a white cravat to be seen. He, like me, was occupied in admiring this marvel of modern art. At first I took him for a priest, but seeing in his hands a top (*a cilindro*) hat, I found I was mistaken. He approached me, gracefully saluting me, and began to speak to me of the magnificence of that monument; he wished to know the artist, and asked me about the actions of the Pope who was honoured by so magnificent a mausoleum. "It is certain," he said to me, "that this Pope must have rendered great services to religion to have merited a monument so immortal." I answered that Clement XIII. had been a really holy Pope; that his life had been one tissue of trials; that all the Catholic Courts had tormented him, because not only did he refuse to suppress the Jesuits, but rather protected them against all. We then came out of the church together.

I did not know who this was with me. From his physiognomy and pronunciation I judged him to be an Englishman. His dress was rather that of an ecclesiastic, and as I know that in England priests and friars cannot dress in their habits, but wear coats which are only not exactly similar to those of the laity, I thought he might be a priest. I was on the point of questioning him on this subject, when he said to me: "This is, indeed, a grand temple, and worthy of the majesty of God; we in England have no idea of such an one." "Pardon me," I asked, "are you Catholic or Protestant?" "I am a Catholic," he answered me, "but not a Roman Catholic; I am a minister of the Anglican Church, and belong to that class which we call High Church. Our Church is Catholic and Apostolic; it retains the Apostolical succession in its bishops and in its priests, and all the doctrines and practices of venerable antiquity."

Then I saw that my interlocutor was a Protestant priest, and I thanked God from my heart that He gave me so soon an opportunity for exercising my missionary zeal. Nevertheless, I will not hide from you that I was somewhat embarrassed, and with all my best intentions I did not know how to begin a discourse on his conversion. He, in the meanwhile, asked me many questions upon ecclesiastical matters. Finally, I sought to introduce the subject, asking him what he thought regarding the separation of the Anglican from the Roman Church—that is, whether he judged it to be a good or bad thing.

My question was a direct one, and he, heaving a deep sigh,

replied: "That separation has been the greatest misfortune for the poor English Church; the separation was a necessity, but a necessity created by the obstinacy of men who would yield in nothing. The questions were taken up with too much heat, and also they were on each side somewhat exaggerated; there was no compromising, and thus the separation became necessary; but it was a very fatal necessity. Both the Anglican Church and the Roman Church have lost much by the separation."

In the meantime, we had arrived at his lodging; he shook my hand, gave me his card, and said to me: "I much love the priests of the Roman Church, I shall be very pleased to see you again and speak with you concerning the Roman religion. Adieu."

You can imagine what my surprise was after such a conversation; that a Protestant, and Protestant minister, could speak with such veneration, I may say love, of the Roman Catholic Church, appeared an inexplicable phenomenon. I had, up to that time, imagined that the Protestants were rabid enemies of Catholics, and particularly of their ecclesiastics; and I found instead, in this man, not only great courtesy, but also assured benevolence.

The evening of that day I went to the Roman College to consult my theological professor about the plan I should follow, in order to succeed in the conversion of this Protestant. I represented the case to him, and he, after reflecting a little while, said to me: "I think that your Englishman is a Puseyite." I then prayed the good Father to give me an exact notion of Puseyism, because I had heard it spoken of, but had no clear idea of it.

"It would be a very long thing," answered the good Father, "to unravel the story of the religious movement of Oxford, called Puseyism, from Dr. Pusey, who is at the head of it. If you only knew what trouble that movement costs our good Fathers who are in England, either in having excited it or in supporting it! It produces truly good fruit, and will produce greater, but it costs much. But that is enough; it will little interest you, at least, at present; that which ought to interest you is to know the conduct you should maintain with such an Anglican minister in your discussions, and it is as to this that I wish to instruct you now.

"Ascertain accurately in the first place if you have to do with a Puseyite. Certainly the conversation he held with you leaves scarcely any room to doubt; but you never can be too cautious. You must better assure yourself of it. With such an aim you should begin to speak of the Church and of its ministers, but limit yourself to speaking of the bishops, priests, and deacons, without alluding to the other orders. You will say pleasantly and in no tone of discussion, that where you find Apostolical succession,

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there is the true Church. If he is a Puseyite he ought to agree entirely with that doctrine. Then you, to be better assured, will speak of the episcopate as a thing of Divine institution in the Church, and touch gracefully upon the doctrine of the superiority of bishops over priests by Divine right. Speak of the power of the keys, and of the power to absolve sins left by Jesus Christ to the ministers of His Church; the power that is preserved in the Church of Apostolical succession, transmitted by regular ordination; then begin to speak of auricular confession, but on this point do not quote passages from the Bible, limit yourself to saying that the practice of it dates back to the first ages of the Church, and say that our Father Marchi has discovered confessionals in the Catacombs, and you will see that this discovery will interest him very much.

"You need not take the Puseyites to the Bible, my son; they admit the authority of the Bible, but they admit, as we do, its supreme, but not sole, authority; they admit, likewise, the authority of tradition, the authority of the Church, the interpretation of the Fathers, and, above all, they occupy themselves with ecclesiastical antiquity; they repudiate the Protestant principle of free examination, from which you see clearly that they approach us very nearly. Nevertheless, be cautious, I repeat to you, not to take up with him the tone of discussion, nor show too much zeal. Ascertain if he agrees with these doctrines; if he agrees, he is a Puseyite, and then I counsel you not to advance further in your conversation without first consulting me."

"Pardon me, my Father," I then interposed; "do the Puseyites really admit such doctrines?"

"They admit these," he replied, "and many others beside. They admit, for example, the adoration of the Eucharist, although they will not admit transubstantiation; they admit, although with some restriction, the worship of the cross and images; they admit prayers for the dead; of justification they speak almost in the same terms as the Council of Trent; they praise monastic vows and the celibacy of priests; they desire the re-establishment of convents, and have founded some; they make use of crowns, of crucifixes, of medals; they light candles on their altars, and adorn them with flowers; they praise generally all the customs of our church, which can be justified by antiquity; and they desire to unite themselves by some arrangement to the Roman Church, from which their fathers so imprudently separated themselves; and note well that the Puseyites are not like those obstinate Methodists, who attach themselves to the Bible, and so strongly, that they will not agree with anything that is not in the Bible. It is a terrible thing to have to fight with those people; but the Puseyites are much more rea-

sonable, they admit the authority of the Church and all that can be proved consonant with ecclesiastical antiquity."

"And why, my dear Father, do you not seek to make them Catholics? It appears to me that if they admit such principles, it would be very easy to convert them to our holy religion."

"There is nothing easier, my son, than the conversion of a Puseyite; if he wishes to be logical he must become a Catholic. Admitting, for example, that the only true Church is that which has the Apostolical succession in its ministry, succession that is transmitted by the hands of the bishops, what is the consequence? It can only be this. The Roman Church is the true Church, because this has such a succession; and, admitting that the rule of faith is not only in the Bible, but is found also in tradition, and in the authority of the Church, it follows, consequently, that all the Protestant churches, who admit no other rule of faith than the Bible, are in error, and that the Roman Church alone has the truth. Thus you see clearly that a little logic is sufficient to make Catholics of all the Puseyites who will reason sincerely. But do you think that it would be for the greater glory of God to seek to convert the Puseyites to Catholicism? No, my son, the Puseyite movement must not be destroyed, but preserved and nourished; it has already been well received among the English aristocracy, by the Anglican clergy, in Parliament, and, perhaps, also in a still higher circle. Let us skilfully foster it, rather than destroy it, and it will infallibly bring forth its fruits; this is seeking the greater glory of God. But suppose that all the Puseyites became Catholics, that would do little good, but great evil; the Protestants would be alarmed, and our hopes and our endeavours by this means to bring back the English nation to the bosom of Holy Mother Church would be dissipated, and all our gain would be reduced to causing some thousand individuals to declare themselves Catholics, who are already so in heart, without having made explicit declaration. From time to time it is well that some Puseyite doctor should declare himself Catholic in order that under our instructions he may better conduct the movement; but it is not well that many should do so. Puseyism is a living testimony, in the midst of our enemies, of the necessity of Catholicism; it is a worm that, carefully preserved, as we strive to preserve it, will eat up the old Protestantism until it has destroyed it. England must expiate the great sin of its separation from Rome, and it will expiate it, most certainly. I know what I say, but I cannot tell you any more."

"But in the meantime, my Father, all our good Puseyite friends are lost, dying outside the pale of our Holy Mother Church, and this appears to me a great evil."

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"Do not sorrow on that account, my son; our good Fathers, who are in England, provide for this untoward event, if we may call it so; they are furnished with all the power of our Holy Father to receive the recantation of the dying, when this can be done with prudence and quietly; when they cannot do this, patience; their damnation cannot be imputed to us. You well know the end justifies the means; our aim is most holy, which is, the conversion of England; and the most fitting means to attain this end is Puseyism. You who have just come from the holy exercises know that our Holy Father Ignatius teaches that *all means are good when they conduce to the end*. Prudence, which is the first of the cardinal virtues, teaches us always to permit a small evil in order to attain a greater good; thus the sick man allows the amputation of his leg to save the remainder of his body; in the same way we must resign ourselves to seeing the loss of some hundred Puseyites, in order that one day England may be converted. Therefore, follow my counsel; do not give yourself so much trouble to convert this man; lead him here to us. Father Marchi will take him to the Catacombs, and will show him those monuments of Christian antiquity which will further confirm him in his opinions; and he can do much more for our Holy Church in England as a Puseyite than as a Catholic."

I confess to you, dear Eugenio, that I was not quite persuaded by the reasonings of my master; nevertheless, I saw in them profound prudence quite above my inexperience; still I felt in my heart I know not what, which prevented my following these counsels to the letter as I ought to have done. I thought over them a good part of the night, and decided to make use of these counsels only as far as they would help me to the conversion of my Englishman, which I did not feel disposed to give up. Having made this decision, the following morning I went to find my Englishman, who received me with extreme kindness, as if I had been an old friend of his. We began our conversation about religion. I will not stop to detail this conversation, which circulated round those points indicated to me by my master, and with which my Englishman almost entirely agreed. Then I wished him to go further. He admitted that the only real Church of Jesus Christ is that visible company (*societas visibile*) established on the day of Pentecost, which has for its founders the Apostles, for its heads their successors, and for members all those who profess Christianity. From this principle, admitted by my interlocutor, I drew consequences against him, that is, if the true Church is a *visible* company, a *visible* body, it must have a *visible* head. If, as he admitted, the heads of the Church, viz., the bishops, are the successors of the Apostles, there must

likewise be amongst them an order; hence, a head of the bishops, and consequently of the church; and he only could be such from among the bishops who is the successor of St. Peter.

Mr. Manson, for such was the name of my Englishman, was somewhat embarrassed, and I was transported with joy and delighted that I had not obeyed by master. Mr. Manson saw that he could not do away with the consequences which I had drawn from his principles, that he could not logically remain a Puseyite without admitting the primacy of the Pope, and all his prerogatives as Head of the Church. He sought to defend himself as he best could, saying that the Roman Church had degenerated in many points from the beautiful and pure Catholic doctrine of antiquity. I made him observe that even if it were so (which I did not admit), my conclusion would not on that account be less true or less just; for admitting that that alone is the true Church of Jesus Christ in which is preserved the Apostolic succession, there could be no doubt of the Apostolic succession of the Roman Church; it follows therefore, that the Roman Church is the only true one, and as outside the true Church of Jesus Christ there is no salvation, so one must either belong to the Roman Catholic Church or be lost for ever.

I would not and could not admit that the Roman Church had degenerated from the doctrines of antiquity, and repeated with pleasure that expression of "antiquity"; because, to say the truth, controversies with Protestants are a little tiresome for us, when one must only discuss with the Bible; you Protestants not admitting either the authority of tradition or the interpretation of the infallible Church, we find ourselves on difficult ground with you. But if, besides the Bible, you admit tradition, and the authority of the Church, and refer to ecclesiastical antiquity, to prove doctrines and justify customs, then the advantage is all for us, and our victory is certain. I, therefore, asked Mr. Manson what those doctrines were in which the Roman Church had, according to his opinion, degenerated from venerable antiquity?

Then he seemed to me somewhat embarrassed; he said many things rather unconnected, but from his discourse I gathered that he spoke of worship in the Latin tongue, and of Communion in one kind only; customs, he said, that the Roman Church had adopted, but which it could not sustain by antiquity.

I prepared to show him from these same principles that such customs, although they may be called modern, did not show that the Roman Church, having adopted them, was in error, because such things do not pertain to dogma but to discipline; and as he himself admitted, the Church, that is, the bishops assembled to-

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gether, having supreme authority in affairs of discipline in the Church, had had the right to change that discipline. To say that these changes were errors, you must prove either that the Church has no authority in affairs of discipline, or that these things pertain to dogma, or that they have been changed without good reason.

It was at this point of my reasoning, when already I felt certain of victory, that the servant entered to announce two visitors. We rose to receive them, and two gentlemen entered, one of them a young Englishman, the other, his tutor, an Italian, a man of about fifty years of age. I then took leave with great vexation. Mr. Manson asked me my address, and promised that he would come and see me to continue our conversation, which had much interested him, and thus we parted.

I do not see the moment, dear Eugenio, to bring this affair to an end; the conversion of this man is certain. When he shall come, and we shall have continued the discussion, I will write to you at once.—Love your most affectionate

ENRICO.

LETTER III.

The Waldensian and the Jesuit.

ROME, December 1st, 1846.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

There is a proverb here in Rome which says, "Man proposes, and God disposes," and this proverb is to-day verified in me. I proposed to myself the conversion of a Puseyite to Catholicism, and God has disposed to make me, perhaps, the instrument of the conversion of two other Protestants. But will you believe it, my good friend, the opposition to such conversions I found rather on the side of my masters than on the side of the Protestants; but the good Fathers acted thus from prudence, and from no other motive; nevertheless, such prudence I cannot comprehend. That which God wills shall suffice; I leave all in His hands, and to you, as the friend of my childhood, I will confide all, being sure of your discretion.

I related to you how I was parted from Mr. Manson by the arrival of those two foreigners. It was noon when I left him; two hours after I received a note from Father P——, who is one of my masters, in which I was invited to present myself the same evening to him at the Roman College, as he wished to speak with me on interesting matters. I went at the hour indicated. Father P—— received me at first rather gravely, but after a little while, resuming his accustomed paternal tone, he said to me: "My son, the exercises of St. Ignatius have profited you but little, it appears to me."

I was mortified at the reproof, which appeared to me unmerited, and I asked the Father to explain himself.

"What have you done this morning?"

Then I began frankly to relate to him the conversation I had with Mr. Manson, but he interrupted me: "I know all, and that is why, my son, I have caused you to come to me. You have not been willing to follow my counsel; you have set yourself to dispute, and have ruined all."

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It was impossible to understand the words of the good Father. I almost held the victory over my Englishman in my hand, and my theological master reproved me and told me that I had ruined all. I begged him to explain himself better.

"My son," answered the good Father, "if you had acted according to my counsel, your visit would not have been so long. Those gentlemen who arrived would not have found you there, and if they had found you, they would not have found you in the heat of discussion; their visit would have passed as a complimentary one, and all would have ended well. But do you know what happened after your departure? Those two gentlemen wished to know of what the Abbé was talking, that he seemed so excited. Mr. Manson told them, and thus it has come to pass, that they also wish to have some discussion with you."

"Oh, my Father," I interrupted, "so much the better; truth is on my side, and I fear nothing!"

"Presumption! my son, presumption! You do not know with whom you would have to do; those two are not yet Puseyites, like Mr. Manson, but are two obstinate Protestants who will attack you with the Bible, and you will not know how to answer them. The Bible interpreted in its true sense, that in which our Holy Mother Church gives it, destroys all heresy; but when you dispute with those who do not admit that sense, they make it appear that the Bible is against us. Holy Mother Church does not permit even inquisitors to dispute with heretics upon the Bible alone. No, my son, if you have committed the first error, do not commit the second. Withdraw from this discussion; excuse yourself for want of time; you have now the schools, and may occupy yourself with anything else. Only manage to bring your Englishman to me, and do not think of anything further."

The discourse of my master had not convinced me; but thinking that my duty was to obey him, I parted from him determined not to visit my Englishman again, and if he should urge me to continue the discussion, to excuse myself in the best manner possible. But I repeat it: "Man proposes, and God disposes." Circumstances prevented me from remaining firm in my first resolution.

The next morning, when I returned home after school, I found Mr. Manson awaiting me. After the customary courtesies, he related to me that those two gentlemen who had interrupted our conversation had wished to know upon what subject we were discussing, and having been told, they had shown great interest in it, and desired to continue it. He told me that Mr. Sweeteman, the younger of them, was the son of a very rich English gentleman; that he had known this young man in Oxford, where he was

prosecuting his studies; but as he had become enamoured with the doctrines of Dr. Pusey, his father, who was an assiduous reader of *The Record*, had taken it into his head that his son might become a Catholic, and had sent him to Rome in the persuasion that, seeing the Court of Rome closely, he would become horrified at it. With that aim he had given him as a tutor Signor Pasquali, the elder gentleman, who accompanied him. He told me that Signor Pasquali was a Piedmontese, who belonged to the Waldensian sect, and who, as he well knew Rome and the Roman Church, was engaged to show Mr. Sweeteman all the corruption of Catholicism. "I," continued he, "am not a Roman Catholic, but those fanatics do not please me who find everything bad in the Roman Church. The Roman Church, certainly, has its errors, but it merits respect, being the most ancient of all the Christian churches. Therefore, let us unite to show Signor Pasquali his fanaticism."

This discourse was a strong temptation to me no longer to obey my master; but I had the strength to resist and to excuse myself, saying that I was very sorry not to be able to enter into the discussion; that my time was fully occupied; that I ought to prosecute my studies, which left no time at my disposal. It seemed that Mr. Manson was satisfied with my excuse, and did not insist. He waited a moment, then he said to me: "At least, you will not deny me a moment this evening to take a cup of tea with me; you have no lessons in the evening." It seemed to me too difficult to refuse, and I accepted the invitation.

I went at the appointed hour, but Mr. Manson was not alone, as I had expected; Mr. Sweeteman and Signor Pasquali were already with him. I had not foreseen this meeting, if I had I should not have gone; but as I was there it did not seem fitting to retire, only I renewed in my heart the purpose of not entering into any discussion. Mr. Manson introduced me to both, according to English etiquette. We talked of many things; then Mr. Manson began to speak of the beautiful churches that are seen in Rome, and of the stupendous monuments of antiquity, especially the ecclesiastical, and concluded with saying that if those Dissenters who cry out so much against the Roman Church could see Rome, and conscientiously consider its monuments, observing its magnificent temples, the majesty of its rites and of its hierarchy, it is certain they would not exclaim so much against it.

"My opinion is quite opposed to yours," said the Waldensian; "and I maintain that a sincere Protestant who sees Rome as it is, finds precisely in its monuments, in its temples, in its hierarchy, in its rites, the strongest arguments to condemn it and to judge it as fallen from the pristine faith preached by St. Paul to the inhabi-

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tants of that city. I also say that if a sincere and enlightened Roman Catholic, not brought up in prejudice, would seriously examine these things, he would have to abandon his Church if he wished to be a logical Christian." They said many things upon this question. Mr. Manson warmly maintained his position; the Waldensian, cold as ice, did not concede an inch of ground. Mr. Sweeteman sought to maintain the intermediate position, and I trembled at heart, but was silent, because I would not disobey my master. But I thought within myself that without disobedience I might enter into the conversation, because they did not speak on the subject of the Bible, but of monuments and rites.

Whilst I was in this uncertainty, Mr. Sweeteman addressed himself to me, saying: "Signor Abbé, you ought not to be silent on a question which so closely concerns you." "Signor Abbé is silent," said the Waldensian, "because he knows well that reason is on my side, but it does not suit him to confess it."

At these words I felt my face become burning and a feeling of holy zeal excited me to fling myself on that obstinate heretic to teach him to speak better of our holy religion. I no longer remembered the prudent counsels of my master, and with a voice suffocated with indignation, I replied that my silence was quite the reverse of a tacit approval; it was rather compassion for his obstinacy in error, which made him reason wrongly; and I was silent because such sophisms did not appear to me worthy of answer. "How," I added, "seeing such monuments which attest the venerable antiquity of Catholicism, can you conclude that it is false? Must a religion, to be true, be modern?"

The Waldensian, instead of being offended, took my hand in sign of friendship, and pressing mine in his, said: "This confirms me still more in the good opinion that I had conceived of you; you are a sincere Roman Catholic; you are such because you believe the truth; should you come to know yourself in error I am certain that you will abandon Roman Catholicism to embrace the Gospel."

You cannot imagine, my dear Eugenio, how such a proposition offended me. I abandon the holy Catholic religion! I would rather die before having a single doubt as to its truth. Then I remembered the exhortation of my master, and appreciated his prudence. I repented not having followed his wise counsels, and proposed no longer to embarrass myself with heretics of this kind. I considered how best quickly to leave the house, so as not to set foot in it again, and contented myself with replying that Signor Pasquali was a thousand miles wide of the truth with regard to me.

"Well," replied the Waldensian, "to prove it I give you a challenge, not of words, but of deeds. You will have the kindness

to conduct us to see those monuments which, according to you, prove the truth of Roman Catholicism; we will examine them together, and I give you my word of honour, that if with them you succeed in convincing me of the truth of Catholicism, I will immediately become a Catholic; on the other hand, if I succeed in convincing you of the contrary, you will do what your conscience shall dictate to you. But if you do not accept a challenge so reasonable, and all to your advantage, you will permit me to believe that you are already persuaded of being in the wrong."

Though such a proposal attracted me, yet I resolved to obey my master, and excused myself with want of time; but the Waldensian showed me that as it was the question of leading to the truth three men whom I believed to be in error, I ought to sacrifice to such a great work every other occupation; he made me observe besides, that, having already begun the discussion with Mr. Manson, the excuse of want of time seemed a pretext, and, in reality, I could no longer withdraw conscientiously. "However," he said to me, "we are not in a hurry; should it please God, we shall pass the winter in Rome; you have no lessons on Thursday; you will have fifteen days' vacation at Christmas, ten at the Carnival; you can give us then Thursday and the vacations, and thus you will not occupy with us the time destined for your studies."

I had no longer any honest excuse to offer, therefore I accepted, and it was arranged that the next Thursday we should go together—this evening was Wednesday.

On the Wednesday I went to the school, and noticed that the Professor looked at me with a stern eye, and introduced into the lesson sentences which hurt me, and as he pronounced them, he fixed a significant look upon me. "Possibly," I said within myself, "he has become acquainted with the fact of yesterday evening; whoever could have related it to him?" After the lesson I begged the Professor to listen to me for a moment. When we were alone he strongly reproved me for my disobedience, and said, "Take care, I cannot guarantee you from the terrible consequences that this may have for you." I was afraid of the good Father's reproofs; he turned his back to leave me, but I threw myself at his feet, clasped his knees, and besought him so earnestly, that at last he was moved and resumed his amicable tone.

"Well," he said to me, "we will see if it is possible to present a remedy for your imprudence." I promised to obey him punctiliously; and then the good Father conducted me to his room to give me all the suitable instructions.

I tell you all, dear Eugenio, because you are the friend of my heart, and you know the prudence of these good Fathers, who,

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recognising my small experience, and fearing for my youth, gave me good counsel, in order that I might come out with honour from this discussion.

When we had reached his room he said to me: "My son, as you have entered into this terrible engagement, you must come out of it with honour; to-morrow go to your appointment, but take care to go only to-morrow. You must choose a leading subject which will confirm the Puseyite, will not attack Mr. Sweetman, will send the Waldensian to the dogs, and which it will not be difficult honourably to maintain. The success of a discussion depends very much upon the selection of the theme, and according to the compact, it is for you to select it. You have to conduct your Protestants to visit the monuments; whither do you think of conducting them?"

"To the Catacombs," I replied.

"You could not select worse. The Waldensian will tell you that the Catacombs were public cemeteries, where they buried promiscuously Gentiles and Christians; that these could not be places of sacred meetings; that the Gentiles guarded with great care their cemeteries, and would never have allowed the Christians to celebrate there the mysteries which by them were judged profane; and if you show them the stone pulpits, the altars, and other monuments, he will tell you that they were placed there afterwards, because the Gentiles would not have permitted in their cemeteries those assemblies which they would not permit elsewhere. He will tell you many other things, to which you will not be able to reply. No, my son, act according to my advice, do not conduct them to the Catacombs. The subject of your researches to-morrow must be St. Peter's, and here is your itinerary. Conduct them to St. Peter *in vinculis*; and there the Father Abbé, who will be instructed by me, will show them the documents which prove that this church was built by the Senator Pudens, and consecrated to St. Peter; he will show them also the chains with which the Apostle was bound by order of Herod and Nero. Thence descend to the Roman Forum, called the Campo Vaccino, and conduct them to the Mamertine Prison, where he was confined; then go up to the Gianicolo, and in the church of St. Peter in Montorio, show them the place where St. Peter was crucified; conduct them to Santa Maria in Traspontina, and in the fourth chapel to the left as you enter, show them those two columns to which the holy Apostles Peter and Paul were bound, and then scourged. Lastly, conduct them to the Vatican to see the bodies of these Holy Apostles, and the Chair of St. Peter. From all these monuments you will easily deduce that it is evident that St. Peter had his seat in Rome as Bishop, and that he died in this city; and that therefore the

Bishops of Rome are his successors; and as St. Peter was the first of the Apostles, and had special promises, that is, the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, the primacy, the right of confirming all other bishops, and infallibility; so these things have passed from him by direct succession to the succeeding Popes, who in continual sequence have gone on to our days. Here the Waldensian will dissent from you and will argue from the Bible; but you will call him to order; the challenge which was proposed and accepted was simply to discuss the monuments; the good Puseyite will be on your side, do not doubt."

"But do you believe, my Father, that Signor Pasquali will thus quickly yield?"

"Do not try, my son, to make him yield; it would require more to conquer the obstinacy of a rather learned Waldensian. Try only to come out with honour from the embarrassment in which you are placed. He will certainly not yield; you will also see that he will begin to cavil over these monuments; you will then appear offended at some irreverent word, which will certainly come from him; you will reprove him for not keeping to the compact; you will exaggerate, if need be, your indignation; and you will leave them, and thus extricate yourself from difficulty."

I know that all which these good Fathers say is for the greater glory of God, but I tell you sincerely, I was not satisfied with these counsels; they appeared to me not straightforward, and it seemed ignominious thus to abandon the field at the most important moment. The Father saw that I hesitated, and lightly touching me on my shoulder, said to me kindly: "Poor Enrico, you are very unfortunate! The first time that you try to act the missionary you get hold of a Puseyite, whom you ought not to convert, and of an obstinate and learned Waldensian, with whom you ought not to venture. But do not lose courage, another time you will have better success."

"But could I not——"

"No," brusquely interrupted the Father, "you cannot and must not do differently to what I have told you. Do you know what will happen if you disobey me? If you enter into questions from which you could not come out with honour, from the monuments you will pass on to the Bible, and with that cursed art with which they handle the Bible, the end will be that the Puseyite will abandon us and turn Protestant, the other will be all the more confirmed in his errors, the Waldensian will triumph, and you will have given him the victory. And what will then happen to you? Remember that the Inquisition exists in Rome, not only for heretics, but also for any one who causes the least injury to

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the Holy Church." Thus saying he opened the door and took leave of me.

The last words of my master terrified me. I went home much pre-occupied with what I had done; but at home I found a letter from the Secretary of the Vicariat which ordered me to present myself immediately at the Vicariat to hear some directions from his Eminence relating to myself.

When an ecclesiastic is called in that way to the office of the Secretary of the Vicariat, it is a sign that he is accused of some fault. Without waiting a moment, I went to the Secretariat, and the priests that were occupied there exchanged between themselves glances of intelligence, and looked at me with a scornful smile. I asked for the Signor Canon Secretary, and was introduced.

The Canon Secretary, of whom I speak, is a priest of between seventy and eighty years of age, a venerable old man, the example and model of all the priests of Rome; loved by the Pope, and revered by almost all the Cardinals; and I might almost say, venerated by all the clergy; a zealous preacher, an indefatigable confessor, he is always found equal to himself from early morning, when he rises to perform mass, up to the evening, when he plays cards, which he never fails to do.

The good Canon made me sit at his side, and told me he was very grieved to be obliged to reprove me, but by his office he was forced to do so; and after many words upon the caution and prudence which ecclesiastics ought to use, in order not to compromise the Holy Church, he told me that the Cardinal Vicar was not quite satisfied with my conduct, on account of the frequent conversations I had held with Protestants; and in the name of the Cardinal Vicar he ordered me absolutely to cease from such conversations. "You know," he added, "what the canons of the most holy Lateran Councils III. and IV. teach in regard to heretics, nevertheless, you, yesterday evening, took tea with them. How does this appear to you, my son?"

I no longer knew in what world I was, accused, reprov'd, menaced, and why? For a work, which seemed to me the best I had ever done in all my life. I could no longer contain myself; my heart was full, and I burst straight out into convulsive weeping which suffocated me. The Canon called for help, and the priests of the Secretariat hastened in. After I was relieved and somewhat calmed, I prayed the good Canon to listen to me. All retired, and I narrated to the Canon Secretary the whole circumstances.

When I had related all, he said to me: "Be assured, the Cardinal Vicar has been differently informed; but I believe in you; your narration is most natural, and everything tells me that

the thing is precisely as you have related it; and although it is not in my power to change the order of the Cardinal, nevertheless, I take the responsibility upon myself; the Cardinal is very reasonable, and will be easily persuaded. Carry out then, my son, the engagement which you have undertaken, but with prudence, for mercy's sake. You can in no case compromise the cause of the Holy Church because you have no official character; only I pray you to be careful for your own sake, my son; such heretics are dangerous. Before you begin any discussion, say three Ave Marias to the Madonna, who, as the Holy Church teaches, '*alone has slain all heresies*,' and then you need fear nothing."

Thus spoke this excellent priest. Then I felt tranquillised, and decided to follow his counsels rather than those of my master. Returning home contented, I have occupied the rest of the day and this evening in writing you this letter. To-morrow will be our first visit to the Roman antiquities, and I intend to use the programme given me by my master. After to-morrow I will write to you the result.—Love your most affectionate

ENRICO.

LETTER IV.

The Monuments.

ROME, January, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

I grieve to find in your last letter suspicion with regard to my conduct. You doubt whether the reason for which I have waited a month to write to you may have been that of not wishing to confess my defeat. No, dear friend; as yet I have never come out with loss from the dispute, rather I hope to come out victorious. I did not write to you at once, because I did not wish to weary you by writing discussions; I wished to wait for the decisive victory which could not be far off, and then I should have written all to you. But since you desire to know all the details, I am willing to satisfy you. I reveal myself to you as to a friend of my heart, which you are; I hide nothing from you, not even the thoughts of my soul, certain that you will not compromise me. This, then, is what happened in our visit to the monuments. I went the appointed day to Mr. Manson, and found the other two gentlemen. We took a carriage, and according to the programme of my master, I conducted my friends to the Church of St. Peter *in vinculis*. It is situated on the south side of the Esquiline Hill. A most beautiful portico, with five arches, enclosed in elegant iron railings, forms the entrance to the magnificent basilica, which is of a light, and at the same time, majestic architecture. I shall say nothing of the most beautiful picture of St. Augustine, the work of Guercino; nor of the other, representing the liberation of St. Peter from prison, the work of Domenichino. The *chef d'œuvre* of Michael Angelo, viz., the statue of Moses, destined for the mausoleum of Julius II., eclipses all else in this church.

Mr. Manson, Mr. Sweeteman, and I stood enchanted before that statue, which shows how high the genius of Christian art can attain. The Waldensian smiled at our admiration; then, striking me lightly on the shoulder, said: "Signor Abbé, explain to me a little one thing I do not understand. Your Church says that temples are holy places, places consecrated to the Lord, houses of prayer; and

adopts in its temples all that the Bible tells of the Temple at Jerusalem. How, then, can it transform its temples into studios of fine arts or museums, and thus expose itself to the profanation of us Protestants, who enter them not to pray, but to look at the objects of art? ”

I answered that these statues were in the churches to excite the devotion of the people, and the more beautiful they were the more they answered their purpose.

“Keep to common ground,” he interrupted; “we must not anticipate the question of statues, that will come in its time. But, even granting what you say, this monument is certainly not placed here to excite devotion; but to honour the dead body of a Pope.” “To the Lord’s House,” I added, “belongeth magnificence.” “It is written, however,” he resumed, “*Holiness becometh Thy house*” (Psalm xciii. 5).

We passed into the sacristy, where the Father Abbot awaited us, and received us with many compliments. In the sacristy is a beautiful marble altar, and upon it a little cupboard made of precious marble, and of most beautiful work. The Father Abbot lighted four candles, put on his surplice and stole, opened the little cupboard, and drew from it a beautiful urn of rock crystal, in which the chains of St. Peter are preserved. The Father Abbot and I knelt together before these holy chains, and prayed in silence; then we kissed these relics, and the Father Abbot shut the cupboard.

Then, having taken off the sacred vestments, he related that in the fifth century Giovenale, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, gave to the Empress Eudocia the chain with which St. Peter was manacled in Jerusalem by order of the Emperor Herod; Eudocia presented them to Pope Leo I., who brought together this and the other chain with which St. Peter was bound in Rome by order of Nero. The two holy chains coming in contact united and became one single chain, which is here preserved. Then the Empress caused this church to be rebuilt; I say rebuilt, because it was already a church, built by Pudens, and consecrated by St. Peter. Hence the title of St. Peter *in vinculis*.

“And is this story well certified?” asked the Waldensian.

“To doubt the truth of it,” replied the Father Abbot, gravely, “it would be necessary to doubt the evidence itself. If you will take the trouble to come up to my room, I can show you the documents which prove the truth of it.”

Then we went up to the apartment of the Father Abbot, where he drew from his bookshelves the first volume of the works of Father Tillemont, and at page 172 he read these words:—

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"Tradition says that St. Peter converted the Senator Pudens in Rome, that he lived in his house, and consecrated in it the first church in Rome, which became afterwards *San Pietro in vinculis*."

I was consoled beyond measure, and admired the prudence of my master in having so wisely directed my visit to the monuments. Mr. Manson exclaimed, "Ah! one must come to Rome to be instructed in ecclesiastical antiquity!"

The Waldensian, with his accustomed coldness, said, "But do you believe, Father Abbot, that Tillemont really lent credence to this fact?"

"I cannot think how you can doubt it," replied the Father Abbot; "Tillemont depended upon tradition."

"Well," said the Waldensian, "favour me with the second volume of Tillemont." Having it, he sought for page 616, and showed that Tillemont based such tradition upon the apocryphal book of *The Shepherd*, attributed to Hermas. And then he showed that all the events related in that book belonged to the time of Antoninus; that is, towards the middle of the second century; from which one must deduce that if you have faith in such tradition, St. Peter would have been the guest of Pudens in the middle of the second century, that is, about a century after his death.

The Father Abbot and I were confounded by this observation; still, the Father Abbot did not lose courage, and taking from his cupboard an old martyrology in parchment, with the initials in miniature, opened it, and read, at August 1, these words in Latin:—"The consecration of the first church at Rome, built and consecrated by St. Peter the Apostle." "Here is a document much more ancient than Tillemont."

The Waldensian looked at the martyrology, and from its characters and its miniatures he showed that it was of the XIVth century.

"A document," said he, "of at least three centuries after the fact which you wish to prove by it, proves nothing."

"Well," replied the Father Abbot, "here is the testimony of Cardinal Bona," and he showed the book of that Cardinal upon the liturgy. "Here is the history of this church written by one of our Canons." The Waldensian interrupted: "All these testimonies are more recent than those of the martyrology. But let us not go from Tillemont; see what is said at page 504 in this second volume. Read, Father Abbot:—'It cannot be believed that the Christians had churches or buildings built expressly in which to assemble for their religious exercises until after the persecution of Severus towards the year 230 A.D.' And you could," he added, "quote all the

Fathers of the first centuries to show by their testimonies that the Christians had no churches until the third century."

The Father Abbot became as red as a hot coal. I felt as if I could not contain myself, and excited by anger, I said to the Waldensian, "And perhaps you have something to contradict about this chain?"

"Not at all; I should be out of my mind if I did not see it was a chain; but to be reasonably convinced that this was the chain of St. Peter I must reason with you a little about it. I must know, for example, why of the two chains (Acts xii. 6) with which St. Peter was fettered at Jerusalem, only one was preserved; and where is the other gone? I must know who preserved that chain. Whether Herod? Whether the Jews? Whether the Christians? But St. Peter left the chains on the ground in the prison. It would be well to know how, in the ruin of Jerusalem, when all was destroyed, that chain was preserved. With relation to the one at Rome you must show that St. Peter was there, which, however, is a little difficult. If he had not been to Rome, he could not have been imprisoned there. But suppose he was there, I will ask, who preserved that chain? Nero? But he, we know, was not so devout. The Christians? But who would have dared to go and ask for it? And if they had dared, would they have got it? And then you know well that in those times the worship of relics was esteemed idolatry; it is sufficient to read Tertullian, Origen, Justin Martyr, and the other ancient Fathers, to be persuaded of this. Therefore, dear sir, let us now look at other monuments in which you may be more fortunate; but these do not in the least convince me."

This first experience taught me that I had to do with a man who knew much more than I did; and then I felt that my master was right, and sought how to extricate myself from trouble, and wished that I had got out by means of Biblical arguments, in order to accuse him of not having kept to the contract, and thus break off the discussion with some honour. To that end, rather than conduct him to the Mamertine Prison, I took him to the church called *Domine quo vadis*.

A short distance from the city, upon the Appian Way, there is a little church built on the spot where our Lord appeared to St. Peter. In order that you may well know the fact, I transcribe the inscription upon the marble which is found in that church:—This Church is called *Santa Maria delle piante*, and, commonly speaking, *Domine quo vadis*. It is called "of the footprints," on account of the appearance of our Lord made in it to St. Peter, when that glorious Apostle, persuaded or even compelled

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by the Christians to come out of prison and depart from Rome, walked by this Appian Way, and just at this place met with our Lord walking towards Rome, to whose miraculous appearance he said: '*Domine, quo vadis?*' (Lord, whither goest Thou?); and He replied, '*Venio Romam iterum crucifigi*' (I come to Rome to be crucified afresh). St. Peter immediately understood the mystery, and remembered that to him also such a death had been predicted, when Christ gave to him the government of His Church; therefore, turning round, he went back to Rome, and the Lord disappeared, and in disappearing left the impression of His feet in a paving-stone of the street. From this the Church took the name of '*delle piante*,' and from the words of St. Peter the name *Domine quo vadis?*

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We had scarcely arrived in front of the church, than the Waldensian stopped to read the inscription that is over the door:—"Stop; O passer-by, and enter into this holy temple, where you will find the footprint and figure of our Lord Jesus Christ, when He met with St. Peter, who fled from prison. Alms are requested for wax and oil, to liberate some soul from purgatory." After he had read this inscription, he said, "I do not think that the Signor Abbé is more fortunate in the visit to this second monument."

We entered; upon the wall on the right of those who enter is depicted the Saviour, who with His cross on His shoulders, walks towards Rome. On the wall to the left is depicted St. Peter in the attitude of flying from Rome. In the middle of the Church there is a narrow strip of basalt pavement to represent the ancient street, and in the centre a white square stone, projecting above the pavement, and on this there is the print of our Lord's feet, and around is sculptured the verse of the Psalm, "Let us adore in the place where His feet rested."

The Waldensian assumed a very serious expression, and cast a compassionate look upon me, and without anything more, went out of the church; Mr. Sweeteman appeared to me also scandalised; Mr. Manson himself was not satisfied, and all went out.

I did not at all understand this. I also went out, and the Waldensian spoke to me, with a seriousness that made me afraid.

"Signor Abbé, I am a Christian, and cannot bear that under the aspect of religion the adorable Person of our Lord Jesus Christ should be made ridiculous; and that the word of God should be thus abused to inculcate the adoration of a stone."

I wished to justify the thing; but all were against me, and I held my peace. Everything went wrong with me that day. Then

I resumed the programme of my master, and ordered the *vetturino* to drive us to St. Peter.

St. Peter *in carcere* is nothing but the ancient Mamertine Prison turned into a chapel. You descend by a modern staircase to the door of the prison, upon which you may still read the ancient Roman inscription. Having entered the first subterranean prison, you descend by little steps into the second, which is perpendicularly under the first. As we descended by the little steps, I made Mr. Manson notice on the wall the impression of the profile of a human face, an impression which was taken from the face of St. Peter, when going down into that prison the jailer gave him a box on the ear, and caused him to strike his head against the stone wall, which, softened by the touch of the holy head, received the impress of his face. In the middle of this second subterranean prison there is a well of water, miraculously made to spring forth by St. Peter, when he converted the jailers Processo and Martiniano, and baptized them with forty-eight other prisoners.

Mr. Manson was filled with veneration for this prison, in which the Apostle St. Peter had lived, and had worked miracles. He wished to taste the miraculous water, and to preserve some of it in a little bottle, which he bought of the custodian, to carry with him to England. I thought myself victorious, and in going out I asked the Waldensian if he was convinced that this was the prison of St. Peter.

"I believe," he replied, "that this is the Mamertine Prison, because it is really in the position in which it was situated. History speaks of this prison, and tells that in it only illustrious prisoners were confined; hence it could not have held the poor fisherman of Galilee. History gives the names of prisoners who lived in this prison, but amongst them there is not the name of Peter or of Paul; on the contrary, with regard to the latter, who was really in Rome, the account in the Acts of the Apostles tells that he was not in this prison. History tells that those who entered this prison never came out alive, but were strangled there, and their bodies, to the terror of the people, were thrown from the *Scala Gemonie*, which looked upon the Forum. Thus we know that in this prison Jugurtha was put to death; that by order of Cicero, Lentulus, Cetègus, Statilius, Sabinius, and Ceparius, heads of the Catiline conspiracy, were strangled; in it was killed Sejan, by order of Tiberius, and Gioras, son of Simon, chief of the Jews, who had been made prisoner by Titus; but no historical document speaks either of St. Peter or of St. Paul. History tells that no one came out of this prison alive; therefore, St. Peter was not there, because, according to you, he did not die there. Moreover, you have shown

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me in *Domine quo vadis* that St. Peter, persuaded by Christians, came out of prison. But from this prison he could not have come out, and in it he could not have spoken with any one. There is no other way of entrance but the aperture used from above—the first aperture penetrated the upper prison, which was otherwise inaccessible. But St. Peter would have been in the lower inaccessible prison, and it would have been absolutely impossible to come out of it. It cannot be admitted that he came out by miracle as he came out of the prison at Jerusalem; for then there would have been no room for the reproof which, according to you, he received from Jesus Christ for having come out; so you see well that this prison proves nothing in your favour.”

“And the impression of the face of St. Peter on the stone? And the miraculous water? And the baptism of the prisoners? Are these, then, all impostures?”

“My dear Signor Abbé, do not allow yourself to be blinded by prejudice, but let us quietly reason before admitting the facts as certain. The steps on which half-way down is the pretended face of St. Peter, are of recent construction. When the Mamertine dungeon was a prison the prisoners did not go down into it by those steps, which did not exist, but were let down into it through the upper aperture; so then, if these steps did not exist, St. Peter could not have passed by and left his face on the stone. As to the well, I see no miracle in that; because, wherever you dig in Rome to that level you find water, which is not at all miraculous. And then it is an absurd thing to pretend that God worked the miracle of causing the waters to rise, in order to baptise those jailers, who could easily bring water needed for the baptism, without the necessity of a miracle. Finally, it is absurd to pretend that there were, together with St. Peter and St. Paul in that prison, forty-eight other prisoners; first, because that was an exceptional prison, as we have mentioned, and then, if you measure the prison you will see it is absolutely impossible that there could have been fifty-two persons in it, unless they were packed like anchovies in a barrel.”

On hearing these reasons Mr. Manson threw away the bottle of water he had bought; Mr. Sweeteman smiled, and I bit my lips with rage, not knowing what adequate answer to give to such reasoning. I was convinced that there must be a good answer, but I did not know it, and I was indignant that my master, in giving me the programme, had not warned me of the objections of the Waldensian, and taught me how to answer them.

“Well,” said I, “let us go and see the place where St. Peter was crucified.”

"Do you mean," said the Waldensian, "Bramante's famous little temple of *San Pietro in Montorio*? Let us spare our poor horses that fatiguing ascent; and this is why. I have good reasons to believe that not only did St. Peter not die in Rome, but that he never came there; but even if I could be persuaded that St. Peter had died at Rome, the sight of the hole where, eighteen centuries ago, the cross of St. Peter was planted, would make me laugh. Who can believe that that hole made in the earth could have been preserved for so many centuries? Besides, although the scientific men who study Christian antiquity at Rome believe that St. Peter died in that city, they do not agree as to the place of his martyrdom. Read Bosio, read Arrighi, and many more who have written upon the martyrdom of St. Peter, and you will see that some of them maintain that St. Peter was put to death on the Vatican Hill, others between the Vatican and the Janiculum, and scarcely one believes that it was on the summit of the Janiculum, where is the little temple of Bramante. Therefore, it is useless for us to go there."

The further we proceeded, the more I found myself confused and discouraged. Nevertheless, as I had no honest reason to retire honourably, I took courage, and conducted my companions to the Church of *Santa Maria in Traspontina*, belonging to the Carmelite Fathers.

Entering the Church, I called to the Friar Sacristan, in order that he should show the columns of St. Peter. I hoped that the Friar would be indignant at the observations the Waldensian would make, and thus a contest would arise which would give me a good pretext to retire; but instead of this, the contrary happened.

The Friar conducted us to the fourth chapel on the left, where, leaning against the two walls, encased in wood, are preserved two columns of marble. An inscription in Latin verse tells that the two Apostles, Peter and Paul, being tied to these two columns and scourged, the image of the Saviour, which is above the altar, appeared to them, and spoke to them for some time, consoling them in their suffering. The Waldensian smiled. The Friar Sacristan, turning towards him, said, "You do not, then, believe this to be true?"

"To believe it," he replied, "I should desire to see some document. History tells nothing of this fact, and it seems to me frivolous to believe it without any proof. Besides, these columns were found in excavating the foundations of this Church in 1563; that is fifteen centuries after the death of St. Peter; who then, after fifteen centuries, is able to attest the fact? As to the image, the imposture is too gross; it is sufficient to look at it to perceive that it is a work relatively modern. Besides, it is beyond doubt

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that the use of images amongst Christians began long after the time of St. Peter."

"The gentleman is right," said the Sacristan; "during the many years that I have shown these columns to strangers I have found very few who have believed in them. Neither do I believe in them; but what would you? Everyone must attend to his own business."

We came out of the Church, and after taking a few steps the Waldensian prayed us to come for a moment with him into the church close by of *San Giacomo Scossacavalli*. On entering he showed us two great pieces of rough marble, and pointing to them, said, "There is no doubt that this is stone of the country; but read." There was written over these marbles that St. Helena had them brought from Jerusalem; that one of them was the altar on which Abraham tied his son Isaac to sacrifice him; the other was the altar on which the infant Jesus was placed to be circumcised. "See," he added, "what faith can be given to the monuments which are preserved in Rome."

My discouragement increased, and I prayed to the Virgin Mary and to the Holy Apostles that they would help me.

We arrived at last at St. Peter's. Scarcely had we entered the Church than the Waldensian said to me: "Since the Signor Abbé showed us just now two columns, I will also show you one." Thus saying, he conducted us to the first chapel on the right on entering called the chapel *della Pietà*. "Here is a column, with an inscription, which says:—'This is a pillar from the Temple of Solomon, which Jesus Christ leaned against when He preached in the Temple.' The Bible says that the magnificent temple of Solomon was entirely destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, so much so, that when it was rebuilt by Zerubbabel, they had to begin by excavating the foundations anew. History says that—as Jesus Christ predicted—of the temple which existed at the time of His life on earth, there has not remained one stone upon another. How is it then that this column is preserved? Such is the antiquity of these monuments!"

There remained to me no longer any hope of convincing him, except by making him see the chair of St. Peter; I, therefore, led him in front of its magnificent altar.

This imposing monument is situated in the apsis of the basilica, opposite its principal door. Four colossal statues in copper gilt, each one twenty-four palms high, lightly sustain, as if in triumph, the chair of St. Peter, which is under a lining of copper gilt, adorned with magnificent work of sculpture and chiselling.

The four colossal statues represent two doctors of the Latin

Church, viz., St. Augustine and St. Ambrose; and two doctors of the Greek Church, viz., St. Athanasius and St. John Chrysostom. A group of angels, sporting among small golden clouds, serves as a crown to a transparent dove, representing the Holy Spirit, which, in the midst of a large elliptical window of painted glass, seems to throw rays of light on the chair, and so to establish a sort of communication between it and heaven.

So magnificent and surprising is the work that Mr. Sweeteman, who had never seen it, was struck with admiration, and Mr. Manson said, "I hope that Signor Pasquali will have nothing to object to so magnificent a monument."

"I have nothing to say from the side of its magnificence; nothing more could have been done to gratify the senses; but I have my reasons to believe that that seat, supported by four doctors and honoured with special sumptuousness, instead of being the seat of the humble Apostle of the Lord, is the seat of Soliman, Caliph of Babylon, or of Saladin of Jerusalem."

I could no longer resist such horrible blasphemy; I know not how far my zeal would have led me, but a convulsive tremor seized me; they led me home, and I was obliged to go to bed.

To-morrow, if it please God, I will write you the remainder of this adventure.—Your friend,

ENRICO.

LETTER V.

The Monuments (continued).

ROME, January, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

Without preamble I will continue my interrupted narrative. The day after the accident which occurred to me in the Church of St. Peter, I received a letter from the Waldensian, which I transcribe as follows, to show you more than ever my sincerity; and, although our religious convictions divide us, nevertheless, I look upon you as a brother, as well as the friend of my heart, from whom I hide nothing, even when it is against myself. This, then, is what the Waldensian wrote to me:—

“SIGNOR ABBÉ,—I am greatly grieved at what took place yesterday. I confess that I was a little too immoderate; that speaking to a sincere Catholic, as you are, I ought to have taken more care and measured my words; therefore, I ask your pardon, if I offended you by my plain speaking. But apart from my tone, which was rather that of a professor, I believe I have good reasons as to the main point of the question.

“I say I have good reasons to believe that that venerated seat or chair, as you call it, above the altar, of which the festival is celebrated every year on the 18th of January, instead of being the seat of the Apostle St. Peter, is that of Soliman, Caliph of Babylon, or of Saladin, Caliph of Jerusalem. In order that you may believe I have not said this heedlessly, or to insult you, here are the proofs, which, if they are not most convincing to prove that that seat belonged to a Turk, nevertheless are so to show that it could not have belonged to St. Peter.

“In the first place I cannot persuade myself that the most humble Peter would ever have had a special chair for himself. I cannot suppose that for the sake of a seat St. Peter would have transgressed the commandment of Jesus Christ (Matt. xx. 25-27). I love St. Peter much, and, therefore, I cannot believe that he was either a prevaricator or liar; he himself says in his first Epistle, chap. v. 1, that he was only an elder like all the others.

"Think well over it, I pray you; how can one believe after that, that he would wish to have a chair for himself, falsifying by that fact everything that he had said and taught? But tell me, I pray you, where could he have kept such a seat? In his house? But why, of all his furniture, did they only preserve this seat? You will say that it was the seat on which he officiated in the Church. But I have already shown that there were no churches in those times. The Acts of the Apostles, and the Apostolic letters, tell us that they celebrated worship *from house to house*. I do not think you will suppose that St. Peter went from house to house drawing his chair after him.

"But let us suppose that of which there is no proof, that St. Peter was in Rome, and that he had a distinct seat in which to officiate. I ask you, what are the proofs that show that this is really the seat of St. Peter? Do not tell me that the Pope, who is infallible, says so; because I will answer you that, according to your own principles, the Pope is infallible in dogma, but not in fact. And then who would have preserved this seat? Certainly not the Christians; because the veneration of relics only began at the end of the fourth century. And if the Christians had preserved it, how was it that it was not found until the seventeenth century? These are some of the reasons for which I cannot believe that this is the seat of St. Peter. To all this add the principal reason drawn from the Bible and from history, which show that St. Peter never came to Rome, and you will see that my motives for not believing in that seat are, as one may say, as just and reasonable as possible.

"Still, I will obstinately maintain that which is so displeasing for you to hear, which is, that that seat may have belonged to a Mahometan. I said so on the authority of Lady Morgan, who, in her work on Italy, in the fourth volume, says that the sacrilegious curiosity of the French at the time when they occupied Rome, in the beginning of this century, overcame all obstacles, in order to see so famous a seat. They took off its copper covering, and drew out the seat, and, examining it diligently, found there engraved in Arabic characters these words:— '*There is one God, and Mahomet is His prophet.*' I do not know if Lady Morgan tells the truth, but the answers that have been made to her are by no means conclusive. You perhaps know the answer which seems the best; that it is impossible it should be the seat of a Mussulman, because they do not use seats. It is true that usually they do not make use of seats as we do, but of cushions, sofas, stools; but their Muftis use seats, and even chairs, to preach from, and sometimes even their sovereigns use such for thrones. It might then have been the seat of a Mufti. The convincing argu-

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ment would be to draw out this seat, and let all who would, examine it; but that will never be done.

"You know, Signor Abbé, that I greatly love the good Benedictine Tillemont. He was a learned man, a monk, and a good Catholic; I hope you will not refuse his testimony. Well, Tillemont was incredulous, as I am, about this chair. In his travels in Italy, he says, 'It is pretended that in Rome there is the episcopal chair of St. Peter, and Baronio says that it is of wood. Nevertheless, some who have seen that which was destined to be placed solemnly on the altar in 1666, affirm that it was of ivory, and that the ornaments are not more ancient than three or four centuries, and the sculptures represent the twelve labours of Hercules.' That is what Tillemont says.

"You will tell me that Tillemont is opposed to what Baronio says. I could answer you that both these writers were most zealous Catholics; both learned, both able historians; the contradiction then between them about this seat is a proof of the falsity of it—so much the more, that in the passage cited, Tillemont shows that he does not believe in the authenticity of this chair. But now I remember to have read in my youth (I do not recollect in what book) what explains all, and takes away all contradiction between the two writers. The festival of the chair of St. Peter had existed for about half a century, before the seat was placed for veneration. Amongst the relics that are in Rome existed a seat which is said to have belonged to St. Peter; and Pope Clement VIII. thought of causing it to be venerated, but Cardinal Baronio showed him that the bas-reliefs represented the twelve labours of Hercules, and consequently this could not be the seat on which St. Peter officiated. The Pope was persuaded; nevertheless, it was necessary to have a chair of St. Peter. Then they sought in the depository of relics, and substituted for the first, a second ancient seat of wood, and this is that of which Baronio speaks, while Tillemont speaks of the first. But sixty years after the death of Baronio, when Alexander VII. was constructing the altar of the chair, as you see it to-day, they did not know which of the two should be placed for veneration; not the first, on account of the mythological sculpture; not the second, because it was of Gothic style, and that was sufficient to show that it could not have belonged to St. Peter. The Pope, then, knowing that amongst the relics there was a seat, brought as a relic from the Crusades, ordered this to be taken and brought for veneration; but no one had perceived the Arabic inscription recorded by Lady Morgan.

"As for the rest, let us not question about a seat; a seat is at the best nothing but a seat, and it is not suitable to base our faith

upon a seat. Were it as clear as the daylight that this was the identical seat of St. Peter, it would not prove his presence in Rome, because it might have been carried thither. And if it were true that St. Peter was in Rome, the presence of the Apostle nineteen centuries ago, would prove nothing as to the Roman religion being true.

"I have been tractable and allowed myself to be led by you where you wished; now I pray you to let me lead you to-morrow; but I promise you that from this time, I will enter into no controversy; and thus you may be sure of not having to dispute with heretics, and may come without fear of disobeying either your confessor or your master.

"With regard to your master, I ought to tell you that Mr. Manson has discharged his servant, because I discovered, by certain proofs, that he was a spy of the Jesuits. You ought to know such a thing. May God open your eyes as to your dear masters.—
Au revoir, yours, etc., "L. PASQUALI."

The last words of this letter produced a terrible effect upon me; now I understood how my master had known all that I did or said with my friends. Such a procedure appeared to me base and disloyal, and irritated me, so that I determined not to allow myself to be thus blindly led by the Jesuit Fathers. Besides, the letter of Signor Pasquali convinced me that I had been wrongly guided by my master. Why, indeed, prevent me from discussing frankly and loyally, with the Bible in my hand? Why oblige me to discuss the monuments? And why then point out such uncertain monuments? These reflections made me accept the invitation of the Waldensian, and made me determine not to speak again of this discussion with my master. The next day all four of us met, and Signor Pasquali conducted us to see the Arch of Titus. This precious monument of history and of art is situated at the beginning of the road that the Romans call *Sacra*. It is the triumphal monument raised by the Senate and Roman people to Titus for his famous and complete victory over the Jews.

"These are," said the Waldensian, "the sacred antiquities that I love; not, indeed, those that the followers of Dr. Pusey seek with such avidity; on the veracity of these monuments not the least doubt can fall."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Manson, "we ought not to despise ecclesiastical antiquities."

"And I do not despise them, but I leave them in their place," said the Waldensian. "They are precious for ecclesiastical history when they are authentic, and carefully studied are precious also to the Christian. They show the beginning and the date of the

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corruptions and abuses introduced into religion ; but to give them a theological place, as if they were a rule of faith, seems to be the excess of human aberration. If a thing is true because it is ancient, we ought logically to say, then Paganism ought to be truer than Christianity, because it is the more ancient. We shall be judged upon the Gospel, not upon antiquity. The antiquities that ought to be held in great esteem by the Christian are those which testify to the Word of God, as does this monument."

Then he showed that this monument was, both for the Jews and unbelievers a testimony of the truth of the Divine Word. "Let them read Deuteronomy xxviii., St. Matthew xxiv., St. Mark xiii., St. Luke xxi., and then let them look at this monument raised by the Gentiles, who knew nothing of such prophecies, and deny if they can the veracity and divinity of God's Word."

From the Arch of Titus we ascended the neighbouring side of the Palatine Hill to see the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars.

"See," said the Waldensian, "a beautiful monument of ecclesiastical antiquity. These rough materials are the ruins of the two great Palatine libraries, one Greek, and the other Latin, where the precious manuscripts of our ancestors were collected, and which Pope Gregory I., called the Great, caused to be burnt."

Then he showed us the part of the palace built by Augustus, that called after Tiberius, that of Caligula, and that of Nero, and exclaimed: "It is written, 'The house of the wicked shall be overthrown' (Proverbs xiv. 11). Here are those who caused themselves to be called gods, who called themselves eternal; but He that dwelleth in the heavens shall laugh at them (Psalm iii.), and having given to His Son the heathen for an inheritance, He broke these, and will break the proud with a rod of iron, and dashed them, and will dash them, in pieces like a potter's vessel. These foundations which alone remain of the palaces of those who called themselves masters of the whole world, preach the truth of that word, that 'there is no wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel against the Lord'" (Prov. xxi. 30).

The solemn tone with which he pronounced these words, the profound conviction which could be read on his countenance, had an imposing effect, such as I cannot describe, and which charmed one. Mr. Manson was silent, and followed him fascinated, and I felt myself compelled to respect the man whom the day before I had wished to put to death, had it been lawful so to do. The day before he was an adversary, a heretic, who attacked the Holy Church; the day after he was a man who showed the most profound convictions of Christianity. Nevertheless, a man so profoundly religious must be eter-

nally lost, because he does not belong to our Holy Church. Such a thought revived my pity and compassion for him, and rekindled my zeal to procure with all my power his conversion.

We then went to the Amphitheatre of Flavius, called popularly the Colosseum. You have read in history that Flavius Vespasian, after the destruction of Jerusalem, caused to be built this amphitheatre, the most spacious and the most magnificent of any which up to this time have existed. It was capable of containing easily 100,000 spectators, served for games of gladiators, and hunting of wild beasts; and then, by a miracle of art, the vast arena was converted into a lake, and immediately served for naval sports. You know, also, that in times of persecution Christians were exposed in that arena to be devoured by wild beasts.

Now this amphitheatre has been by the piety of the Popes transformed into a holy place. An immense cross is planted in the midst of the arena, and around are fourteen chapels, where are represented the incidents of the passion of our Lord, and before them is performed the pious exercise called the *Via Crucis*. Thus, in the place where in the times of pagan Rome resounded the roaring of wild beasts, the lamentable cries of the victims, the ferocious applause of a brutal public, echoes instead the pathetic song of devout Christians, who meditate on the death of the immaculate Lamb.

We had scarcely entered this vast edifice when Signor Pasquali seemed absorbed in deep thought, and remained for some moments as if in ecstasy, and we stood still looking at him. Rousing himself he exclaimed: "O, my dear friends! how can I express the crowd of religious thoughts which are awakened in me by this admirable monument! He who unconsciously executed the Divine judgments against the people who put Christ to death, and made to recoil on their own head the blood of the God-Man Whom they had cursed, caused this monument to be raised as an eternal memorial of the destruction of that people; and that people, reduced to slavery, working in chains, erected this monument, which perpetuates the memory of their punishment. Gaudenzio, a Christian, is the architect of it; and God gave him the inspiration for it; yes, God, because neither before nor since has a conception more beautiful or more majestic proceeded from the human mind." Then he went on to describe the horrors of the gladiatorial games; the ferocity of the Roman people, who applauded this carnage; the imperturbable impassiveness of those monsters, who called themselves Emperors, in receiving the homage of those who killed one another in order to provide amusement for their august lord.

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He passed on to describe the combats of the martyrs, but in such vivid colours that he drew tears from our eyes. Then, warmed with a holy enthusiasm, he exclaimed: "O, holy religion of Christ! here, here, thou didst triumph in the blood of thy sons, here thou didst manifest thy divine power to the astonished world. But when the Cæsars ceased to persecute thee, and wished thee to sit with them on their throne, thou didst fly to hide thyself, and like a modern Joseph, in flying left thy mantle; thou didst hide thyself in the desert; but that mantle of thine was put on his shoulders by that man who in thy name first sat on the throne of the Cæsars; thence he drove them and reigned alone in thy name; under that mantle were concealed pride, despotism, and fanaticism, an infernal trio which reigned covered with the mantle which thou didst leave."

We were frightened with the emphasis, with the tone of voice, but still more with the conceptions of this extraordinary man. He was continuing, when a monotonous singing was heard at the entrance of the amphitheatre. Such a sound made him start and stopped him. A procession of persons, dressed in grey sackcloth, with the head and face covered by a hood of the same stuff, with only two holes to allow them to see through, entered the Colosseum, singing in a rough and monotonous voice the praises of the Cross. The procession was preceded by a great wooden cross, painted black, carried by one of the confraternity, and closed by a barefooted friar of St. Francis, with his head uncovered. Behind these came a few old lay-brothers, preceded also by a cross carried by one of them. The object of this procession was to perform the exercise of the *Via Crucis*, praying before the fourteen chapels.

Mr. Manson and Mr. Sweeteman turned to me to know what this procession signified. I replied that it was a pious confraternity of penitents, who, every Friday and every Sunday, go to perform this pious exercise of the *Via Crucis* at the Colosseum. We stayed a little while, the friar mounted a kind of pulpit on the rubble, the confraternity formed a semi-circle, the lay-brothers placed themselves behind them, and the friar began to preach. We remained at a convenient distance, but so as to be able to hear. Unfortunately, that friar was either ignorant or felt constraint from our presence, and did not know what he said, saying such silly things as even to scandalise the brave Mr. Manson. Fortunately the Waldensian was so immersed in thought that he heard nothing.

We left the amphitheatre, and on our way home Signor Pasquali asked us if we had been satisfied with our walk. We answered in the affirmative; but I added that the mode of discussion by means of the monuments was too long, and would never lead us to practical

conclusions; however, I wished to convince Mr. Manson of his error, and therefore desired to be allowed to discuss with him.

"I hope," replied the Waldensian, "that the Signor Abbé does not believe that the soul of Mr. Manson is more precious than ours. Let him, however, discuss, but I do not think he will wish to exclude us from the discussion. Let us discuss in good faith, and without any other resolve than that of seeking the truth. Let each one put aside his peculiar doctrines, to seek truth in the Word of God alone. We four differ upon many points; the Signor Abbé is a Roman Catholic; Mr. Manson belongs to that which calls itself the High Church of England, or, as others call it, the theological school of Oxford; Mr. Sweeteman belongs to the English Church, and I to the Primitive Christian Church; let not one of us then obstinately maintain his Church, but together amicably seek the truth; so much the more as we all know that it is not the Church which saves us, but Jesus Christ. What do you gentlemen say to this?"

All consented, and agreed to begin the discussion.

I confess, dear Eugenio, that this Waldensian has enchanted me. I, who had heard so much evil spoken of them; who had read in so many books the most horrible things as to their ignorance, their disloyalty, and, also, as to their bad habits, found myself dumbfounded in the presence of this man, who was learned, but made no ostentation whatever of his knowledge; and was a man of profound piety and of austere virtue, but without any affectation. The only evil which is to be found in him is error; but I hope with the Divine help to undeceive him. In the next letter I will give you an account of the first discussion.—Adieu,

ENRICO.

LETTER VI.

The Discussion.

ROME, February, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

It is too true that one should think well before promising anything. I promised you to relate faithfully the whole discussion I should have with my friends, and now I almost repent of my promise, and could desire not to have made it. And do you know why? I fear that hearing the arguments of the Waldensian will but confirm you in your Protestant errors. But I pique myself upon being an honourable man, and so I faithfully keep my promise. Only I pray you not to judge me hastily. You will well understand that I cannot in one letter relate the whole discussion; and it may be that in one you will find the arguments of my opponents, in another my answers. Therefore, wait to have all the letters before giving your judgment.

As the day was not fixed on which we were to begin our discussion, I profited by this forgetfulness, and for many days I did not allow myself to see Mr. Manson, ready to make that circumstance a plausible excuse for not having gone.

To write to you with all sincerity, I had two plausible motives for delay; the first was to prepare myself by study for the discussion; the second, because I hoped that there would arise some opportunity for discussing tête-à-tête with Mr. Manson, without the tiresome presence of the Waldensian, who, to tell you the truth, causes me to feel not a little restraint. If this could take place, I felt certain of victory; Mr. Manson would become a Catholic, and thus I should come out of the affair with honour. Night and day I thought over the way in which to realise such a project.

Whilst I was thus thinking, the landlady of the house where I was a boarder, came into my room, and with much politeness told me that she could no longer keep me, as she positively had need of my room. Do what I could, I was unable to find out why I had deserved to be sent out of her house. I only recognised clearly that she unwillingly obeyed some mysterious order. It came into

my mind that her confessor, a Jesuit Father, had given her this order, but I had no proof of it. Then I went to a convent, took a room, and caused my effects to be transported thither. My friends, not seeing me, went to seek for me, but my landlady, who knew where I had gone to lodge, told them she did not know my address. In the school, also, there occurred a change with regard to me. The professor no longer looked on me, as at first, with a kindly eye. From time to time also he launched sarcasm against the Catholic friends of heretics, and ridiculed those who, before having finished their theological course, and without having any mission, pretended to discuss with them. Then he cast on me a very significant look, which was not lost on my companions.

All these things, whilst, on the one hand, they irritated me, on the other hand gave me sorrow, and made me determine not to embarrass myself by discussion. I thanked God that I had changed my lodging, because thus, perhaps, my friends would seek me no longer, and I should get free.

The convent where I went to live did not close its door until late. One evening, whilst I was in my study, I heard a knock at the door; I opened it, and saw my three Protestant friends.

"Poor Signor Abbé," said the Waldensian, shaking my hand with great affection; "you are found out; your good Jesuit Fathers do not wish that you should enter into discussion with me. I will not compromise you against your will. We are come to propose two courses, and you shall choose that which you like best; the first course is to continue, or rather, to begin our discussions; the second is, to release you from your word, if your conscience should permit you to leave in error three souls whom you think lost. If you accept this course, I pray you to reflect that you cannot prevent us from thinking that you fear discussion, and that your masters, who prevent you, have more fear than you."

I accepted discussion, and then it was arranged that, to avoid espionage as much as possible, it should take place sometimes in my room, sometimes elsewhere.

Matters thus arranged, the Waldensian began to discuss the doctrine of justification, which he said was the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. To tell the truth, I am not very strong on that doctrine; on the contrary, until now it has seemed to me the most obscure and most involved doctrine of our theology, and I did not much like our discussion to begin with that. I proposed, therefore, that we should begin with the supremacy of the Pope. "The supremacy admitted," said I, "as a legitimate consequence one must admit all the Catholic doctrine taught by him who is the successor of St. Peter, and the infallible Head of the Church, estab-

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lished by Jesus Christ Himself; and once exclude the supremacy all Catholicism must necessarily fall." They made some difficulties, but at last my proposition was accepted. Then Signor Pasquali, rising from his seat, said: "Before we begin to discuss, we ought to invoke the assistance of the Holy Spirit," and he invited me to pray. I excused myself by saying that we were not accustomed to extempore prayer. Then he turned to Mr. Manson, who said he had not his prayer-book with him. "The prayer-book of the Christian is a renewed heart," said the Waldensian; and raising his eyes to heaven he uttered so fervent a prayer, as to draw tears from my eyes. This prayer amazed me. "However," said I to myself, "can a heretic pray with so much faith, with so much fervour! How can he, with such confidence, invoke Jesus Christ!" I, who had only known the doctrine of the Protestants by what I had heard my masters say of it in lessons and in preaching, and by what I had read of it in our books, found myself in a very different position to that which I had imagined, when face to face with this Waldensian.

Signor Pasquali, having finished his prayer, made us observe that truth being a unity, in treating of a religious question, it can only be found in the Bible; but that as the different religious systems interpret the doctrines of the Bible differently, he thought for the better understanding of, and to hasten the solution of, the question on the supremacy of the Pope, it would be well that each one should express his belief on that point, in order that, confronting these different beliefs with the Bible, we might come to a decisive conclusion.

Such a proposal pleased all, and I began to explain in few words the Catholic doctrine on the supremacy of the Pope, reserving the demonstration of it to the fitting moment. I said then that Jesus Christ had declared St. Peter the head and the prince of the Apostles; that He had constituted him His vicar, and in that quality had left him as visible Head of His Church. I said that the dignity of St. Peter was not a personal thing, but was to be transmitted to his successors, and since the Roman Pontiff is the successor of St. Peter, he has the same prerogatives that Jesus Christ gave to St. Peter, and he has transmitted these to his successors—viz.: supremacy and infallibility. This is the doctrine of the Catholic Church, and I am ready to prove it with the Bible.

"I agree," said Mr. Manson, "as regards the supremacy of St. Peter; I admit Apostolic succession in the Bishop of Rome, and I should recognise him also as Head of the Church, provided his authority should not be arbitrary, but regulated by the ecclesiastical canons, established by councils. But I cannot admit his

infallibility, because the monuments of ecclesiastical antiquity show that many Popes have erred."

"With regard to myself," said Mr. Sweeteman, "I do not admit so much. In the things of religion, I know no other authority than that of the Bible and that of the Church, which I do not think can be represented by one single man. The Bishop of Rome is a bishop like all others, he may be considered the Primate of all Italy, but I should never believe him to be the Head or Sovereign of the Church. If you speak of him only as first in honour, I shall not find great difficulty in according this to him, but never as first in authority. I recognise the authority of the Church in the Episcopate, and not in one single man."

The Waldensian then drew from his pocket a Bible, and placing it on the table, said, "Now that each one of you has expressed what he believes concerning the authority of the Pope, I must expound my doctrine; but I myself cannot expound anything—the Bible is my *only* authority in matters of religion. Religious systems are for the most part fallacious; the Bible alone cannot lead astray; let us then justly and simply attend to its instructions; and I think that by this method, if we discuss sincerely, we shall easily find ourselves agreed, because all four confess that all religious doctrine ought to have its foundation in the Bible."

After such a preface, he said that he found in the Bible three things respecting the actual question—viz.: First, that Jesus Christ established a perfect equality amongst the Apostles, so that there was not one greater than the other amongst them. Secondly, that, further, Jesus Christ has absolutely, and by precept, excluded the idea of a chief amongst them. Thirdly, that the Apostles only recognised in St. Peter an associate, and never a superior, nor head of the Church. Fourthly, that Jesus Christ is the only Head of the Church, to the exclusion of any other. "My dear friends," he added, "this is the doctrine that I find in the Bible with regard to the Head of the Church; I may deceive myself, but permit me simply to expound to you the passages of the Bible, which show the doctrines that I have pointed out. And then I pray you to indicate to me if, and where, I am in error." Saying this he opened his Bible, and read: "And Jesus drew near and spake to them" (that is, to the Apostles), "saying, 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And, lo, I am with you alway; even unto the end of the world'" (Matt. xxviii. 18-20). He made us observe in this passage that Jesus Christ gives to all the

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Apostles equal power, that He confides His power to no single one, and that He has left no single one of them in His stead, but rather that He promises Himself to be always with them. He read Mark xvi. 15, and John xx. 21, 22, 23, to prove that Jesus Christ had given equal power to all the Apostles; and concluded from it, that He had not established one to be either their prince or their head.

From the Gospels he passed to the Acts of the Apostles, and read the 14th verse of chap. viii., where it is said that the Apostles *sent* Peter and John into Samaria; and from that passage he inferred that St. Peter was not superior to the other Apostles, because, had he been superior, *he* would have sent, or would have gone of his own will, and would not have *been* sent. He then read I. Peter v. 1, where the Apostle calls himself an *elder* like the rest, neither more nor less.

Here I interrupted him, making him observe that St. Peter spoke in this manner from humility.

"Is it lawful," he replied, "to lie under the pretence of humility? Is it lawful for an Apostle to teach a false doctrine under pretext of being humble? If St. Peter had been the chief of the Apostles, he would have lied in saying he was a simple elder; to have appeared humble he would have taught the Presbyterian doctrine, which your Church has declared to be heretical."

I thought I had done well to be silent until then, reserving myself to answer at the fitting moment. He again took up the argument, and reading in II. Cor. xii., he cited that passage where St. Paul says he was not a whit behind the chiefest Apostles; Galatians ii., where St. Paul says he had received nothing either from St. Peter or St. James, excepting the hand of fellowship; even with regard to St. Peter, St. Paul gloried in having publicly withstood him to his face, and in having publicly rebuked him. From which things the Waldensian claimed to show the absolute equality that existed amongst all the Apostles, according to the institution of the Lord.

As for the second of his propositions, which was that Jesus Christ had absolutely forbidden any supremacy amongst the Apostles and in the Church, he pretended to show it by the following passages, viz.: Matthew xviii. 15-17:—"If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more.

And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church." "This discourse," he said, "was addressed by Jesus Christ to St. Peter. Jesus Christ then subjected this same St. Peter

to the Church, so that even he for a personal offence had to recur to it and submit to its judgment. Thus He had not constituted him head if it. That which is here said to St. Peter is said to all, therefore Jesus Christ did not wish that there should be supremacy in the Church."

But that which according to him excluded supremacy altogether from amongst the Apostles were the following passages:—"And Jesus called his disciples unto him, and said, 'Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant'" (Matt. xx. 25-27.) "I wish that the Popes who call themselves Kings of kings, and the Cardinals, who call themselves successors of the Apostles, and the most eminent princes of the Church, would consider this command of Jesus Christ Whom they call their Master."

"The conclusive passage," he continued, passing over many others, "is the following:—'But be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren. And call no man your father upon the earth; for one is your Father, which is in heaven. Neither be ye called master: for one is your Master, even Christ' (Matt. xxiii. 8-11). It appears to me, that to admit that amongst the Apostles one should be greater than the others, that he should be the father of the faithful, the universal master, it would be necessary to say that Jesus Christ had lied, which would be blasphemy."

"Nevertheless," interrupted Mr. Manson, "all antiquity has recognised a primate in St. Peter."

"Is the antiquity that you adduce," replied the Waldensian, "anterior or posterior to the Gospel?"

"Oh! certainly, it is posterior," replied Mr. Manson.

"Well, then," said Pasquali, "as regards antiquity also, my arguments are better than yours—mine are more ancient, and yours are some centuries more modern than mine."

The third of his propositions being negative, he said it was sufficient to show it by a negative argument, which is, that no single passage of the Bible can be cited to prove that the Apostles had recognised St. Peter as their superior. "On the other hand," he said, "if the doctrine of the supremacy was a dogma necessary to salvation, as the Roman Church teaches, the Apostles would have taught it in their writings, which they have left for the instruction of the churches. But in the Apostolic writings there is not a single word which alludes to the supremacy of St. Peter; therefore,

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it is evidently excluded. St. Paul speaks of all the degrees of ministry established by Jesus Christ in His Church (I. Cor. xii. 28; Ephesians iv. 11), and he says nothing either of the primacy of Peter or of a Pope. If a Roman theologian, speaking *ex professo* of the ecclesiastical hierarchy should forget to speak of the Pope, it would be as if an astronomer, speaking of the solar system, should forget to speak of the sun, or even to mention it.

"For the fourth of my propositions," he said, "I *need* not quote any passage of the Bible to prove it. He who knows that Divine Book knows that the doctrine of Jesus Christ as sole Head of the Church, is taught in it frequently and evidently. I will quote some passages," and he read in Ephesians i. 20, 23, and Colossians i. 18; and he would have gone on quoting other passages if I had not interrupted him.

"Pardon me, Signor Pasquali; you follow a shadow; who of us denies that Jesus Christ is the supreme Head of His Church? All the passages quoted by you, and others you might still quote for that purpose, do not in the least exclude the Catholic doctrine of the supremacy of the Pope. Jesus Christ is certainly the Head of the Church, but He is in glory in heaven, at the right hand of the Father, and the Pope is His substitute on earth; Jesus is the principal, but invisible Head, and the Pope is the visible Head; Jesus is the heavenly Head, the Pope is the earthly Head, and to a visible Church is necessary a visible Head."

"The Signor Abbé," he replied, "has not reflected that the Church is one, that it is the body of Jesus Christ, a body 'fitly joined,' as the Bible says. Now, if the Church is one single body, how can it have two heads; the one visible, the other invisible; one primary, the other secondary? But let us remember that we must not dispute in the manner of the schools, but rather seek the truth in the Bible. Therefore, I pray you to quote one single passage where it is said that the Pope is the visible Head of the Church."

Mr. Manson then spoke, saying: "As for me, I confess I have never found in the Bible a passage which expressly establishes, and in so many terms, this supremacy of the Pope. St. Irenæus, for example——" "Leave your St. Irenæus," interrupted the Waldensian, "and speak to me of the Bible. But were it as clear as the light of the sun (which it is not) that the primitive Church admitted such a doctrine, I would answer you that the true primitive Church is the Church of the times of the Apostles; and its monuments are in the epistles of these Apostles. Should you, with your pretended sacred antiquity, have succeeded in demonstrating to me a doctrine opposed to that which the Apostles have written,

you would have shown me an ancient error, but always an error."

You know, my dear Eugenio, I had every reason to call myself discontented with the Jesuit Fathers; still, I could not but remember at that moment the words of my professor, which seemed to be verified in me, viz., that when a Protestant adheres to the Bible, he will hear no other reasoning. I truly, attacked unawares, had passages from the Bible to prove the supremacy of St. Peter and of the Pope; but I was not ready to overthrow those quoted by the Waldensian; therefore, I was well pleased to see Mr. Manson enter the lists. But he was silent at the answer of the Waldensian, who continued thus:—

"There is nothing new under the sun; from the time of St. Paul the mystery of iniquity began to work, but it seems to me that in Ephesians v., St. Paul had foreseen this distinction that the Roman theologian would invent of a visible Head, and an invisible Head; a principal Head, and a ministerial Head; a terrestrial Head, and a celestial Head; and that he wished to confute it when he said: 'The husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is Head of the Church.' How would it appear to you," he continued, "if an honest wife should say that she recognised her husband as her principal head, but that she retained another as a secondary or vicarious head? Would not St. Paul say that as the husband is the *only* head of the woman, so Jesus Christ is the *only Head* of the Church? But that is not enough; listen to what is said in I. Corinthians iii. 11: 'Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' In an edifice there is only *one* foundation. But to take away every pretext from scholastic distinctions as to the Head of the Church, St. Paul, or rather the Holy Spirit by his mouth, tells us what St. Peter was in that edifice; this is told in Galatians ii. 9. He was a pillar, not a secondary or subordinate foundation, but a pillar, neither more nor less than were James and John, or the other Apostles. As for the rest, my dear friends, I will not be obstinate; I will not raise a controversy; let us examine the Word of God, and follow the doctrine it teaches us, which alone is infallible."

As I wished better to study the question before hazarding myself with a man who knew so well the Holy Scriptures, I said that the evening was far advanced and that the convent would be closing; an appointment was made for the following day, and they left me.

Scarcely had they gone, than I felt need of counsel; I could no longer ask it of my professor, without exposing myself to bitter reproofs, or perhaps worse; I thought, therefore, of asking it of

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the professor of theology of the convent where I live; and went to his room. I explained the case from the first, and he, after well reflecting, said to me: "Very well! the remedy for extricating you from embarrassment is most easy, and it is the only one you ought to follow. To-morrow morning go to the Palace of the Inquisition and denounce the Waldensian, then leave the Holy Tribunal to take action. It will relieve you of all difficulty."

I was horrified at such counsel; but the Father Professor maintained that the Waldensian, being Italian, was subject to all the laws of the Holy Office, and that I was conscientiously obliged to denounce him. "He is not a simple heretic, but a dogmatising heretic, and you ought absolutely to denounce him, otherwise you will be denounced as an abettor of heretics, and will also be suspected of heresy."

I passed the night unable to sleep, so great was my agitation. I would rather have suffered anything than have committed an evil action; and it seemed to me an evil action to denounce Signor Pasquali, and cause him to be thrown into the prisons of the Inquisition. On the other hand, I said to myself: "But if it is true that I am conscientiously obliged to accuse him, if by not accusing him I commit a mortal sin, ought I not to accuse him at any cost?"

The next morning I returned to the Father Professor to understand the matter better. "My son," he said to me, "I will do you no harm; but another could well do so by denouncing you. You are a foreigner, you do not know Rome, and you have been talking on religion with Protestants, as you might have done in your own country. Here the thing is very different." "But," said I, "it does not seem to me that I have committed a crime worthy the Inquisition by having sought to convert three Protestants to our religion."

"Dear friend," he replied, "you judge this matter from your point of view, and as if it were in your own country. There where the Holy Catholic religion is not dominant, the Church cannot display all its energy, but here in Rome, although from prudence it must adapt itself somewhat to the times, still it can execute its laws. And do you know what the laws are in your case? They are these. Our Holy Church has the right of sending and maintaining its missionaries, and of making proselytes everywhere, because it alone has the truth, and because to it alone appertains the liberty of manifesting and propagating its doctrines, for they only are true; but if a heretic wishes to spread the doctrines of heresy, the Holy Church has the right of punishing him, and Catholics are obliged to denounce him, especially if the heretic should dare to dogmatise where the Tribunal of the

Holy Inquisition exists. But the Holy Tribunal acts with all prudence, and is not as cruel as is reported; for example, if the dogmatising heretic be English or French, then they cause him to be exiled by the police under another pretext. If he belong to a small nation, of which they need not be afraid, then they use towards him the salutary rigour of the laws. So believe me, your case is more serious than you imagine; especially in these times in which Pius IX. has ordered the Holy Tribunal to act with all its rigour. You do not know it, but I assure you of it. At the death of Gregory XVI. the prisons of the Holy Office were almost empty, but they are no longer so."

"But, my Father," I added, "Canon T——, Secretary to the Vicariate, gave me the permission to dispute with these Protestants——." "Canon T——," he interrupted, "is a good man, but he does not know the laws of the Inquisition. After all, do as you like, but remember I have warned you."

Dear Eugenio, I cannot believe that all that this Father said to me can be true. I think he may have said it to frighten me. No, it is not possible that the Holy Catholic Church, which is a loving Mother, should have sentiments so cruel; but I notice that every time I go to ask advice I am only grieved; therefore, I am now determined to continue the discussion without asking counsel of anyone, so I shall keep the appointment.

In the next letter I will tell you the rest.—Adieu, love your

ENRICO.

LETTER VII.

The Supremacy of the Pope.

ROME, February, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

As I told you in my last letter the appointment had been made to meet the evening following in the house of Mr. Manson, but remembering that I was living in a convent and could not remain out long in the evening, without running the risk of finding the door irremediably closed, I went after dinner to excuse myself, and to make another appointment for another day, and another hour. I don't know if I ought to say unhappily or happily I found my three friends together, on the point of going out for a walk. They gave me the most cordial reception, and invited me to accompany them in their walk; and seeing that I hesitated to accept the invitation, Signor Pasquali said to me, "Do not be afraid, Signor Abbé; we shall not go into the city, but we shall take a walk in retired places, and so avoid the uproar of the Carnival, and be able to talk freely together."

We were then in full Carnival. You do not know what the Carnival is in Rome! I will not hide from you that for us foreigners, born and educated in serious countries, it is a most scandalous thing. To see the Holy City give itself entirely up to the bacchanalia of the Gentiles, and plunge into all sorts of debaucheries and revellings, is a thing which, to us foreigners, appears evil, and in this I agree with my friends, but the Romans hold these diversions to be innocent.

To avoid the uproar we issued from the *Porta Pia*. The road which leads from that gate to the Church of *St. Agnese*, and the annexed catacombs, is very charming, and is the favourite walk of the Jesuits, who, in the days of the Carnival, are met there almost solely. I did not like to be seen by the Jesuits with my companions, therefore, I invited the latter to go into the *Villa Patrizi*, which is a few steps beyond the gate. On entering it we were alone, no one being there in those days but the custodian of

the magnificent palace. Having reached the belvedere, which is in front of the entrance of the palace, we sat down on the marble seats.

"Sirs," said the Waldensian, "if we want to begin our discussion, I propose we begin it with prayer;" and taking from his pocket his Bible, he rose, and uncovered his head, and read in St. Luke's Gospel, chapter xi. 9-13; then he closed the Book, and offered a prayer, so moving, paraphrasing those verses, and asking for us all the abundance of the Holy Spirit, that I was affected even to tears. Oh! what an acquisition it would be for us, I said to myself, if that man should embrace our holy religion!

The prayer ended, the Waldensian asked if we had passages of the Bible, which might lead us to understand more clearly the truth of the discussion begun the day before.

Mr. Sweeteman said that he had some, but as they referred more especially to the authority of the Church, and not to that of the Pope, he would delay quoting them till we should treat of the Church.

"With regard to the Pope," he added, "I recognise him as Bishop of Rome, and nothing more, as I recognise our Bishop of London as a bishop and nothing more."

Mr. Manson said that he found nothing to say with relation to those passages of the Bible, but he did not look at them from the same point of view as Signor Pasquali; he did not interpret them arbitrarily, but as they have been interpreted by the primitive Church. The Fathers of the primitive Church knew these passages; nevertheless, all have agreed to admit the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. The fact that the primitive Church believed in the supremacy of the Pope is an incontestable fact, from which he deduced this argument: "Either the whole of the ancient Church has erred, or you err; certainly you cannot make me believe that the whole of the ancient Church has erred; therefore, you will permit me to think that you rather are in error. However, let us well understand one another. I do not agree with the Roman theologians in all the prerogatives they assign to the Pope to enforce his supremacy. They fall into the other extreme; for them the Pope is almost a god, they make him infallible and almost omnipotent, and in such things I cannot agree with them; but supremacy in the Church I will not deny to him."

I awaited with anxiety the reply of the Waldensian to such reasoning, but he turned quietly towards me and said: "And you, Signor Abbé, have you anything to oppose?" "I have many things," I replied, "but I desire that first you should solve the argument of Mr. Manson."

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"As I suppose," he said, "that your arguments do not differ much from his, I reserve myself to answer both at the same time."

Then I commenced the attack, quoting the celebrated passage of St. Matthew xvi. 18, 19: "And I say unto thee, that thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven." I observed first, that Jesus Christ having said, "Upon this rock I will build my Church;" addressing Peter, it is evident that He wished to say that upon Peter He would build His Church; therefore, although it is true that Christ may be the principal foundation, the invisible rock, this does not exclude, rather includes, that St. Peter may be the visible foundation; that Jesus Christ is the Head of the Church in heaven, while St. Peter is the Head of it on earth. I observed in the second place, that only to St. Peter, in this passage, are promised the keys of the kingdom of heaven, with full authority to loose or bind. "And I defy," I added, "all the Protestants in the world to quote to me a single passage in which the keys of the kingdom of heaven, which are the symbols of absolute authority, were promised to any other than St. Peter. St. Peter then received from Jesus Christ supremacy over the whole Church. And, in fact, Cardinal Bellarmino rightly observes, 'If these words do not indicate authority given to St. Peter, why should the Lord address Himself to him alone?'"

I prepared to quote other passages in favour of the supremacy, but the Waldensian prevented me, saying that before occupying ourselves with other passages of the Bible, we should well discuss this one, which was the most interesting. Then he answered me, somewhat in the following terms:—

"Your first reasoning on this passage is based upon a false supposition, which you take as a demonstrated truth; you suppose that St. Peter is the rock upon which Jesus Christ said He would build His Church, but this supposition is evidently false, and the falsity is shown by the Gospel itself. The New Testament is full of declarations which show Christ, and Christ alone, to be the Rock on which the Church is founded.

"In fact, if Jesus Christ, in the words you have quoted, had meant that St. Peter was the foundation rock of the Church, St. Peter would have known it; now, how is it that St. Peter himself says twice (Acts iv. 11, and I. Peter ii. 4) expressly, that not he, St. Peter, but Jesus Christ, is the Rock on which the Church is founded? If you consider St. Peter as an author inspired by the

Holy Spirit, then the Holy Scripture destroys your interpretation, or, if you consider St. Peter as an infallible Pope, then you are not a Catholic in interpreting the Gospel contrary to the way in which the first Pope interpreted it. In either case you cannot maintain your interpretation."

This reasoning considerably confused me, and the Waldensian, profiting perhaps by my embarrassment, continued, saying that good common sense was sufficient to entirely explode the interpretation which Roman Catholic theologians give to this passage. He observed that in the Syriac language, in which in all probability the Lord spoke, that being the language which was used in Judæa, the word "*Cipha*," of which the Lord made use, signified "rock," and Simon, called by Jesus "*Cipha*," or, as we pronounce it, "*Cefa*," would be translated "rock." If the Gospel had been written in Syriac this might have been equivocal, and, taken as an isolated passage, without being explained by other passages which say that the Rock is Christ, it might have been interpreted as do the Roman Catholics; however, that interpretation is soon destroyed by the analogy of the Bible. The Holy Spirit has dictated the Gospel in Greek, and on this passage has taken away the possibility of an equivocal. In Greek, Πέτρος (*Petros*) signifies "Peter" (*Pietro*), and signifies also "rock" (*pietra*); but there is another word, the word πέτρα (*petra*), which also signifies "pietra"; hence this difference, that "*petros*" signifies any rock whatever, and "*petra*" signifies a rock, a *living* rock, a rock on which to found a house. Now, if the Holy Spirit had wished to make us understand that the Church is founded on St. Peter, He would have said 'ἐπὶ τούτῳ τῷ πέτρῳ' (and upon this Peter)—"*Pietro*"; that would have been more elegant, but it would have been equivocal; it would have presented an "*addentellato*" (projecting stone) for the Roman theologians; but the Holy Spirit, not caring for elegance of diction, wished to be clear in His teaching, and said 'ἐπὶ ταύτῃ τῇ πέτρῃ' (and upon this rock) "*pietra*," that is, 'not upon thee, who mightest be any rock, but upon Me, who am *the* rock, I will build my Church.' "This interpretation," he added, "is not mine indeed, it is that of your holy Fathers; of St. Augustine, of St. John Chrysostom, of St. Ambrose, of St. Jerome, of St. Hilary, and of others. Now I can only remember the passage by St. Augustine, in chap. xxi. of his book of "Retractations," which says thus:—'It was not said to *Pietro*, 'thou art *pietra*,' but 'thou art *Pietro*'; the *pietra* was Christ, and Simon, confessing Him as such was called *Pietro*.' "

I was pleased to see that my opponent descended to the level of the Fathers, and soon I interrupted him, saying 'If, in the

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passage you have quoted, St. Augustine speaks in this manner, it is yet certain that in other places he says quite the contrary."

"I wish the Signor Abbé to observe," said the Waldensian, "the singular, not to say irreverent and contradictory way in which the Roman theologians treat these ancient teachers, who, nevertheless, are called Fathers. Whilst on the one hand they exalt their authority, so as to give it a theological status, on the other they do not mind placing them in contradiction to themselves. We Protestants, as you call us, who do not admit the authority of the Fathers in matters of dogma, who hold them as special teachers, also liable to err, and who only admit their authority for history, respect them much more than do the Roman theologians. For example, the passage from St. Augustine quoted by me simply shows that St. Augustine was not infallible, that he erred when he maintained the supremacy of the Pope; but as an honest man and a Christian, recognising his error, he has nobly retracted; whilst in the system of Roman theology he is placed in contradiction to himself. The book of the 'Retractations of St. Augustine' ought to be in the hands of all those who hold controversy. This teacher, in the heat of discussion, had advanced as true many things, which after mature consideration he found to be false; and as he was more attached to truth than to self-love, he, in his old age, revising all that he had written, retracted all those things which he thought unsuitable for a Christian to maintain, and committed all of them to a book which he called 'Retractations.' Amongst the doctrines he retracted is that of the supremacy of the Pope, formerly maintained by him. The passage then quoted by me has very great weight; it annuls all the other passages of St. Augustine on the supremacy of the Pope; it shows that this teacher retracted, as an aberration of his, the doctrine of the supremacy."

Mr. Manson then came to my help, and said that he would not enter into a discussion on St. Augustine; nevertheless, he was ready to maintain that many Fathers had interpreted that passage, "*Thou art Peter*," as expressing the supremacy of Peter over the Church.

"Were this true," replied the Waldensian, "and that not many, but all the Fathers, had heard and explained this passage in that manner, you should remember that we ought to seek the truth, not in the Fathers, but in the Gospel; that God does not judge our faith according to the Fathers, but according to the Gospel. I will not enter into a discussion *ex professo* upon the Fathers, but rather, I pray you, return to our subject; we must

understand the Bible by means of the Bible itself, and thus the infallible Holy Spirit, not the Fathers, who are men like ourselves, shall be the interpreter. Observe, I pray you, scarcely had the Lord said these words than He predicted to His disciples His approaching death, and Peter, allowing himself to be carried away by his zeal, which certainly was not according to knowledge, sought to dissuade Jesus from completing the work of redemption by His death. Then Jesus, turning, said to Peter, 'Get thee behind Me, Satan; thou art an offence unto Me, for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.' Now, suppose that in the preceding words St. Peter had been constituted Head of the Church, what would be the consequences? The first would be that Jesus Christ Himself had called 'Satan' the first Pope, only just constituted such; the second would be that the first Pope, scarcely become a Pope, offended Jesus Christ by the first word he uttered. The Popes of Rome, if they like, may apply to themselves these consequences."

"Then," said I, "according to you the promise of Jesus Christ signifies nothing."

"God preserve me," he replied, "from thinking such a thing; that promise of the Lord's is the most precious promise He has made to His Church; it is the distinctive character of the Church of Jesus Christ. In fact, Jesus, promising that He would build His Church, shows in the first place that it was not yet built, and, therefore, St. Peter could not by these words be established Head of a Church that did not yet exist. In promising that He would build it *upon that rock*, that is, upon the absolute confession of His divinity,—on that confession which does not come by the *revelation of flesh and blood*, that is, by human reason, but by the *revelation of the Heavenly Father*, meaning by entire and complete adhesion to the Word of God,—He has promised that all those who are grounded upon that rock form the Church of Jesus Christ, differing as much as you like in secondary things, and things of minor importance; and against such a Church the gates of hell shall never prevail."

"Dear Signor Pasquali, you know that I do not entirely agree," said Mr. Manson, "with the Roman doctrine; but in the passage in question there is a promise which Jesus Christ made to St. Peter, and to St. Peter only; to admit your interpretation you must say either that Jesus did not keep the promise made to St. Peter, and to say that would be impious; or you must admit that St. Peter by that was established Head of the Church. Let us, however, well understand one another, not absolute, nor sole, nor primary Head, but Head in a certain sense; Jesus without doubt is the

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primary Head, and St. Peter might be the second, or subordinate, or ministerial Head; in short, not in an absolute sense, but in a certain sense."

"Let us decide," replied Signor Pasquali, "but always according to the Bible, as to this certain sense, in which you think that St. Peter has been constituted Head of the Church, and all doubts will be taken away. Perhaps you think that St. Peter is the foundation of the Church in the sense that on him alone it rests to the exclusion of the other Apostles? This I know is the Papal meaning; but the Word of God says that the Church is built on the foundation of the Apostles and prophets (Ephesians ii. 20). So, then, not Peter alone, but all the other Apostles, and also the prophets, are in like manner as St. Peter, the foundation of the Church. Then it is not in this sense that St. Peter is the foundation or Head of the Church. It may be in the sense that he is the principal basis of it. But to say this would be blasphemy, because the Church being no longer of Christ, but of Peter, a sinful man would be substituted for the Son of God, Who has redeemed and cleansed the Church with His blood. 'Other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ' (I. Cor. iii. 11). The only sense in which Peter could call himself the foundation of the Church is this: he was the foundation in the same way that all the other Apostles were; Jesus is the immovable Rock, the living Stone, as this same Peter calls it, on which the Church is founded; the twelve Apostles are the twelve first stones built on this foundation; 'and the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb' (Rev. xvi. 14). This is the only sense in which, according to the analogy of faith, St. Peter can be called the foundation of the Church!"

"Were this so," I said, "Jesus would have directed His discourse to all His Apostles, and not to St. Peter alone; but having spoken to St. Peter alone, it is clear that He meant a special privilege accorded to him alone."

"I would answer," said the Waldensian, "that as it was St. Peter alone who in the name of all answered to the question the Lord had asked, not of St. Peter, but of all, so to him, who answered for all, was addressed the word of Jesus, which had regard to all. But perhaps the Signor Abbé and Mr. Manson will like better the reply which St. Cyprian gives to the Signor Abbé's question in his book on 'The Unity of the Church'; here are his words:—'Jesus to manifest unity disposes with His authority in such a way as to begin with one. Certainly the other Apostles were neither more nor less than St. Peter; they all participated in the same honour and power, but the principle of this unity had to come

from one of them, to show that the Church is one.* This is why Jesus addressed Himself to St. Peter, to show that, although all the Apostles were equal in honour and power, their power was to be exercised in a consolidated form, in such a way as that the faithful might call themselves of Christ, and not of St. Peter, of St. Paul, of St. John, etc."

At this moment my heart jumped for joy within me; I had found the Waldensian in fault; he had mutilated the passage of St. Cyprian, and, triumphantly, with a bitter smile, I said, "Behold the good faith of the enemies of the Holy Church! They mutilate the passages of the Fathers; taking from them all that does not accommodate them, so as to seem always right. This is the passage of St. Cyprian intact; I remember it as if the book were before my eyes:—*'Ut unitatem manifestaret, unam cathedram constituit* (this you did not say) *et unitatis ejusdem originem ab uno incipientem sua auctoritate disposuit. Hoc erant utique et cæteri Apostoli, quod fuit Petrus, pari consortio præditi et honoris et potestatis; sed exordium ab unitate proficiscitur, ET PRIMATUS PETRO DATUR* (this also did not suit you, and you have suppressed it) *ut una Christi ecclesia ET CATHEDRA UNA* (here is the third mutilation) *monstretur.*' Now, tell me if St. Cyprian excludes, or does not rather admit in unequivocal terms, the supremacy of St. Peter?"

The Waldensian, with an ironical smile and *sangfroid*, which contrasted greatly with my heat, said: "I could have desired that the Signor Abbé, were it for no other reason than the cause he maintains, should have been silent. The words which he has added to the passage by St. Cyprian, quoted by me, he has not invented; certainly he found them in the copy from which his professor taught him, and they are found also in some falsified editions of this Father; but they are words added to maintain the doctrine of the supremacy and to support it by venerable authority. I say it is a manifest interpolation, because, first, in the most ancient and authentic manuscripts of St. Cyprian these words are not found; secondly, because they could not be his, being contrary to the aim which he proposed to himself in that book, in which he desired simply to show the unity of the Church, and not the supremacy of St. Peter; thirdly, these words could not be by St. Cyprian, because, in short, he would have fallen into the most unpardonable contradiction, as in fact, St. Cyprian would be made to say that St. Peter

* *Ut unitatem manifestaret, unitatis ejusdem originem ab uno incipientem, sua auctoritate disposuit. Hoc erant utique et cæteri Apostoli quod fuit Petrus, pari consortio præditi et honoris et potestatis: sed exordium ab unitate proficiscitur ut ecclesia una monstretur.—Cyprianus de unit. eccl. cap. 3.*

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had supremacy over the other Apostles; whilst he says, 'Certainly the other Apostles were neither more nor less than St. Peter; they all participated in the same honour and power.' Now, I say, after such words, can you believe that St. Cyprian could say, 'The supremacy was given to St. Peter.' When you falsify, Signor Abbé, you need to be more prudent."

I was silenced by these remarks, which struck me as quite fresh, and to which I confess I did not know how to answer.

To relieve me from this embarrassment an opportune diversion happened—a noise of horses galloping was heard in the road of the villa, on the side of the entrance. A moment after, the appearance of two noble guards on horseback, with drawn swords, announced to us the presence of the Pope at the villa. At the entrance of the esplanade the Pope descended from his carriage, and advanced on foot towards the palace, which the custodian had hurriedly opened. We rose from our seat; the Pope passed before us; I prostrated myself, and the Holy Father deigned to present his foot that I might kiss it. He looked at my three friends, who remained standing with heads uncovered, and appeared surprised. Scarcely had the Pope passed, than one of the Court prelates called me aside, and asked me who were my companions. I said they were Englishmen, and he followed the *cortège*.

The Pope entered the palace, and stopped at the billiard hall to play with his guards and his prelates. One of the guards came to intimate to us to leave the villa, and we were obliged to obey.

As we went out, the Waldensian said to me: "When I saw you prostrate at the feet of the Pope, I thought of a passage in the Bible, 'And as Peter was coming in, Cornelius met him, and fell down at his feet, and worshipped him. But Peter took him up, saying: Stand up; I myself also am a man' (Acts x. 25, 26). What would you say on this passage?"

I wished to answer, but thought it more prudent to be silent, and left them, in order not to be seen with them in the city. They entered by the *Porta Pia*, and I went along the wall to my right in order to enter the neighbouring *Porta Salara*. I do not know if our discussion will be continued, because we left one another without making any appointment. If it continue, I will go on to keep you informed.—Believe me always, your most affectionate

ENRICO.

LETTER VIII.

The Parroco (Parish Priest).

ROME, March, 1847,

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

Now that I have begun to open all my heart to you, I will continue to do so, as something more has happened. Certainly I could never have imagined that matters would have arrived at this point, and had I suspected it, I would not have begun this correspondence. But now that I have begun, I will continue it to the end, and candidly relate all to you.

After the last conversation at the Villa Patrizi, some days passed without my seeing my three friends; I did not go to seek them, and, fearing that they would come to seek me, I thought of changing my lodging, in order that they might not be able to find me, and thus cut short a discussion, from which, up till now, I have received no good, and fear that I shall only receive harm. While I was in this mind I had the letter from Mr. Manson, which I here transcribe for you:—

“SIGNOR ABBÉ,—Since the day when we were together at the Villa Patrizi, very interesting things have happened, which have thrown me into great embarrassment, and have much disturbed my convictions.

“You know that I am not a Roman Catholic; nor am I, either, one of those fanatical Protestants who find nothing but evil in the Roman Church. I do not disguise its evils, and the abuses which are introduced into it, but I frankly acknowledge that there are good things in it, and if a reform in the Roman Church is desirable, its destruction would neither be just nor opportune.

“Well, the evening that we left you, Signor Pasquali told me that the aim of his sojourn in Rome was to lead Mr. Sweeteman to become acquainted with the metropolis of Catholicism, and to make him acquainted with it under the religious point of view, that he might know well Roman Catholicism, not in theory, but as it actually is. ‘To-morrow,’ he said to me, ‘we shall begin our

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practical local observations; if you will accompany us, we shall be very pleased.'

"I accepted the invitation with pleasure, because I also desired to know thoroughly the whole ecclesiastical system of the Church of Rome; and the experience and knowledge of Signor Pasquali would admirably serve me for this purpose.

" 'Well,' he added, 'since we have begun to discuss the supremacy of the Pope, we will direct our first observations to seeing how and by what means the Pope exercises his supremacy.'

"The next morning we met, and went to a church, which at present I will not name; we sought the Parroco, who, already knowing Signor Pasquali, received us with much courtesy.

"Signor Pasquali prayed him to be kind enough to accompany us and let us see and know the Ecclesiastical Congregations which form the Roman *Curia*.

"The Parroco, with a significant smile, said to us, '*Nescitis quid petatis*'; in the first place it is a very long affair; in the second place, this being the last day of the Carnival, everything is closed; lastly, I should wish, if it be permitted, to know why you desire to see these things; and why you wish that I should serve as *cicerone* to you.'

" 'We are foreigners,' said Signor Pasquali, 'and desire to know the Roman *Curia*; we need some one to introduce us, and who can well explain everything; therefore, we pray you to be kind enough to accompany us.'

"The Parroco then asked who we were; and learning we were his friends, said, 'Well, I may confide in you; you will certainly not compromise me; and these gentlemen who are your friends will certainly also not compromise me. However, to-day we cannot go to any place, because all the Secretariats are closed; but if you will be present at the audience which I am now giving to my parishioners, you may, perhaps, learn something from it.'

"We then descended, guided by him, to a room on the ground floor, near to the sacristy, over the door of which is written in large characters, *Parrocchietta*. Outside the door there were more than thirty persons, men and women of the people, who were awaiting an audience with the Parroco. A pale man, with a repulsive physiognomy, was at the door of the room to introduce persons one by one to the audience. He exercised the office of chamberlain. That man's physiognomy made me shudder, and I asked who he might be. The Parroco, smiling, answered, 'He is my sexton.' Entering the room, the Parroco seated himself in his chair, and we sat by his side.

"The first to be admitted to the audience was the sacristan,

who entered with a number of papers in his hand, which he presented to the Parroco for his signature, assuring him of their order. They were life certificates, giving power to receive pensions and subsidies from the public treasury; certificates of illness, to obtain permission to eat meat in Lent; certificates of births and deaths, and the like. The Parroco having signed these papers, the sacristan went out, and the sexton began to introduce the parishioners.

"I thought that all those people must be there to ask of the Parroco some religious explanation, or, at least, some advice as to conscience, and I promised myself I should go out edified from this function. But what was my disappointment to find that religion in no wise entered into this pastoral audience! One came to ask permission to carry prohibited arms; another wished permission to bear hunting weapons; another wanted a certificate to get employment; another permission to obtain a passport for foreign countries, and so on.

"In the middle of the audience a lady presented herself, dressed in silk, and adorned with jewels, who, passing quickly through the midst of all, asked the Parroco for a certificate of poverty, which was necessary, she said, to oblige her husband, from whom she was separated, to pay for her support, and the Parroco immediately gave it her.

"We looked at one another in astonishment, and the Parroco, seeing our surprise, as soon as the lady left, said to us, 'You are surprised and perhaps, also, scandalised by the certificate of poverty which I gave to that lady, and you will be more surprised when you know that that lady is maintained by a very rich brother-in-law, the brother of her husband, who has only a pension of twenty scudi a month. She lives in magnificent apartments, has a servant and lady's maid; and her brother-in-law pays all, provided she does not live with her husband, nor see him more than she can help. Well, what would you have? If I refused this certificate, I should draw upon myself fierce persecution. Her brother-in-law is a religious man, and has many friends among the Cardinals; she is protected by Monsignor A——.'

"'But how can you,' interrupted Signor Pasquali, 'give a false certificate? Say what you will, you have certified what is false.'

"'Gently! gently!' replied the Parroco, calmly; 'in the first place, I could answer that my certificate is merely a formality required by the law, and does no harm to anybody; for which cause, even in the case of its being false, it would not be a damnable lie; and this has become necessary in order to save me from certain persecution; in this case the morality of our Holy Church teaches that such a lie is only a venial sin, which can be cancelled by holy

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water. In the second place, I will tell you that in our parochial practice we have found the means of giving false certificates without lying, or, at least, without exposing ourselves to the peril of being called liars. See, for example, I made the certificate for that lady in this manner:—"I, as undersigned, attest that the Signora N—— N——, as far as I am aware, is poor." By saying "as far as I am aware," all is saved; because to be aware means to know certainly and with evident proofs; now I, not having evident proofs of her wealth, must suppose that the poverty she affirms is true. In the third place, all that this lady has, she receives from the charity of her brother-in-law, and gives some present to Monsignor A——; therefore, having none of her own, she lives on charity, so is really poor. Finally, in our secret meetings it is decided that a certificate of poverty may be also given to the rich, because a rich man may call himself poor, relatively to another richer than he; sometimes even a rich man is poorer than a beggar, because he has greater needs which he cannot satisfy, and so suffers.'

"'But such doctrines,' said Signor Pasquali, 'are not the doctrines of the Gospel.'

"'Ah, my dear friends,' replied the Parroco, 'the Gospel is beautiful and good, but one must know how to adapt it to circumstances. I tell you honestly I am not altogether persuaded of such doctrines, and I feel a certain repugnance to practising them, but here in Rome you can obtain nothing without a certificate from the Parroco. If we refuse it, we run a risk of being killed or bastinadoed, as has happened to some of my colleagues.'

"After this discourse he signed to the sexton that he should introduce the other persons who waited for audience.

"I shall not minutely relate everything that happened during the remainder of that audience; but, in general, I will say that I was greatly scandalised. Now, there was a man who exposed to the Parroco the evil conduct of his wife, and exacted that the Parroco should punish her; then there was a woman who had recourse to him against the beatings she received from her husband. Two women of the people entered together, accusing one another reciprocally of immorality, and crying and bawling, and would have perhaps come to blows, if the sexton, at a sign from the Parroco, had not turned them out.

"At last there entered a young girl weeping, who came to accuse her seducer, and to ask the Parroco to force this seducer to marry her.

"The audience, which did not last an hour, having ended, the Parroco took us to his rooms, and I asked him how often he gave this audience.

“ ‘How often?’ he answered. ‘Twice a day; but on Sunday only once.’

“Signor Pasquali asked him to explain to us the powers of the Parroco in Rome. ‘They are many and delicate,’ he replied; ‘it is sufficient for you to know that the Parroco in Rome is in official relation with almost all the bureaux, and with almost all the tribunals; its closest relations, however, are with the Vicariate. The Vicariate of Rome, or the tribunal of the Cardinal Vicar, is at the same time a tribunal and a police bureau. It is a criminal tribunal for women of evil life, and crimes against good manners; it is a police bureau as regards clericals. The Vicariate does nothing without having first heard from the Parroco; the first document of every criminal process is the denouncement or the report of the Parroco to the Vicariate. With regard to the clericals, if a young man wishes to take the ecclesiastical habit, for every order that he wishes to take, it is necessary to have the certificate of good conduct from the Parroco; every six months the priest must renew the *celebret*, or permission to perform Mass; and it is necessary to have the certificate of the Parroco. Once a year, every Parroco must send to the Vicariate the list of all the priests who live in his parish, and give information with regard to all; every time that he finds any failing, either in priest or clerk, he must at once inform the Vicariate; if a priest is accused of some crime, the Vicariate does not proceed without having asked information by writing from the Parroco. In a word, the Parrochi are the right hand of the Vicariate.’

“ ‘If this be so,’ said Mr. Sweeteman, ‘all the things must be fables that are related of priests, and of the impunity that is accorded to them.’

“ ‘Unfortunately,’ replied the Parroco, ‘they are not fables; and if you knew what we know, you would see that what is said is only a very small portion of what really exists. But do you think that it would be wise to bring all into publicity? The Vicariate has adopted two very wise provisions to avoid such scandal. It only proceeds when the thing is already public, and the scandal cannot be avoided; when the secular arm takes action; when, in fact, it can do no less than proceed; but if the priest acts with prudence, and those who might speak are silenced, then it does not proceed, because the remedy would be worse than the evil. Suppose, for example, that a priest lives with a sister-in-law, a niece, a governess, and that the neighbours are in no wise edified by his conduct, and that such a priest, by his position, his riches, his influence, his hypocrisy, can make himself feared, and thus shut the mouth of him who could accuse him, how would you it should then proceed?

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The Vicariate shuts one eye, as one may say, and we all close both, so as not to reveal to the public what is hidden. The second precaution is to consider as calumnies many complaints against the priests. Suppose, for example, that a zealous priest, a good confessor, a good preacher, be accused of immorality, do you not think that for the greater good of religion, it would be better to treat this accusation as calumny? What would the unbelieving say? What would the people say if they saw that the most zealous supporters of religion are sometimes the most immoral?

"Dear Signor Abbé, you cannot believe what a terrible blow these revelations gave me! Signor Pasquali gave me a knowing look, and the Parroco continued: 'The Vicariate acts as a tribunal of crimes against good manners. Women of bad life are all under the jurisdiction of the Vicariate, and every Parroco ought to have a book in which are registered all the women of bad life who live in his parish.'

"At such information there issued from my mouth an 'Oh!' of surprise; then the Parroco drew from a drawer of his writing-table a book, in the form of a rubric, with the alphabet in the margin, entitled, the book of the *Ammonizioni canoniche*, in which were registered in alphabetical order all the bad women of his parish. 'When a Parroco,' he continued, 'is tired or weary of tolerating one of those women, either he turns her out of his parish, and she is obliged to decamp immediately, or he denounces her to the criminal tribunal of the Vicariate, and, unless she has powerful protectors, she is immediately imprisoned and condemned. But do not think that in our books are registered all dishonest women. Woe to us, were it so! Who would save us from the anger of the great? In them are only those unfortunates who, in order not to die of hunger, on account of having been seduced and ruined in their innocent youth, are obliged to live bad lives.'

"'But,' I answered, 'does the Pope know of these things?'

"'The Pope,' he replied, 'has been a Bishop and knows them better than I do; but we have a principle on which is based the whole conduct of the tribunal of the Vicariate; and of two evils, one must choose the least.'

"'This principle is impious,' replied Mr. Sweeteman, who could not contain himself. 'St. Paul says (Romans iii. 8) that the damnation of those who admit it is just.'

"'Make a distinction,' replied the Parroco. 'St. Paul speaks of those who do evil in order that from it may come good; but we do not say that one must do evil, but that it may be tolerated; it is one thing to do evil, another to tolerate others doing it.'

"'But when that evil which we tolerate,' replied my young

friend, 'can be, or ought to be, prevented, and is not prevented, then one consents to it; and St. Paul says (Rom. i. 22) that those who consent to, or permit, evil are guilty as those are who do it.'

"The Parroco did not reply to the observation of Mr. Sweeteman, but he seemed to me to be somewhat disconcerted. 'Notwithstanding,' he continued to say to us, 'it is not only the Vicariate which occupies a Roman Parroco, but all the tribunals, all the offices, and almost all the Congregations occupy him. In Rome you can acquire nothing without the Parroco; if you wish to obtain any situation, if you wish for a favour, if you wish for an audience with the Pope, or with any high personage, you need the certificate of the Parroco; if you wish for a passport to go about your business, you cannot obtain it without our written permission; whatever right you have to a pension, you cannot get it without our certificate; and when you have obtained it, you must every month present yourself with our certificate to renew it; a sick person is not received into the hospital without our certificate, and the relations and friends cannot visit him without our written permission. When a poor woman takes a foundling to suckle, she cannot receive from the establishment the meagre monthly allowance without presenting every month a certificate to the Parroco, which attests that the wet nurse, as well as the child, enjoys perfect health. In a word, in Rome nothing can be obtained without us. But what most occupy us are the subsidies, which, on the one hand, give great powers, and on the other draw on us hatred, and give us a terrible amount to do. Then the official correspondence is not a small matter; the police, the Holy Office, the tribunals, the bureaux, often demand of us secret information about one or other of our parishioners, concerning his private conduct and way of thinking; and we must quickly inform ourselves; and woe to us if we say we know nothing.'

"'But how do you manage,' I suggested, 'to know all the private conduct of your parishioners? I suppose that in Rome the parishes are very small.'

"'You are mistaken,' he replied, 'the parishes in Rome, it is true, are not very large, but in every parish there are, at least, four thousand souls; and there are some which contain as many as ten thousand. How we manage to know precisely the deepest secrets is a horrible point, which I would not reveal to any one, because I feel ashamed of it. It is a thing that presses heavily upon my conscience as a Christian and honest man; and about which I pray God to open me a way by which to escape such embarrassment. I hope, however, that you, friends of Signor

The Parroco (Parish Priest).

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Pasquali, whom I well know to be an honest and discreet man, will not compromise me, and, therefore, I will tell you all.

“‘The Confessional and the subsidies are the two means that we put in operation to maintain the most rigorous police supervision of our parish; not that, note well, the parishioners come to confess to us; they fear to confess to the Parroco, and the Parroco in Rome is he who confesses less than any other priest; but every Parroco has his seven or eight devotees spread over the parish, who are maintained by him from the subsidies which ought to go to the really poor; and these devotees religiously spy upon the whole parish. They introduce themselves into houses under various pretexts; they are friendly with the servants, and talk to them about their masters; they offer kindly to lend assistance to the sick; to pass the nights with them; and in the morning are at the confessional of the Parroco, to make their revelations and to receive from him commissions and instructions to make themselves masters of other secrets. Do not wonder, sirs; it is an iniquity, I know, but how am I to do otherwise? When the Vicariate demands of you information for a criminal process, it has to form the basis for the acts of accusation, and must be complete and given promptly; if you say you know nothing about such a person, or about such actions, or give favourable information, when the Vicariate, or any other tribunal which asks you, has received bad, then you are accused of not having done your proper duty; you are discredited by your superiors, and are lost.’

“The poor Parroco, in saying these things, was oppressed at heart, and one could see that the power of conscience impelled him to such revelations, which otherwise would have been imprudent. ‘You are an honest man,’ said Signor Pasquali to him; ‘pray, and be certain that sooner or later God will liberate you from these snares of iniquity, in which you are unwillingly involved. But pray tell us, how and when you exercise the essential offices of the pastor to souls, preaching, visiting the sick, the afflicted, the wandering, the poor, instruction, edification, and the like?’

“‘What you call essential offices of the Parroco, and what, as I think, ought to be such, are held by us as secondary offices and of little importance. Preaching, for example, is a simple formality; there are Parrochi who scarcely ever preach, and leave the explanation of the Gospel to their Vice-Parroco. There is one who is one of the best and most esteemed, who is incapable of preaching and makes no mystery of it; he has never preached; others explain the Gospel rarely and badly, and if there were not the few devotees, of whom I have spoken, there would be no listeners. As for instruction, it is given on the free Sundays, that is, on the

Sundays on which there are no particular fêtes; it lasts an hour, in which the little catechism of Cardinal Bellarmino is recited from memory by the few children of the people who attend; then the Parroco gives a short explanation to the elder children of that catechism, and all is finished with the *lauretane* litanies, and the kissing of the Parroco's hand, which is done by all the young people. For visits to the poor there are deputies from the Commission of Subsidies; for the sick there is the Vice-Parroco and other priests paid for that purpose; the Parroco only goes to the principal families of his parish.'

"Then Signor Pasquali, rising from his seat, brought the visit to an end, and pressing the Parroco's hand, said: 'I advise you, my good friend, to meditate on I. Corinthians iv. 1, and apply it to your case: "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God."' And we took our leave.

"I confess, dear Signor Abbé, that the conversation with this Parroco, who seems a sincere man, has disconcerted me; my golden dreams of Rome begin to vanish, but what has more disgusted me is a second conversation, that I should like to tell you by word of mouth, if you would give me an appointment. I need explanations; if Rome is thus, I cease to admire it.—Believe me, your servant,

"W. MANSON, M.A."

After such a letter, you can understand, dear Eugenio, that I was more disconcerted than Mr. Manson, and I assure you that it has placed me in a false position. Arguments of fact destroy the finest reasonings of theologians. I hear an inward voice, which says to me, "You are wrong, the Waldensian is right." I know that this voice is that of the devil, but I know that it is very powerful, and does not leave me a moment's rest. I hope this temptation may pass away, because at the end, as also in the midst, of the temptation, I hear the voice of God, which tells me that truth is in my religion, and not in that of the Waldensian. I know that in Rome there are abuses, but these abuses come from men, not from the religion, which is holy; they are abuses of practice, not of doctrine, which is holy and true.

But what increases my agony is that I have no one to whom I can open my heart but you; and what comfort can you give me?

I answered Mr. Manson, thanking him for his communication, and praying him for the moment to excuse me from an appointment; rather, I wrote to him, if he had anything to tell me, to make use of the post. For the moment I really do not feel capable of discussion; God will give me strength for the future. Adieu, dear Eugenio, love your affectionate,

ENRICO.

LETTER IX.

The Ecclesiastical Congregations.

ROME, March, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

Two days after having replied to Mr. Manson, as I told you in my last, I received the following letter from him by post, of which I send you a faithful copy:—

“SIGNOR ABBÉ,—I much wished to have had an interview with you, because I hoped that you would have good reasons to give me to destroy the evil effect which the revelations of that Parroco have produced in me; but the refusal of the meeting which I asked makes me fear that you have really nothing conclusive to oppose to them. Nevertheless, I will inform you of what took place in a second conversation we had with that Parroco.

“Two days after our first visit, we returned to the Parroco, to go with him to visit the Secretariats. We found him in the sacristy. A woman weeping, dressed in mourning, was seated before him, while he was writing I know not what. The sacristan and the sexton were standing on each side of the little table at which the Parroco was writing, and they exchanged looks of intelligence, mingled with satirical smiles. Seeing that the Parroco was occupied, we stood somewhat aside until he, putting down his pen, said to the woman, offering her a paper:

“‘Here is our account, and be assured that, knowing your circumstances, I have made it out with all possible economy.’

“‘Fifty *scudi*!’ exclaimed the lady, ‘and where can I, a poor widow, find them?’

“But not to go into all the circumstances of this fact, which broke my heart, I will only say that the lady was a widow, who had only the day before lost her husband, and was negotiating with the Parroco the price of his burial. Our friend, the Parroco, was reputed to be most accommodating and disinterested; notwithstanding, the sum of fifty Roman *scudi* to pay out at once was an enormous sum for a poor widow, who had lived honourably, but

without being able to save, on the proceeds of her husband's business; and he had died leaving her no other inheritance than six little children to bring up.

"The widow had in her hands the burial account of the Parroco, but her eyes were full of tears. The sacristan and the sexton craned their necks to read on the note the quota which the Parroco had assigned to them, and remarked to the widow, who heard nothing, that the Parroco had used great moderation towards her.

" 'Observe,' said the sexton, 'I shall only be able to take four *scudi* on this death; whilst I ought to have at least seven.' 'And the Church,' said the sacristan, 'what does it take? It will receive all comprised, ten *scudi*. The rest are all actual expenses. You may thank God for having found a Parroco so disinterested!'

"We, that is, Mr. Sweeteman and I, with all our English coldness, could not contain ourselves, and we were on the point of interposing in favour of the widow, but Signor Pasquali extricated us from the embarrassment. He himself at once took aside the Parroco, and prayed him to send this woman away on some pretext, and tell her that in an hour he would himself go to her house and arrange all; and so it was done. Then the Parroco came and prayed us to go up into his room. Signor Pasquali asked us to wait for him, because he must go out upon urgent business, and he left. Scarcely were we alone with the Parroco, than we prayed him to explain to us the system of burial in Rome; and he told us that they wait scarcely twenty-four hours after death to transport the body from the house to the church; and before it is transported some dues must be paid to the Parroco. After the funeral service in the church, the body is carried to the mortuary room, and then in the evening it is carried privately to the cemetery. We wished to know the matter more in detail, and he added: 'Truly, this is not the most edifying thing in Rome, but never mind, I will tell you all.' Then he told us that in Rome there is a funeral code, called *lo Statuto del clero*, for regulating the expenses and pomp of funerals to the advantage of the Parrochi; that the relatives, or their heirs, whether Roman or foreign, who die in Rome, must conform to this law, and have the funeral pomp prescribed, and pay the dues according to the code. If any one ordain in his will that he shall be buried after the manner of the poor, his will is executed; nevertheless, the relations, or their heirs, must pay all the dues, and for the pomp not carried out, as if it had been carried out; that the Parroco has the right as well as the duty to cite the heirs before the tribunals, and constantly in the Roman tribunals such causes are agitated; and in the case of the estate being involved in

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debt the creditors must content themselves, for example, with 50 per cent., but the Parroco must lose nothing of his funeral dues, because he is a privileged creditor. 'You see,' he added, 'the case of that poor widow vexes me; I know she has nothing, that she is obliged to pawn her clothes and her few gold and silver ornaments to find the fifty *scudi*; but I do not know how to exempt her from payment; all would wish to be equally exempted; and then, what would become of me? My colleagues would all be against me, and would make immense trouble for me.'

"Signor Pasquali returned at this moment, and asked the Parroco if he would conduct us to see some of the Secretariats of the Roman *Curia*. The Parroco gave some orders to the sacristan, and went out with us.

"The first Secretariat which he showed us was that for indulgences. In the first room there was a man occupied with a printing press to put the seal of the Holy Congregation upon all its mandates. The second was filled with bookshelves, full of cases for papers, in which are preserved the originals of the indulgences which are granted. Four little tables were occupied by four priests who were at work; three of them making out the mandates, the fourth distributing them to those who had asked for them, and receiving the price. We entered the third room, where before a beautiful desk was seated a prelate, rather small of stature; he was the Deputy-Secretary. Being a friend of the Parroco, he received us with much courtesy, and seeing us with him, he did not suspect us of being Protestants, but thought that we were foreign Catholics; therefore he instructed us with the greatest sincerity in the working of the Secretariat.

"He told us that the Holy Congregation for indulgences is composed mostly of Cardinals, one of whom is the Prefect; that there is a Secretary-Prelate, and many consulting theologians, mostly friars. But that is all pure formality; the Secretary never comes to the Secretariat; the Cardinals and councillors never know anything; all is done by deputy, and by employed priests.

"I then asked what the indulgences were that were granted; for what reasons, and with what formula they were accorded.

" 'The indulgences that are accorded,' he replied, 'are of many kinds—plenary indulgences, partial indulgences, in the form of pensions, to private individuals, to the churches, to the religious orders, to the towns, to the dioceses. They grant privileged altars, the right of blessing crowns, medals, crucifixes, applying to them indulgences; the privilege of giving papal benedictions *in articulo mortis*, and a hundred other things. Then the reasons for which they are granted are, either for the private devotion of the indi-

vidual who asks them, or for the advantage of the people, or, above all, for the good that accrues through them to the souls in purgatory. With regard to the formula, it is simple: it is this.' Then he took from his table one of the many mandates which he had, and showed it to us. It was thus worded: '*Ex audientia Sanctissimi habitæ die, etc. Sanctissimus Dominus noster, audita relatione, etc.*'

"Then," I said, 'it is the Pope personally who considers every case and grants each indulgence.' Monsignor Deputy began to laugh, and said: 'Poor Pope, if he had to do all this! The Pope knows nothing of it.' 'But then,' I added, 'these mandates are full of falsehoods, and if it is not the Pope who gives them, these indulgences do not exist.'

"You speak thus," he answered me, 'because you do not know the practice of the Roman *Curia*. In all the Secretariats this is done; when a new Pope is elected, at the first audience, the Secretary goes, and carries the list of all the things that are required of the Pope through the respective Secretariats; the Pope accords those powers once for all. For extraordinary affairs, which are not in the list, I go to the Pope once a week, and this is done in the other Secretariats; then we write out the mandates, with the date of the audience of that day. You see, then, there is no falsehood.'

"And the privileged altars," said Mr. Sweeteman; 'favour us by telling us what they are.'

"The privileged altars," he replied, 'are those which have in them plenary indulgence, so that a mass, celebrated upon a privileged altar, immediately liberates from the pains of purgatory the soul for which it is said. Such altars are of two kinds, real and personal; the real privileged altar is that which has in itself indulgence, so that whatever priest says mass on it, he liberates a soul from purgatory. The personal privileged altar is that in which the privilege is not annexed to the altar, but to the priest who celebrates thereon, so that a priest, who has the personal privileged altar, at every mass that he says, and at whatever altar, liberates a soul from purgatory by force of his personal privilege.'

"But is it true," I asked, 'that the indulgences are sold?' 'Calumny, my dear sir, calumny of Protestants. God keep us from committing such horrible simony.'

"But we saw in the other room, that those who take the mandates pay for them.'

"Here," he replied, 'is the explanation; we who are here must be paid; the rent of the Secretariat must be paid; there are

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the expenses of the office; therefore, we charge a trifle, and this seems right. For example, a priest who obtains the personal privileged altar gains much from it, because the devout pay more for his mass; it is right then that he should pay something. Then when all expenses have been paid from the receipts of the Secretariat the surplus is employed by the Pope in pious uses or for his own most holy person.'

"Dear Signor Abbé, have you good reasons to excuse or to justify such a horrible abuse? To me it appears that, besides the personal abuse there is also an error of doctrine, so great, that one cannot imagine a worse. How, for a few *soldi*, can I buy the right of liberating a soul from purgatory? I could never have believed such things, if I had not come to Rome, and seen them with my own eyes.

"Signor Pasquali asked if all the mandates paid the same price. 'No, sir,' replied Monsignore, 'the price varies according to the grace accorded. The least price paid is three *paoli*; there are mandates for six and nine *paolis*; and the Secretariat cannot take more. But if the question be of more privileged altars, or of indulgences granted to a church, then the brief must be forwarded, and the Secretariat of Briefs charges much more.'

"The Parroco rose from his seat; we all rose, and thanked Monsignore for his courtesy, and went out.

"The Secretariat of Indulgences, as you know, is in the Convent of *San Stephano sopra Cacco*; in the same convent is the Secretariat of Regular Discipline. We entered.

"This Secretariat does not present anything remarkable; various friars in different colours were around a table, before which sat a hunchbacked priest, who received the requests of these friars with a very ill-grace. In a second room, there was another priest occupied in writing. The deputy friend of the Parroco was not there, on which account we left to go and visit the Depository, or the place where the relics are preserved.

"On the way we asked the Parroco to tell us something about the Secretariat of regular discipline, and he told us as follows:—

"The Holy Congregation of Regular Discipline is composed of Cardinals (of which one is the Prefect), of a Prelate-Secretary, and councillors. The Congregation acts as a tribunal, and judges of internal questions which arise regarding friars, of the interpretation of their rules, constitutions, privileges, etc. The Secretariat then is composed of the Secretary, of two clerks, whom you have seen, and a Deputy-Secretary; it occupies itself in an economical way, that is without a process, in punishing the immorality of convents when they are denounced, and in conceding secularisation and

other privileges to monks who ask for them. Naturally, the privileges and favours are paid for, but at prices fairly moderate.'

"We arrived at the old German College, now the Pontifical Roman Seminary, where in some rooms are kept relics. I fancied I should find in these rooms, all full of relics, a kind of sanctuary; but I was much disappointed when I saw that all was indecency, confusion, and disorder. The second room was full of fragments of sepulchral stones, confusedly lying on the ground, covered with dust. All around were dusty shelves which contained fragments of glass, tear-bottles, and lamps of terra-cotta found in the Catacombs. The second room had its walls covered with wooden cupboards, coloured green, with two palms crossed over the doors. In this room there were some priests engaged in breaking into small pieces the bones of saints, and putting them in the so-called shrines (*teche*), and sealing them with sealing-wax. On the table, where these priests were working, were to be seen bones, teeth, fragments of old clothes, hair, and similar things, belonging to saints, which were awaiting their turn to be enclosed and put upon the altars. I could not believe that these were relics, but the Parroco assured me that they were; however, in my own mind I concluded that these priests did not believe so, or they would have handled them with more decency. In the third room are preserved the so-called notable relics, such as the wood of the Cross, the other relics of the Passion, those of the Virgin, and of the Apostles. The Canon-custodian of the relics is in this room, and seated before a little table, he writes the certificates of relics which are delivered up and which he then carries away for the signature of the Cardinal Vicar.

"When the Canon saw us, he received the Parroco courteously, and asked how he could serve us. The Parroco replied that we were foreigners, and desired to see some famous relic. 'I am sorry,' replied the Canon, 'but that is impossible; without a written order from the Cardinal Vicar I can show nothing; but I conclude,' he said, turning to the Parroco, 'that these gentlemen are Catholics.' When he heard that we were Protestants, he seemed thunder-struck. 'For mercy's sake,' he exclaimed, quite frightened, 'do me the favour to go away from here'; and that his exhortation might be more efficacious he took the Parroco by the hand and led him out of the *Custodia*. We followed him, and when we were outside, he said to the Parroco, 'Really, I never could have expected such a thing of you,' and turning to us, he said, 'You, sirs, will pardon me; but know that I am obliged to act thus; if the Cardinal Vicar should know that I permitted Protestants to come into the *Custodia*, I should soon be turned out of my office.' We asked him

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why there should be such strictness. 'Because,' he answered, 'Protestants observe everything, then go to their own countries and publish it, and we lose credit.' 'Come, Signor Canon,' said the Parroco, 'my friends are not such as those, nor am I a man to compromise you.' The Canon persisted in not allowing us to go back, but at the request of the Parroco said that he would give us some information about the relics. We then began to walk in the long, broad corridor, at the end of which is the *Custodia*, and the Canon walking between us said:—

" 'The Catacombs send us every week bodies of saints, of which as common relics we have a superabundance. Our Catacombs are an inexhaustible mine of relics, but certainly of notable relics we have but few, and I know not what will be done for them in fifty years time.'

" 'But,' I asked, 'how is the Pope able to decide that a skeleton found in the Catacombs is that of a saint, and of a particular saint?'

" 'The Pope!' replied the Canon. 'The Pope does not trouble himself with such things. He has empowered the Cardinal Vicar, the Vicegerent, and Monsignor Sacristan, and these have appointed as Superintendent of the Catacombs Father Marchi, a learned Jesuit, who, when he judges that a dead body has belonged to a saint, sends it to the *Custodia*, and we baptize it.'

" 'You baptize it!' I interrupted, thinking I had not understood; 'you baptize a skeleton, and the skeleton of a saint, of a martyr!'

" The Canon smiled, and explained to us that the word 'baptize,' used in the Roman *Curia*, does not here signify to administer the sacrament of baptism, but to give a name. 'It is not known what name the saint had; the *Custodia* has need of the relics of St. Pancras, for example; well, we put the name of St. Pancras to that saint; there is nothing more simple.'

" Signor Pasquali observed that in such a way the authenticity of a relic depends upon the judgment of one individual, and that one a Jesuit. The Canon replied that in such cases there is no need to cavil; it is sufficient to have faith.

" 'As to the notable relics,' he continued, 'we have but few; we have some of the twelve Apostles, of St. John the Baptist, of St. James, of St. Joseph, and of St. Anna; we have the milk, the hair, and the clothes of the Virgin Mary. Of the relics of the Lord we have two thorns from His crown, a bit of the Cross, one of the sponges with which He was offered drink, a bit of the reed that was put into His hand, and a piece of the seamless coat. But if you wish to see without difficulty notable relics, still more precious

than these, go to the principal churches of Rome. You will find, for example, at *Santa Croce* in Jerusalem the forefinger of St. Thomas the Apostle, which he placed in the wound in our Lord's side; you will find a bottle of the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, another bottle of the milk of the blessed Virgin Mary, the stone on which the angel Gabriel stood to announce to Mary the birth of Jesus, a piece of the stone on which our Lord sat when He pardoned the sins of the Magdalene, a piece of the two tables on which God wrote the Ten Commandments, a piece of the manna of the desert, the title of the Holy Cross, written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, a large piece of the true Cross, a handful of our Lord's hair, and many other relics I do not remember. In the Basilica of *San Giovanni in Laterano* you may see the holy foreskin of our Lord Jesus Christ, a bottle of the water and blood that issued from His side after His death, the cloth with which He wiped Himself after having washed the feet of His disciples, the towel with which He dried the feet of the Apostles, the tablet at which the Last Supper was celebrated, the rod of Moses, a part of that of Aaron, the altar on which St. John the Baptist sacrificed. You will also find the milk of Mary in *S. Cecilia*, in *S. Cosma Damiano*, in *Santa Maria in Traspontina*, and in other churches. In *S. Prassede* you will find a chemise of Mary, the likeness of Jesus Christ, the same that St. Peter gave to St. Pudens, and the column to which the Lord was tied when He was scourged.'

"Mr. Sweeteman was red with anger and could scarcely contain himself. I also shuddered. But Signor Pasquali, cold as ice, asked the Canon: 'But do you believe in these relics?' 'What would you?' he replied. 'It is a matter of devotion, not of faith. What should we gain by entering into a critical discussion? We should gain nothing other than the loss of the devotion of the people. We must do the best, and leave the rest.'

"'In the meantime,' said Mr. Sweeteman, 'you allow the people to fall into idolatry, and adore and pray to things that are false.'

"'The people,' he answered, 'must be treated like children; take away the relics and then tell me how the churches would exist.'

"The Parroco, who saw that the matter would take a bad turn, took leave, and we followed him. When we had got out, we asked the Parroco upon what passages of the Bible the Roman Church supported the worship of relics.

"'Upon two facts,' answered the Parroco; 'the first occurs in heaven, and is written in Revelation vi. 9: "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God." If, then, the souls of martyrs are under the heavenly altar, it is right that their relics should be under the earthly altars. The other fact is

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that of Stephen. It is written, Acts viii. 2: "And devout men carried Stephen to his burial." To collect then the relics of the saints is a pious work.' I was not, however, at all convinced by these *two* arguments; have you better ones?

"When we left the Parroco, we asked Signor Pasquali where he went when he left us so quickly in the sacristy. He had felt the Christian duty of going to console that poor widow, and the moral necessity there was to pay for the funeral. He had remitted to her by post a bank-note of fifty *scudi*; and we desired to take part in this charity.

"In the evening we wished to see how the dead are buried in Rome; and without telling, you know better than I do, in what a horrible manner dead bodies are treated in the Holy City, even after the heirs spend so much for the funerals. This system, both barbarous and impious, made me indignant. Mr. Sweeteman wished to leave Rome, and said he had seen enough of it; but Signor Pasquali restrained him. I feel that from day to day I am losing the esteem I had for the Roman Church; the illusions which I had in England are disappearing, and I do not know how it will end.

"For mercy's sake, let us see one another; I greatly need to hear from you explanations that may tranquillise my mind.—Believe me, your friend,

"W. MANSON, M.A."

My good Eugenio, I no longer know in what world I am. After having transcribed this letter, I cannot add a word. Pardon my confusion, and pity and love your poor

ENRICO.

LETTER X.

The Power of the Keys.

ROME, March, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

Mr. Manson's second letter disturbed me greatly. I have lived many years in Rome, but I knew nothing of such things. The terrible revelations which issued from the mouth of those priests, at the very least imprudent, but which I have no reason to believe false, have shown me that in Rome there are many abuses with regard to the administration of ecclesiastical affairs, and that a reform is necessary.

Discouraged, cast down, oppressed with a crowd of sad thoughts, I fled from all society, and, in my depression of spirit, sought comfort in solitude.

One day—it was one of those beautiful days of spring, which one never sees so beautiful as in Rome—after dinner I went for a walk, and, seeking solitary places, I turned under the partly ruined arches of the Colosseum, and there, seated on one of the rough stones, gave myself up to my sad thoughts. The place was very solitary, and those ruins, amongst the most magnificent of modern Rome, spoke to my disturbed imagination. "See," I said to myself, "this amphitheatre, which was one of the wonders of the world, is all in ruins; nevertheless, thus it has lasted for centuries, and will still last; so is it with our religion—time, and the carelessness of men, have somewhat injured it, but it lasts, and will still last."

Whilst I was thinking thus, I heard the sound of persons approaching; I turned and saw that which I would never have wished to see, viz.—my three friends. They, on recognising me, showed the greatest pleasure, and I, on the contrary, showed embarrassment.

They observed my disturbance, and told me that if their presence was displeasing to me, they would at once leave me; but they did not believe they had given me any reason to be thus disturbed by meeting them.

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"I pity the Signor Abbé," said the Waldensian. "He is engulfed in a discussion, from which he sees he cannot come out victorious. He has abandoned it a little brusquely, and seeing us he thinks that we wish to take it up again. No, Signor Abbé; we do not wish to discuss for the vain pleasure of discussing, nor do we seek to obtain over you an academical victory which would humiliate you; every Christian discussion should be directed to the sincere search after truth. If you will not discuss any more, we are certainly not of those who would force it upon you; only I bring before your conscience this reflection. You are either persuaded that you are right, or persuaded that you are wrong, or remain in doubt; in the first case, your conscience ought to oblige you to continue the discussion to enlighten us, and to make us know our error; in the second case, you ought neither to remain in the Church where you are, nor ought you to wear a dress which would be for you a mask, and even worse; in the third case, conscience should oblige you to continue the discussion until you have annulled all doubt."

I truly was in the third case, but I was ashamed to confess it; therefore, taking a medium course, I replied that, indeed, I was quite certain of having the right on my side, but that I could not agree with the method of the discussion. "How would you that I should reply to the passages of the Bible which you quote, when you will not admit the interpretation of the Church?"

"Well," he replied, "I will satisfy you; I will admit the authority of your Church in this discussion. Are you satisfied?"

I could not understand how a Protestant, and a Protestant like Signor Pasquali, could make such a concession to me; therefore I asked him to express himself more clearly.

"Let us well understand one another," he replied. "I do not admit, nor can I admit, the authority of the Roman Church in matters of belief. To admit that, one must renounce common sense, and that I cannot do; but to convince you more easily of error, I will come down (as you may say) in this discussion to your level. On those Biblical passages which relate to the supremacy of the Pope we will pass to the interpretation of the so-called Fathers, interpreting them precisely as the Council of Trent would."

Mr. Manson interrupted him by saying that he could not himself entirely admit the authority of the Roman Church; nevertheless, he could not understand how those who admitted it must renounce their common sense.

"My dear friend," replied the Waldensian, "it appears to me

that you very little understand the matter. To admit the authority of the Roman Church in matters of doctrine you must admit four or five contradictions, the one more glaring than the other. You must, for example, admit that the Bible is obscure, and unintelligible even in the things which are clearer in it than the light of the sun; whilst you must believe as clear and evident the things which are not in the Bible, or are contradicted, as would be the supremacy of the Pope, for example. You must admit that an assembly of men, every one of whom is fallible, constitutes infallibility; it would be the same as saying that a number of zeros form an infinite number. You must admit that a fallible man, by nature subject to error, when he is elected Pope, whether through intrigue or money, or by any other means, becomes *ipso facto* infallible; that the decisions of councils, even when they contradict one another, are infallible; that when an infallible Pope denies or destroys that which another Pope may have affirmed or built up infallibly, both of them are infallible. To all this add that, whilst the Roman Church holds for dogma that the interpretation of the Bible does not appertain to individuals, and reproves Protestants for interpreting the Bible without authority, nevertheless, there is in no other branch of Christianity so great a number of interpreters and commentators as there are in the Roman Church; so that, if all their books were collected, they would form a very large library. Many are the stupidities, impertinences, and blasphemies in the Catholic commentaries, which writings are not in the Index; this proves that the Roman Church leaves its commentators free power to overturn the Biblical sense provided that they do not touch their favourite doctrines. I will quote one single example from one who is called the chief amongst doctors—St. Jerome; who, amongst other things, accuses St. Paul of artifice and dissimulation. The Signor Abbé has too much good sense to deny these things. After all, that is not the question; I should like, if the Signor Abbé will believe me, to take up where we left it the discussion on the supremacy, even from the point of view of the Holy Fathers.”

I, who did not find myself prepared to answer the observations of the Waldensian on the authority of the Church, and the more so because to reply to any of them a profound knowledge of ecclesiastical history was needful, was quite content to turn to the question of the supremacy.

The place where we were was lovely, and it was certain that no one would either see or disturb us; therefore, seating ourselves on an ancient fallen column, we resumed the discussion.

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"You will remember that we had discussed the passage of St. Matthew, 'Thou art Peter,' etc., and that our discussion was interrupted by the arrival of the Pope. Well, I will resume it where we left off."

"Do not believe," I said, "that I acknowledge myself conquered; you believe that the words of Jesus Christ, '*and on this rock*,' would indicate that the rock was not St. Peter, but Jesus Christ; I, on the contrary, with the generality of Catholics, think that by these words Jesus Christ alluded not to himself but to St. Peter. But let us leave now the question of the rock. How could you deny the supremacy of St. Peter, if you considered without prejudice the words that follow: 'And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven'? It is without doubt," I added, "that here He gave to St. Peter that power known as 'the power of the keys,' that is to say, the power to govern and rule the Church of Jesus Christ in the place of, and instead of, Him who sits glorious at the right hand of the Father in Heaven. To 'the power of the keys' belongs all that appertains to the rule of the Church; that is, the power of absolving sin and binding souls under censure; the power, not only to preach, but also to give to others a legitimate mission; the power to judge definitively, and with authority, all religious controversy; to interpret authoritatively sacred Scripture; in a word, to do all that relates to the government of the Church. The symbol of the keys is the symbol of the most absolute and illimitable authority; when an absolute sovereign takes possession of his kingdom, the keys are presented to him in sign of his absolute and supreme power. St. Peter, then, receiving the promise of the keys of the kingdom of heaven, has received the promise of absolute and illimitable power."

"God be praised!" said the Waldensian. "We may call this speaking out; this may be called the discussion of gentlemen, of Christians, without insult and without sarcasm; and this is so because we discuss in good faith, and do not seek that our opinion, but that the truth, should prevail. In the same manner I hope to be able to answer. I admit that the keys are the symbol of power, but they do not seem to me to be the symbol of supreme and independent power. You have quoted, as relating to the keys, the example of an absolute sovereign, who takes possession of his kingdom; but it appears to me that such an example cannot apply to our case. When an absolute sovereign, like the Pope in Rome, for example, takes possession, the magistrate of the capital presents him with the keys; but first, that is not the

act which gives the kingdom to the sovereign; he has it already; secondly, with that act he who gives the keys does not give the power, but recognises it; thirdly, that act indicates the submission of him who gives the keys to him who receives them. You have not thought of these things, otherwise you would not have quoted that example. It is, therefore, not in that sense that Jesus Christ promised to give the keys to St. Peter. Moreover, the keys are a symbol of power, but not of supreme power; sometimes they indicate a subordinate power and simple custom; thus, for example, the owner of a house gives its keys to the tenant in the deed of contract. At other times they indicate a subordinate administrative power, thus the owner gives the keys to the master of the house to indicate a certain administrative power subordinate to the owner. But in which sense did Jesus promise the keys to St. Peter? We will not determine by our suppositions, because we may be mistaken; let us see if it is determined in the Gospel. Jesus Christ Himself determines this power, which does not consist in the ruling of the Church; the symbol of the keys signifies nothing other than to loose and to bind. You see that Jesus Himself, in promising such a power, determines the nature and extent of it; therefore, it is not lawful for any one to change the nature or to add to the extent. But such power symbolised in the keys was not promised *only* to St. Peter, but to all the faithful, represented then by St. Peter."

This strange idea of the good Waldensian made me smile. I thought that he was joking. Mr. Manson was of the same opinion, but Signor Pasquali, with great seriousness, taking his Bible from his pocket, said: "With the Word of God one does not joke; my proposition may be contrary to the traditions of men, but it is according to the Word of God. The traditional interpretation of some passages of the Bible has become so identified with the Christian religion, that eminent Christians are erroneously drawn away by it. Let us remember that the Bible was not written for theologians, but for all; and that those understand it best who go to it with a mind free from prejudice, and with a simple heart seeking in it the will of God. If you wish for the explanation of the power of the keys, read Matthew xviii. 18: 'Verily I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.' Traditional interpretation says that these words were addressed to the Apostles, but the Gospel says that they were addressed to the disciples; and you know that all Christians are disciples, not only the Apostles. The words of St. Matthew, chaps. xvi. and xviii., contain a promise, the clear explanation of which Jesus Christ

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Himself gave when the promise was realised. But when was that? After the resurrection, and before the ascension, when Jesus said to them: 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose soever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them, and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained' (John xx. 22, 23). That with these words the Lord fulfilled that promise you cannot deny, because the Council of Trent also says so. From this fact two consequences may be deduced. First, that 'the power of the keys' consists solely in the power to loose and to bind; secondly, that that power was not given to St. Peter only, nor to the Apostles only, but to all the disciples who were there assembled. These are not theological subtleties nor interpretations, but the clear and simple sense of the Word. To whom, in fact, did the Lord give this power? To those who were there congregated? But who were the congregation? There were but ten of the Apostles, but there were the disciples. Indeed, if you compare St. John xx. with St. Luke xxiv., you will see that Jesus gave to His *disciples* the power of remitting sins the evening of the day of His resurrection, when the disciples, who had returned from Emmaus to Jerusalem, found assembled 'the eleven and them that were with them' (Luke xxiv. 33). 'The power of the keys' then was not given only to St. Peter, as Rome wishes; nor only to the Apostles, as others wish; but to all the disciples; this power therefore, not only does not establish the supremacy of St. Peter, but actually annuls it."

"But what becomes then," said Mr. Manson, "of apostolical succession?"

"It becomes," replied the Waldensian, "what it ought to become. The Apostles, as Apostles, cannot have successors; as disciples they have for successors all the faithful who maintain the same faith that they maintained."

"And how about the power of the Church, which is transmitted by succession?" asked Mr. Manson.

"In the Bible there is not a word about this power being transmitted by succession," said Signor Pasquali; "the power of the Church has its source in its only Head, who is Jesus Christ; the Church is His body; Christians or disciples are members of this body of which Jesus Christ is the Head; hence the authority of the Church is none other than the authority of Jesus Christ the Head, communicated by Him to His body, inasmuch as the body is united to Him."

"According to your idea," I interrupted, "every Christian should have 'the power of the keys.' There would be no longer distinction of bishops, of priests, and of laity; there would be no longer a hierarchy; any insignificant woman would have the power

to remit sins; and the Church would no longer be a well-ordered society, but would be a horrible anarchy. 'God is the God of order, and not of confusion,' says St. Paul, and I could never conceive of a Church such as you imagine it."

Not only Mr. Manson, but also Mr. Sweeteman, agreed with me; but the Waldensian observed that now we were somewhat distant from our theme of the supremacy of the Pope; that if we continued, we should enter into a discussion on the nature of the Church. He prayed us to keep in mind our objections, to which he would reply when we should hold a discussion on the Church. "In answering now," he said, "the answers would carry us beyond our subject."

I then made him observe that he had not kept his word with me of discussing according to the principles of the Roman Church, as he had promised me, and he drew from his pocket a manuscript book, in which were written some passages from the Holy Fathers.

"Well," said he, "here I am ready to keep my word. The Council of Trent in its fourth session orders that the Bible shall be interpreted according to the united opinion of the Fathers. Let us then see what interpretation the Fathers give to the passage quoted by you to prove the power of the keys.

"Origen explains the passage thus:—'Did our Lord give the keys of the kingdom of heaven only to Peter, and shall the other elect not receive them? If these words, "*I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven*" are common to the others, why shall not those which precede and follow be equally so, although they seem addressed alone to St. Peter?' You see that Origen understood that passage like a Protestant; that is to say, he believed that 'the power of the keys' had been given by Jesus Christ to all the elect, that is, to all Christians, and did not believe them to be an exclusive privilege of St. Peter. St. Jerome says: 'You will say that the Church is founded on St. Peter; but we read that it is founded on all the Apostles *equally*; and each one of them received the keys of the kingdom of heaven.' St. Jerome also denies the exclusive privilege of the keys to St. Peter. St. Ambrose asserts that 'what is said to St. Peter is said also to the other Apostles: "*I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven.*"' St. Gaudentius affirms that 'all the Apostles, after the resurrection of Jesus Christ, received, with St. Peter, the keys of the kingdom of heaven, when the Lord said to them, "*Receive ye the Holy Ghost.*"' St. Augustine, in many places, declares that St. Peter represented the Church; hence to the Church in him, and not personally to him, were given the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

Not to make my letter too long, dear Eugenio, I will tell you

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that the Waldensian quoted many, many passages from the Fathers, which speak in the same sense; and when he thought it was enough, he replaced the manuscript book in his pocket, and, turning to me, said: "What do you think, Signor Abbé? Either these Fathers are heretics like I am, or I am a Christian like they are; in either case I am in good company." Then turning to Mr. Manson: "It is necessary to study Christian antiquity at its source, and, certainly, not in the books of those who have written in order to find in antiquity a support for their errors."

Being taken so unawares I could not answer immediately. It was necessary to compare all those passages from the Fathers, and see how the great theologians answered them. I took note of all the passages, and promised to reply, and to bring, on my part, at least as many others from the Fathers as said the contrary.

But Signor Pasquali, assuming a more serious tone, said to me: "This is what I expected of you, Signor Abbé. See how well founded is the famous rule of your Council of Trent, to interpret the Bible according to the decision of the Fathers! The Fathers, then, serve to maintain the *pro* and the *con* of every doctrine; they can serve to interpret the Bible in two senses diametrically opposed. You must then confess that the rule of interpretation given by the Council of Trent is false and illusory; false, because it can never lead to a true interpretation; illusory, because while you believe you have a sure rule of interpretation, you find yourself obliged to recur to another rule, that is, to the Pope, and thus renounce any other interpretation. Let us turn then, purely and simply, to the only sure source, to the only judge of all controversies of faith, to the pure Word of God alone; and let us leave in its own place a contradictory antiquity which we may use to make a vain show of erudition, but which will never serve us, either for the demonstration of dogma or for edification."

In the meantime it was growing dark. I was invited to pass the evening at the house of Monsignor C——, formerly Nuncio in Switzerland, to whom I had been recommended. I had first to go home to get my short coat; therefore, I sought to take leave, but my friends told me that they also were invited, so that we could go together, and as we passed the convent where I lived, they would wait for me until I had changed my clothes. So we went together.

On the way I asked Mr. Manson who the Parroco was, of whom he had spoken in his letters. "He is the Parroco of *Santa Maria Maddalena*," he said to me; "and a man who seems instructed, who has been Professor of Theology, and is Emeritus Censor of the

Theological Academy in the Roman *Archiginnasio*, and Divinity Professor of the Inquisition; but it appears to me," he added, "that he is not very much attached to the Roman Church." I showed a desire to know him more intimately, and he gave me an appointment for the following morning, promising to introduce me to him.

What I saw that terrible evening which I passed at Monsignor C——'s, what I learned the following morning, are things that have disconcerted me much more than all the discussions with the Waldensian; but my paper is full, and in the next letter I will inform you of all.—Adieu, your

ENRICO.

LETTER XI.

An Evening Party. The Congregations.

ROME, March, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

I promised in my last letter that I would give you an exact account of the evening passed with my friends in the house of Monsignor C——. I confess I am sorry to have given such a promise. I shall have to recount things from which you certainly cannot derive edification; nevertheless, I will do it, because I wish to hide nothing from you, my dear Eugenio. I must, however, first tell you some things. Monsignor C—— is a Prelate, also an Archbishop, but *in partibus*; for having been a Nuncio, he does not belong to the ecclesiastical sphere, but to the diplomatic; so that things are lawful for him which would not be lawful to an ecclesiastical prelate; therefore, his evening party was one of an ex-diplomat and aspirant to diplomatic posts, rather than an ecclesiastical party. The ecclesiastical parties are quite different. I tell you this, that you may not think that in all the houses of the priests and prelates is done that which I will tell you took place at Monsignor C——'s party.

I must assure you besides that I am a Catholic, a sincere Catholic, and although the reasonings of Signor Pasquali, the revelations of that Parroco, and the things which I have seen rather disturb me, nevertheless, I am attached to my Church, esteeming it to be the only true one, although, I confess, somewhat fallen from its primitive purity, and somewhat dishonoured by those abuses which have been introduced into it; but the abuses are of men, the doctrine is of God, and with a little disciplinary reform all might be remedied. After such premises we come to fact.

We all four then went, at the hour indicated in the invitation, to the palace where Monsignor lives. The staircase was splendidly lighted with wax candles. We entered the hall; a number of ser-

vants in laced livery announced in a loud voice, from the ante-room, the new arrivals, the names of whom from ante-room to ante-room were repeated in a loud voice, in such a way that they reached the drawing-room in which the Prelate was, before the persons themselves; and this in order that the Prelate might, according to etiquette, come forward to meet the person announced, if his rank demanded it. We passed through four ante-rooms, and reached the reception-room. It was a vast room, superbly furnished, and illuminated wholly with wax candles.

The Prelate advanced towards us, gave his hand in a friendly way to the two Englishmen, and made a slight bow to me and the Waldensian. He then presented the two Englishmen to several Cardinals, prelates and nobles who were there. I, a poor insignificant Abbé, retired to a corner of the room with Signor Pasquali, and I assure you that I was much mortified.

From time to time the guests continued to come, forming themselves, after suitable salutations, into groups in the immense room, and carrying on conversation. The ladies were seated, some on sofas, placed along the walls, which were richly covered with damask, and some in armchairs. They were courted by young Cardinals and prelates, who stood around them, whilst the husbands conversed with the old Cardinals and prelates.

Signor Pasquali, who observed all with a sarcastic smile, said to me:

"What do you think, Signor Abbé, of these successors of the Apostles? Do you find any analogy between the house of this Archbishop and the house of St. Peter, which the Lord entered to heal his wife's mother?"

I bit my lips, and swallowed the pill. In a group near to us were two young prelates, dressed and perfumed, who paid court to a young lady, and from their smiles, their gestures, and some words which, notwithstanding the noise of general conversation, reached us, it was easy to recognise that they were carrying on gallant conversation. We moved off; the Waldensian leading me, made me on some pretext draw near to other groups. Here they spoke of theatres, singers, dancers; there they spoke of gaming and betting; and others whispered together; lastly, the most edifying conversation we heard was that of three old priests who spoke on politics.

In the meantime the doors were thrown open of a neighbouring room, which was also lighted up with a profusion of wax candles. The Cardinals, prelates and priests hastened to offer their arms to the ladies, and these, accustomed to that anomaly, allowed themselves to be led into the room by them. A superb table, covered

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with every delicacy, was in the middle; fish of every sort, prepared with exquisite taste; confectionery and fruits of every kind, not excepting the Peruvian pine, covered the table and formed what we call a *buffet*, and called in Rome, refreshment. Servants in black coats trod on each other's heels to serve the cold vianda, the confectionery and the fruits; whilst others passed offering jellies and drinks, tea and wine, so that everyone was served according to his taste. The ladies only had the right of sitting in the refreshment room, and the cavaliers who had conducted them there remained standing near them to wait upon them. How horrible to see a priest, a prelate, and sometimes even a Cardinal play the lady's man!

I confess, dear Eugenio, that this sight revolted me; it was Lent; it was a day of fasting; we were in the house of an Archbishop; the greater number of those who came there were ecclesiastics, under obligation to fast; nevertheless, they ate and drank freely. It is true that the food was all Lenten, but that lavish luxury scandalised me; the two Englishmen, also, were not much edified. I was on the point of leaving, but Signor Pasquali prevented me, saying: "This party is most displeasing to me also, yet I am come here, and with vexation I remain; for it is necessary to see all with one's eyes. I have accompanied Mr. Sweeteman to Rome in order that he may know Papal Rome; and that he, returning to England, may tell the fanatical admirers of Papal Rome: 'I have seen all, and you have only seen what the priests have made you see.'"

The ladies were less numerous than the gentlemen; in consequence of which, some priests who had ceded their posts to the prelates, had no lady to wait upon; it seemed to me that these loved the bottle better than the ladies; then there were some who without thinking the least about Lent or fasting, ate freely, and the bottles of champagne disappeared amongst them.

Two young prelates paid court to a young married lady; the Waldensian called my attention to them, and I watched them. I do not know for what cause a quarrel arose between them, one of them seemed excessively offended by the other; his eyes flashed with indignation; they exchanged words which in that noise I could not understand, but they seemed to me menaces; one of them having in his hand a carving-knife gave a blow with it to his rival, and wounded him in the thigh. The lady uttered a cry and rose; all conversation was suspended, and I do not know how the thing would have ended, if Monsignor C——, the master of the house, and other persons in authority had not taken it in hand to pacify the combatants. The wounded prelate was led away, and Cardinal P——, a man of great authority, spoke,

praying those who were assembled not to mention the sad incident; he himself assuming the responsibility of pacifying the two prelates.

After this incident we returned to the drawing-room; it had been quickly transformed; in different parts of the room had been put up tables for games, with all their necessaries. The ladies and the young prelates and laymen passed into another room, where there were the pianoforte and harp, and where they sang and played. The older ones seated themselves at the tables and began the game of cards. For us strangers, who were not accustomed to such things, it was a horrid sight to see the dignitaries of the Church play at cards; but here in Rome they make no scruple of it. Mr. Manson suffered immensely in seeing it; Mr. Sweeteman was not less scandalised; I was humiliated, and Signor Pasquali, with his ordinary calm, said to Mr. Manson: "What do you think of these dear brethren, the Roman priests?" Then he said to Mr. Sweeteman: "Are you surprised at this? But you shall see greater things!" And turning to me he said: "Signor Abbé, look at your champions, the successors of the Apostles. Are these Apostolic occupations?" I felt as if in hell.

We were seated on a sofa, at a little distance from the players. Monsignor C——, who did not play, because, as master of the house, he had to keep up the conversation, came towards us, that he might not seem to treat us as if we were intruders, and, taking an armchair, seated himself. Addressing Mr. Manson, he said: "I have never been in England; are these pleasant evening parties customary with you?"

Mr. Manson replied that they were very customary, but the mode was different, especially if they were given to members of the clergy, or, at least, if many of the clergy were invited. "In these evening parties," he said, "they take tea; then the guests converse for the most part on religious subjects; finally, they read a chapter of the Bible, making remarks tending to edification, and finish the evening with prayer."

"*Omnia tempus habent*, everything in its time," said the Prelate; "*tempus flendi, et tempus ridendi*; the evening parties are neither for the Bible nor for prayer; if you want a sermon you go to a church, not to a conversazione; I cannot approve such things." It displeased me that Monsignor should speak in this way, and I saw that the two Englishmen were scandalised by it.

Signor Pasquali then asked the Prelate if all ecclesiastical evening parties in Rome were like this. "This, indeed," said the Prelate, "is not a party of ecclesiastics, nor a party of laity, but is something of both. In the evening parties of the laity there is dancing, and here there is none. In the evening parties of

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ecclesiastics there is not what the French call *buffet*, but simple refreshment; and then the evening is passed at tables with games. I wish to combine a little of everything, with the exception of dancing."

"But do you think that playing at cards," said Mr. Sweeteman, "is a good thing?"

"It is an innocent diversion," replied Monsignor; "it is better to play at cards than gamble. All the good priests at Rome pass the winter evenings in play."

Just then there arose at one of the tables a question about some point in the game, and Monsignor went off to give his decision.

That evening was for me a terrible one. It was the first time I found myself at such a party, but I promised myself it should also be the last. As soon as I could, I took the opportunity of retiring alone, to avoid the remarks of the Waldensian. I am convinced that such disorders should be imputed to the men, and not to the religion which they represented; nevertheless, it hurt me immensely to see men of priestly dignity, who ought to set a good example, pass this evening thus; and, then, after a night of, I might say almost debauch, quietly say Mass the next morning, as if nothing had happened, and seat themselves in the Confessional to rebuke those who confess lesser sins than those they have on their own consciences.

These thoughts disturbed me part of the night; and do you know what thought dominated all? It was the contrast between the conduct of the heretical Waldensian and these prelates. "How," I said to myself, "shall this Waldensian, who only speaks from the Gospel, and whose conduct is so in harmony with the Gospel, be eternally lost? How can he be a heretic, worthy of our contempt and execration, and those prelates be the true Christians, the successors of the Apostles and our models?"

To rid my mind of such thoughts, I determined to go in the morning to find that Parroco, of whom I spoke to you in my last letter, hoping that he, perhaps, might be able to give me some good explanations.

The following morning I went to the Parroco; I was ushered into his room, and found my three friends there. This somewhat embarrassed me, but as I found myself there, I remained. The Parroco was seated before a table, and had two individuals standing each side of him, of whom I knew one to be the sacristan, and the other the sexton, and they seemed seriously occupied over a large manuscript book. On seeing me, he asked me what I wanted; but my friends said that I was with them, and then he prayed me to wait a moment. After a short time, the sacristan

took the great book and went out with the sexton. "With what are you so much occupied?" said Signor Pasquali to the Parroco.

"Why, do you not know that Easter is near, and that I am much occupied in making out the state of souls?"

Mr. Manson asked the Parroco to explain what he meant by the state of souls; which he did.

"The state of souls," said the Parroco, "is the most troublesome and at the same time most interesting work in the office of parish priest." My friends and I, not being used to such things, thought that to make out the state of souls would mean that of the moral state of the parish; therefore prayed him to explain to us clearly in what it consisted.

The Parroco then showed us a great book, in which was the state of souls in the preceding year, and told us that in Rome the parish priests in the time of Lent have to go to every house and make an exact register of all the persons who live there; whether they have a fixed domicile; whether their domicile is precarious; whether they are natives or foreigners; that from such registers they have to make two extracts—one of which is given to the Vicariate the other to the police; whilst the original remains among the archives of the parish.

I then said to my friends, who seemed astonished at such information, that the state of souls is made out in order that the Parroco may know those who are obedient to the precept of the Lent Communion. I really believed that it was so, but that imprudent Parroco smilingly said: "From what I see, the Signor Abbé is too simple. I know it is commonly so said and so believed; but it is not really so. The Signor Abbé in time will learn that we have official reasons, and real reasons. The first we use to combat Protestants when they attack us, and those who do not know more of us than what they read in books, are put to shame; the second are for ourselves, and as I will not make a mystery with my friends, and I hope that the Signor Abbé being with them, will not compromise me, I will tell the exact truth. To carry out the Easter order satisfactorily, it would be sufficient to register the names, and at the most, the age of our parishioners; but observe how many things it is necessary to search for and register." And here he showed us the form in which was entered every possible particular of each individual.

"And for the Protestants and Jews who are in your parish, how do you regulate?" asked Signor Pasquali.

"As for all the others," answered the Parroco, "excepting that we enter observations that they are Protestants. As for the Jews, they are not worth speaking of, because they cannot live outside

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the Ghetto. We have every year to give a particular notice of the Protestants to the Vicariate, as we have to give a notice of all priests and clergy."

"It seems then," said the Waldensian, "that the parish priests of Rome are a kind of police agency."

"Do not class us so low as that," replied the Parroco; "we are rather the directors. The police depend almost entirely upon us, and to give you a proof of it, observe." Thus saying he drew a case from his writing-table, and took out a packet of letters that the police had written, to acquire information about various persons. "See," he added, "the Vicariate never hazards imprisoning, or entering a process against, any one, without first asking and receiving our information; the police, therefore, except in cases of great political importance, or of evident guilt, do not proceed to imprison without our advice."

"Then I have made a mistake," said the Waldensian. "I ought not to call you agents, but rather *informers*."

The Parroco appeared a little offended by the piquant reply of the Waldensian, and rising from his seat, he invited us to follow him, to continue visiting the Secretariats.*

"I suppose," he said, "that the Signor Abbé is *one of us*, and he will come with us." I answered that really that was not the object of my visit; but I would willingly go with him and my friends.

We then went out, and proceeded towards the *Piazza di San Carlo a' Cattinari*. In the neighbouring piazza of Branca, at the *Palazzo Santa Croce*, is situated the Secretariat of the Congregation of the Council. As we entered the palace the Parroco said to my friends: "This Congregation was instituted by Pope Pius IV.; and its office is to interpret the decrees of the Holy Council of Trent. It is composed of Cardinals and Prelates, and the ablest Canons of Rome belong to it. The famous Benedict XIV. was Secretary of this Congregation, and before him the great Canon Prospero Fagnano."

We entered the Secretariat. We saw a vast hall with a number of little tables all around, and before each one was a priest employed in writing. The walls of the hall were covered with cases full of papers; a continued movement of persons to and fro showed that the business which is transacted is very great. A priest at the end of the hall distributed the indulgences and mandates, and received payment according to the tax. We crossed this first hall, and entered a cabinet, where Monsignor T——, the Deputy of the

* See Letter IX.

Secretariat, was sitting. The Parroco asked Monsignor permission for us to see the archives.

The archives are kept in several rooms, full on every side with papers, which contain the decrees, and the interpretations given at the Council of Trent. "Now," said Signor Pasquali, smiling, "I no longer wonder that the Roman Church calls the Bible obscure, since it has found means to fill so many rooms with the interpretations given at the Council of Trent."

Then drawing near to the old priest of the archives, he asked if these were all the decisions emanating from the Holy Congregation since its foundation.

"Oh!" replied the good priest, "these are only a small part; the others are in the general archives, at the *Palazzo Salviati*; and I assure you that they are so numerous that they would load several ships. You do not know but what any day a hundred mandates may be sent to the Secretariat."

"And all are paid for?" asked Signor Pasquali.

"Certainly," answered the priest; "the ordinary mandates cost sixteen *paoli*."

We came out and went to the Secretariat of the *Reverenda Fabbrica di San Pietro*. "This Congregation," said the Parroco, "was instituted by Pope Clement VIII. to carefully watch over the administration of the building of St. Peter; but as that administration had nothing in it of the spiritual, treating only of the maintenance of a building, Pope Clement VIII., in order also to provide the building with funds, gave it authority to overlook the execution of all charitable bequests; not, however, that they should be scrupulously carried out, but that in case of any failure, through forgetfulness or inadvertence, the *Reverenda Fabbrica* should enter immediately into possession of the funds, and apply them to itself. For this purpose it is constituted a tribunal, with laws such as would disgrace the Turks. It is occupied also in absolving priests from the obligation of saying masses for which they have already received payment, or as they call it alms." These things this Parroco told us respecting that sacred Congregation, and I did not believe them. But the devil made us enter that Secretariat at a moment in which we were witnesses of a fact which indeed scandalised us.

We found in the Secretariat a priest who was questioning in a loud voice another priest who was there. The point upon which the question hinged was the following. This priest had robbed the devout of so much money, equivalent to the price of five thousand masses, which he had undertaken to say. He had used up the money, and had not said the masses, and he asked at the

An Evening Party. The Congregations.

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Secretariat of the *Fabbrica* for absolution from the obligation of saying those masses. The priest in office said that the absolution might be obtained, but that he would have to pay a deposit at the rate of a *bajocco* a mass, according to the tax; without having first deposited fifty *scudi* he could not hope to obtain absolution. The rogue of a priest (pardon me that I call him so) pretended to have an exemption, because the number of the masses was considerable, and because he said it was not the first time that he had been to the *Reverenda Fabbrica* for such absolution, but the priest in office remained firm.

This incident petrified us; the Parroco himself was displeased at it, and made us leave the Secretariat. I returned home dejected and greatly disturbed.

To tell you the truth, my dear Eugenio, I do not know how it will end. I pray God to maintain me in the faith; but I feel shaken. Do you pray, also, for your most affectionate

ENRICO.

LETTER XII.

The Holy Week.

Rome, April, 1847.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

After that terrible evening party of which I told you in my last, after the fact of that priest making merchandise of absolution by his sacrilegious robbery, I was plunged into terrible doubt. It appeared to me impossible that the Pope should know nothing of such things, and if he knew them, how could he allow them? How could he authorise them? At last I ended with cursing the moment in which I had entered into such researches, and I desired (an impossible thing) to return to my simplicity as an earnest Catholic.

It was some time since my Professor had spoken to me; but the day after this incident, the lesson being finished, he called me, and told me to follow him into his room. Coming out of the school, two other Jesuits joined the Professor; they looked at me from head to foot with rather a severe expression, and I followed them until we reached the Professor's room. The two Reverends having seated themselves, the Professor began to say to me, with great seriousness:

"My son, I must warn you that you run a grave risk; you have not been willing to follow my counsels; you have continued to hold discourse with that Protestant; you have not brought the Puseyite to us; you have fraternised with heretics, and thus you are the cause of much evil. With regard to yourself, already your faith vacillates. The Puseyite will become a Protestant, and from the friend he was to us, he will become our enemy. And what will become of you? You, my son, are on the edge of a great precipice, but there is yet time to save yourself; therefore, I have called you into the presence of these two aged Fathers, to see if we can succeed in saving you; and we shall succeed, provided you sincerely wish it."

Knowing my natural timidity, and my nervous disposition, you

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will imagine how terrified I was at these words. If I told you that I remained quiet, I should lie; but I was not so frightened as not to know how to reply. I answered them that if my faith vacillated somewhat, it was not so much from the discussions with the Waldensian, as from the things I had seen with my own eyes. Then I recounted the things Mr. Manson had written to me, what I had seen in the Secretariat, and what I had learnt from the Parroco; and I was imprudent enough to mention his name.

"These are trifles," replied the Father; "the Secretariats are directed by men, and the men, either for want of discernment or some other reason, may abuse their position; but the principle upon which they are based is most holy, and cannot fail, that is, the illimitable power of the Holy Father, as Vicar of Jesus Christ, and as successor of the great Apostle, St. Peter. You know what the great Fagnano, the greatest and most learned of our Canons teaches, that it is not permitted to a Catholic to discuss the actions of the Pope, because, he says, what the Pope does is done by the authority of God, which is confided to him. You know that the Cardinal Zabarella, a theologian, and above all, a most learned Canon, has maintained that God and the Pope are one in their decisions. *Deus et Papa faciunt unum consistorium*. You know that this distinguished Canon has also said, and, in a certain sense he is right, that the Pope in a certain sense is more than God, because he can with a good conscience do those things which for others would be illicit, and which God Himself cannot do. You know that the greatest of theologians, our Cardinal Bellarmine, teaches that, supposing even the impossible case that the Pope might err in commanding vice, and prohibiting virtue, all true Christians, under pain of sin, would be obliged to believe that vices are virtues, and virtues are vices. You know that the fifth sacred Lateran Council calls the Pope a real God on earth, and the Saviour of the Church. And knowing these things, how can your faith be shaken by any abuse of the subordinate ministers? Do mistakes of the scholar alter the teaching of the master? Do the abuses of servants cause the orders of the master to become evil?"

"But, my Father," I replied, "what I have seen and known are not the abuses of ministers, but are errors of doctrines and of principles. To proclaim those the relics of a saint which are but the remains of an unknown body; to sell indulgences; to absolve for money from sacrilegious thefts; these appear to me horrible abuses of principle."

These words were said by me with a certain force. The two

old Jesuits exchanged glances, which seemed to me somewhat mysterious; but my master was not at all discomposed, and with his accustomed coldness, but with a little irony, answered that "he who could by a word change the bread into the most holy body of Jesus could with much greater ease, by his word, cause that for him who with faith prays, even before the bones of a pagan, it shall be as though he prayed to a saint. And as regards paying for indulgences, you know, and ought to have told your Protestants, that that money is not the price of an indulgence—there would not be sufficient money in the world to pay the price of an indulgence or of any other pontifical grace—that money is a portion of the redemption of the meritorious work which you ought to perform to merit that grace; in fact, he observed, he who does not pay is obliged to make corporeal penance to obtain that grace."

I did not show myself sufficiently convinced. Then one of the aged Fathers told me that my soul was in a perilous state; that in that state he warned me well against approaching the Easter Communion; that they thought of giving me the Easter ticket to present to my Parroco; that after Easter there would be the exercises at St. Eusebius, and I might go there again, and thus should recover my lost peace of conscience.

"That is all right," said my master; "but in the meantime you must promise me not to speak any more with those Protestants."

I, who love peace, promised all; only with regard to my friends, I said that I would avoid them as much as possible; but if they came to me, against my will, or, meeting me, should speak to me, I had not been so brought up as to drive them away, or behave impolitely to them.

The Professor then rose abruptly, and said to me in a somewhat provoking tone: "Do then as you will, and as you have done up to the present time; follow the dictates of your pretended politeness; but I warn you, that if you speak once more with them, you are irreparably lost." And without giving me a moment, he dismissed me brusquely.

The last words of the Professor irritated me; they appeared an attempt on my liberty, and his menaces a simple scare to impose upon me his will; therefore, I decided not again to seek my friends, nor reply to their letters if they wrote to me; but if they came or if I met them, that I would not drive them away, nor flee from them; only I would try not to enter into discussion.

The following Sunday was Palm Sunday. I went to the Church of St. Peter, to be present at the benediction of the palms by the Pope. I was hemmed in by the crowd, and I admired the Pope, who, in majesty from his lofty throne, surrounded by Cardinals and

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Prelates, distributed the palms which he had blessed, to his court and to some foreign ladies, admitted to that great honour; also I was much edified to see strangers, even Protestants, contending to be admitted to that honour, and after having kissed the Pope's toe, receiving with joy from his hand a blest olive-branch.

When the distribution of the palms was ended, the crowd diminished; then I heard behind me a voice saying, "What a sublime sight!" "Yes," replied another voice, "an awfully sublime sight! It is one of the most sublime actions of the life of Jesus Christ presented in comedy."

I turned round to see to whom these voices belonged, and saw my three friends, who recognised and approached me, shaking me by the hand in a friendly manner. Here I was again with them, and how could I decorously avoid them?

After the function of the palms, a Cardinal began to sing Mass, at which the Pope, on his throne, was present. Instead of a small portion of the Gospel, they sang that day the whole story of the passion of our Lord, as it is written in the Gospel of St. Matthew. Three deacons, with their books of the Gospel, printed in musical notes, went first to kiss the Pope's foot, then ascending three pulpits they sang alternately the story of the Passion; one of them represented the Evangelist, and sang in a bass voice all the historical part; another, who stood on his right, represented Jesus Christ, and sang in a tenor voice, but in a low tone, all the words of Jesus Christ; the third, who was on the left, represented Pilate, Caiaphas, and the crowd, and sang in a falsetto voice all the words spoken by these men. Mr. Sweeteman appeared scandalised; it seemed to him that to sing that sorrowful story of the Passion, and in that manner, derogated from its solemnity, and that it was a scene more worthy of the theatre than of the church. But Mr. Manson, who more appreciated these things, found edification in them; inasmuch as this outward ceremony greatly excited his feelings. "Besides," said he, "the singing of the Gospel is most ancient in the Church." "The Gospel," answered the Waldensian, "was not written for the feelings, but for the heart; do you think St. Peter would have sung the Gospel?"

Whilst the three deacons ascended their pulpits, the Pope stealthily passed behind the throne, and retired to a room, ornamented with tapestry and damask, in a corner of the Church. All the time that the Passion was being sung, Cardinals could be seen going to and fro, passing behind the Pope's throne, and I did not know where they went. The Waldensian made a sign to us to follow him, as if he wished to show us something important. We went; and he took us behind the throne to see the reason for

the coming and going of the Cardinals. We saw from a distance the room hung temporarily with tapestry, but the Swiss Guards blocked the way, and prevented our going near. This prohibition awoke my curiosity to know what was being done there. I approached a Swiss official, who was a friend of mine, and asked him.

"It is the Pope," he said to me, "who, finding it irksome to stand all the time of the singing of the Passion, retires into the room made for that purpose."

"And what does he do in that room?" asked the Waldensian.

"He holds conversation with Cardinals, who go to see him and take him refreshments."

I thanked the official and we left.

"That is what the Pope does;" said the Waldensian, "whilst in the Church is read the Passion of our Lord, he hides himself to pass the time with conversation, ices, and sweets! Whilst every Christian, who has a shade of faith, weeps when he reads the Passion of the Son of God, he who calls himself His Vicar is not ashamed to remain amid smiles and ices, and that in the Church itself. Signor Abbé, Mr. Manson, you are silent. Defend, if you have the courage, this action to which I will not give a name."

We were mortified, and did not know how to reply. I, for my part, turned round and went out of the Church.

Not to weary you, I will say nothing about the thoughts that came into my mind after this occurrence. Those were vacation days, in which I neither saw my master nor went to the college.

On Holy Thursday I returned to St. Peter's, and went up to the Sistine Chapel to be present at the functions of that day; and yet I knew almost for certain that I should find my three friends there; nevertheless, I would not refrain on that account from going thither. After the Mass the Pope carried the Sacrament in procession to the Pauline Chapel, and placed it in the sepulchre. I then descended to the Grand Piazza to receive the benediction, which the Pope gives that day *urbi et orbi*, that is, not only to those who are present, not only to the city of Rome, but also to the Christians of the whole world. Oh! what a solemn moment, my dear Eugenio! The Pope is carried to the great Loggia upon his throne on men's shoulders. Scarcely has he risen to bless the people, than all the military bands that are on the Piazza, together with that of the garrison, sound forth, the cannons of the Castle of St. Angelo are discharged, and the bells unite their festive sound to the majesty of the ceremony. Mr. Manson was in ecstasies. After the Pope had retired, Signor Pasquali said to me, in presence of the other two: "Signor Abbé, what distinction does your Church make

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between what you call the most Holy Sacrament and the Pope!" I answered that, in the most Holy Sacrament, there is personally Jesus Christ in body, blood, soul, and divinity; and the Pope is His Vicar. Then he replied, "Why do you honour the Vicar more than the Principal? Why, when the people are blessed with the Sacrament, is it done without any solemnity? And why, when the Pope blesses, do the cannons fire, the bells ring, and the troops dress in full uniform? It seems to me that, although in words you confess Jesus Christ, by your deeds you make Him less than the Pope."

This observation came fresh to me, and I confess I did not know at that moment how to answer it. In the meantime we re-entered St. Peter's; the Pope descended with all the Cardinals, and sat upon his throne. Then a Cardinal deacon chanted the first fifteen verses of St. John xiii.; after which the Pope, girded with a towel of fine linen, came down from his throne and went to wash the feet of the twelve Apostles. These are twelve priests belonging to various nations, who represent the twelve Apostles. They are dressed in white flannel in Eastern fashion, with a great white cap on their heads; they are seated on a platform, with their bare feet over a copper basin, highly polished, and filled with water. The Pope passes before them, and as the Pope approaches, each one dips his feet in the water, and he touches them, and then returns to sit on his throne.

This function is called "the washing."

At other times I had found this function very edifying; I thought, also, that I found in it the answer to that which the Waldensian had said to me a short time before.

"You," I said to him, "who lately accused the Pope of pride, do you not now see his humility?"

"Do you call an act of comedy humility?" he answered me. "I only see in this a scenic effect, and a studied parody on the most holy act of the Lord. Do you not see that all is studied deception?"

After this function we passed on to see another, which in like manner was called comedy by the Waldensian; it was the representation of our Lord's Supper. In an immense hall over the portico of the Church of St. Peter, and upon a platform, a large table was served for twelve persons, but arranged so that all those who eat had their faces turned towards the spectator. The table was richly served, silver, vases of porcelain with flowers, fruits of all kinds, rendered it extraordinarily elegant. Many thousand spectators, for the most part foreigners, had crowded to see this spectacle, which parodied the Supper of the Lord. The twelve

priests, who represented the twelve Apostles, were standing before the table, each one had a servant behind him with a great basket. The Pope entered, and from a golden bottle poured a little water on the hands of each one, then blessed the meal, took a plate, and retired. The twelve priests then sat down, and ate with good appetite from all the dishes brought by the prelates, and all that remained, together with the plates, the silver covers, bottles, glasses, napkins, were put in the servants' baskets, and carried away. The meal being finished, we left; and the Waldensian, with great seriousness, said to us: "Do you know how you ought to define the Papacy? The Gospel in comedy."

I tried as far as possible to justify this custom; but to tell you the truth, I myself was not much edified.

On Good Friday I went in the morning to the Papal Chapel; they sang as on the Sunday the Passion of our Lord, according to St. John. The throne of the Pope was unadorned, and he only came after the singing of the Passion was finished. Then began the adoration of the Cross, which is done in this manner. The Cardinal celebrant reverently places himself on the left of the altar, at the foot of the steps; the deacon takes the cross, covered with black crape, which is over the altar, and delivers it to the celebrant, who uncovers the top only; then showing the people the uncovered top, he sings in Latin: "Behold the wood of the Cross on which hung the Saviour of the world! Come, let us adore." Then the Pope first, afterwards all the Cardinals, Bishops, prelates, and people, with the exception of the celebrant, prostrate themselves, bending their heads, and adoring the Cross. After a brief adoration they all rise; then the celebrant goes up the steps of the altar, and stopping on the right of it turns towards the people, uncovers the right arm of the Cross, raises it higher than the first time, and sings in a higher tone the same words, and all again worship. Finally, he goes to the middle of the altar, uncovers the Cross, raises it still more, and in the highest tone sings the words, and the third act of adoration is made. After this third act of adoration, all remain on their knees, and the Cardinal-celebrant, accompanied by the master of the ceremonies, goes to lay the Cross upon a rich carpet and cushions placed in the midst of the choir, again adoring the Cross with a genuflexion, and returns to his place.

Then the singers begin to sing in a plaintive chant the reproof which God gave to the Hebrews in the Bible; to each of them responds a chorus in Greek, *Hagios ho Theos*, another chorus repeats the same words in Latin, *Sanctus Deus*; to another reproof the chorus says in Greek *Hagios Ischyros*; and the other in Latin

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repeats the same words *Sanctus Fortis*; after the third reproof the chorus in Greek says: *Hagios ho Athanatos, eleesion hemas*; and the Latin chorus, *Sanctus Immortalis, miserere nostri*.

Whilst the choir sings, the Pope takes off his shoes, descends from his throne, and goes to adore the Cross, and to kiss it on his knees. The Cardinals follow, all without shoes, then the Bishops, prelates, and spectators; all, before approaching the Cross, must adore it three times on their knees, kissing it prostrate.

Such a spectacle moved me even to tears. To see the Pope, before whom the most august personages bow the knee, descend from his throne, humbly and barefoot, to go and adore the Cross of Christ, is a spectacle to move the heart of every Catholic! Mr. Manson was as if in ecstasy, and Signor Pasquali himself showed great emotion. I thought that this spectacle had touched him, and in going out I asked him the reason of his emotion.

"A Christian," he said to me, "cannot be otherwise than moved to see such things; in the Supper of the Lord and the washing of the feet, there is acted a sort of comedy; and then with such solemnity is adored a cross, which, after all, is but a piece of wood."

The adoration of the Cross being ended, the procession went to the Pauline Chapel for the raising of the host from the sepulchre, and thus finished the mass of the *presantificati* (previously blessed elements).

The functions of Holy Saturday are of little importance in comparison, and therefore I will not describe them; they consist in blessing fire, incense, and the Easter wax-tapers, finishing with the Mass.

Easter Sunday is celebrated the grand Pontifical Mass, which the Pope chants. The Church of St. Peter is all festively decorated; all the garrison of Rome is on parade in the Grand Piazza. A company of grenadiers, the Swiss Guards, the Capitoline Guards, and the *Guarda Nobile*, form a cordon from the great door of the Church up to the principal altar, and surround it in a large circle, into which no one can enter but those who have places in the Chapel. The sound of the military trumpets announces the arrival of the Pope with his magnificent cortège. I do not describe it to you, because to have an idea of it one must see it.

That blessed Waldensian, who finds something to say against everything, seeing the Pope enter the church upon his magnificent throne, carried on men's shoulders, turned to us and said: "Was it in this way that St. Peter entered the assembly of the faithful?" Every word from that man is a sword in my heart; he speaks but little, but his seriousness, his profound religious sentiment, give weight to his words.

The Pope, having arrived before the chief altar, descends from his portable throne, and ascends a throne placed on the left of the altar. *Terza* is intoned, and whilst the singers chant the psalms, the Pope, standing up, changes his dress, and assumes the precious vestments of the Pontifical Mass. Then descending from that throne, he goes to another richer one, in front of the altar, but at a great distance, and begins the Mass from his throne.

Whilst the singers chant the *Kyrie eleison*, the Cardinals go to worship the Pope.

To show the union of the two churches, that is, the Greek and the Latin, the Pope, when he chants High Mass, puts over the Latin vestments a Greek dress, which is called *fanone*; he is also assisted by a Greek deacon, and a sub-deacon in the vestments of their Church, and the Gospel is chanted in Latin and in Greek, but with this difference, the Latin Gospel is chanted before the Greek; the former is chanted by a Cardinal, and the latter by a simple deacon; the book of the Latin Gospel is carried in the midst of seven candlesticks, and when the book of the Greek Gospel comes, five of the candlesticks, borne by prelates, accompany and attend upon the book of the Latin Gospel, and for the Greek there only remain two. Mr. Sweeteman asked me the meaning of the difference, and I confess to you that I could not give him a good reason.

It was the first time that I was present at the Pontifical Mass, and although I was astonished, as all are, at the splendour and magnificence, yet I was scandalised by two things; first, by the absolute want of devotion in all; they care only for the ceremonial and nothing for the Mass; secondly, the manner in which the Pope partook of the Communion displeased me.

After the Gospel the Pope descends from the throne, and goes to the altar, and continues the Mass up to the *Agnus Dei*. Then he returns to his throne, and the sub-deacon takes the consecrated host from the altar, and carries it to the Pope; and he, who on the Friday, descended barefoot from the throne, and knelt to adore the Cross, remains standing before the Sacrament, and communicates standing, and upon his throne. The Cardinal-deacon then takes the cup from the altar, and carries it to the throne of the Pope, who, by means of a golden pipe, sparkling with brilliants, sips up a little of the wine, giving the remainder to the deacon and sub-deacon. I spare you the observations of my friends, and especially of the Waldensian, upon this point, which, besides, did not please me; but there must be good reasons which are not known to me.

After the Communion, the Pope sits down; the principal assist-

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ant, kneeling on the steps, poured water on his hands; then a Senator presented his offering in the name of the Roman people.

Mass being ended, the cortège was reformed, and as the Pope had come, so he left, upon his throne, borne on men's shoulders, and was carried to the great Loggia to bless the people, amid the discharge of artillery, and the noise of all the bells and military bands.

All these things, together with their antecedents, have so disturbed me, that I do not know in what world I am. My conscience is disturbed; I dare not draw near to the Easter Communion; I will return to perform the holy exercises according to the advice of the good Fathers, and I hope to recover my inward peace. Pray for me, my dear Eugenio, for I am in a truly deplorable state.—Adieu, your

ENRICO.

LETTER XIII.

The Holy Office.

Rome, April, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

Thanks, my dear friend, I have learnt from my Consul that you have frequently asked for information concerning me, and you have cordially offered me every help. I did not expect less from your friendship; but in the horrible place where I found myself, no information could reach me. Now, after two years of suffering, I am brought out to see the light of day once more, and to enjoy that liberty which I never expected to regain. Perhaps you also feared that you had lost your friend for ever; not only do you find me again as the friend of your childhood, but as a brother in our common Father, and in our Saviour, Jesus Christ. I, like Saul of Tarsus, through misunderstood religious zeal, fought against Christ, thinking to honour Him by the doctrines and commandments of men; but He has prostrated me by affliction, and in it has manifested Himself to me. That which the discussions, held with my good friend, Signor Pasquali, did not do, the Lord has done. Two years in the prison of the Inquisition, a long and serious meditation on the Gospel, the sincere and fervent prayer of faith, has brought me to the knowledge of true Christianity. The Lord Whom I so ill-knew, came Himself to find me in my prison, and the Good Shepherd has brought back the wandering sheep.

Much have I to tell you, and I do not know where to begin; my imprisonment, the trial, the sufferings, the conversion, the liberation, are all things that I should like to tell in a word; but this being impossible, I shall begin with my liberation, and give you an idea of what the prisons of the Holy Office are, and this will serve also to throw light upon my trial. But do not expect a studied or poetical description; I shall tell you in all simplicity, according to my wont, what I myself have seen.

It was the 27th of March, towards sunset, when a tumult, the noise of persons tramping heavily, mingled with voices, of which

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one could not distinguish the sounds, made itself heard in the corridor which led to my prison. I heard the doors of the prison open with a great noise, and then I heard cries, threats, and oaths resound in that corridor. Being ignorant of what had happened in Rome, I did not know to what to attribute such noise, and thought I had come to my last hour; I, therefore, threw myself on my knees, and began to pray and commend my soul to God.

Then I heard the door of my prison violently opened, and I saw enter first a man of short stature, who threw himself on my neck, embraced me, and bathed me with the tears that fell from under his green spectacles. It was the Minister Sterbini, author of the decree for the abolition of the Holy Office. He said to me: "You are free," and left me.

I was excessively weak, and from the long inactivity in that narrow and damp prison had almost lost the power of walking. Two men of those who had followed Sterbini, took me in their arms, and carried me as in triumph across the courtyard, in the midst of a crowd of people, who cried, "Death to the Pope! Long live the Republic!" I was placed in a room where there were other liberated prisoners, and here those good people, so different from their priests, took every care to restore us with bread, wine, and cordials.

Having visited all the prisons, and liberated all the prisoners, Sterbini returned to us, and asked each of us whither we wished to be taken. When the question was asked me, I replied that, being a foreigner, I had no relations in Rome, and prayed him to allow me to be conducted to the Consul of my nation. "You shall go to your Consul," said the Minister to me, "but not in this state; you must first regain a little strength." Then one of the gentlemen present prayed me to accept the hospitality of his house. I accepted with gratitude, was placed in a carriage, and went to the house of that good Roman, and am still with him, treated as if I had always been the greatest friend of his family—I who had never known him. Through the kind attention of my host and the solicitous care of an excellent doctor, called in by him, I was in a few days restored. In the meantime the house of the Holy Office was opened to the public; a decree of the 4th of April had ordained that instead of destroying it, to make a piazza with the infamous column, it should be adapted for a free dwelling place for poor families, and the bricklayers began their work for that purpose. My host prayed me to accompany him to serve as guide, in order that he might visit and become acquainted with these prisons. I consented, a little reluctantly. The building of the Roman Inquisition presents in its exterior a simple and severe

style of architecture. The solitariness in which it stands, the gigantic building of the Vatican which stands over against it; the iron door by which it is entered, the profound silence that reigns around, give to the edifice a fearful aspect. It is composed of two rectangles and a trapezium united. The front part of the building, which opens on the road, is formed from the ancient palace of Friar Michael Ghislieri, who, when he became Pope under the name of Pius V., transformed his palace into inquisitorial prisons; it was that Pius V., afterwards canonised, who excited Charles IX. to the famous butchery of St. Bartholomew. The Inquisition receiving this palace as a gift, adapted it to be used as a dwelling by the Most Reverend Father-Commissary and his two companions, and Monsignor the Assessor. The other rectangle was added for prisoners.

We ascended the wide staircase which led to a magnificent covered portico; on the left we saw a vast hall, which led to two magnificent apartments, one for Monsignor the Assessor, the other for the Father-Commissary. The apartments were almost wholly unfurnished, because those reverend personages, foreseeing the storm, had saved the furniture. We went along the portico, and entered the Hall of the Congregations, or of the Tribunal. A colossal coat of arms of Pius V. facing the lower end; an armchair for the Father-Commissary, and behind this a great crucifix; an oblong table, covered with green cloth, with a score of armchairs for the councillors, comprised all in this room.

Thence we passed on to the Archives. An inscription in large characters over the door forbade entrance under pain of excommunication; nevertheless, we all entered a large room, the four walls of which were covered with shelves full of papers; a certain number of tables, with all necessaries for writing, were also in this first room, which is called the *cancellaria*. In it were all the modern processes from the middle of the past century until now. Thence we proceeded to the library.

This is composed of the following books:—all the jurisprudence of the Inquisition, the bulls of the Popes, the acts of councils, sentences of the Inquisitions of Spain, of Portugal, and of Goa, all the books that speak of the laws, and of the Inquisitorial proceedings, all the works that speak either in favour of or against the Inquisition, published in whatever language. But that which is the most precious and rare is the complete collection of all works published by the Italian Reformers, works for the greater part unknown to the most erudite bibliophiles, because entirely destroyed. I was astounded to see how many Italians had written against the Roman Church. Still more precious is the collection of all the evangelical manuscripts, which the Inquisition, with its

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eyes of Argus, knew how to possess itself of, and which are all preserved in that library.

The third part of the Archives contains the ancient trials beginning from Pius V. There are the trials of Galileo, of Carnesecchi, of Aonio Paleario, of Luigi Pascali, and of all the others who fell into the hands of the Holy Office.

From the Archives we passed to another hall quite dismantled; two side doors led to the apartments of the so-called Companion-Fathers. I wished to enter the compartment of the second Companion, which I well knew, having been there many times to undergo examination; but a guard, who was posted at the door, prevented our entrance, showing us an open trap-door. My blood froze in my veins at the sight, thinking how many times I had passed over it, and that it might have been my tomb. I asked if we could go down to look, and the guard showed us a flight of steps; we descended, and they led us to a recent opening made in the wall, passing through which we were in the trap, lighted only by an open grating. It was subterranean, like a sepulchre; greasy, black and soft earth covered the ground, a part of which earth had been moved aside, and human bones cracked under our feet. We could scarcely contain ourselves at such a sight; my host fumed with indignation; I was full of horror, and we came out.

We went to look at the other part of the building, where the prisons are. A damp courtyard, filled with nettles, is in the middle, around it are little doors with large bolts, indicating that here was the place of the old prisons. All the doors were open, and we entered some of them. They are small cells, capable of containing one person. A little square aperture over the door, guarded by large and close iron bars, gave a glimmer of light and a little air from the damp courtyard. The paving and the walls were also very damp. Under these cells there are subterranean prisons, which for some time have not been in use; they are made from the ruins of the ancient circus of Nero, which was there. These rough stones seem to have been always condemned to suck up the blood and tears of those who witnessed for Christ. In one of these dungeons there was a stone staircase, which led to a still deeper dungeon. It was destined to receive those unfortunate ones who were condemned to be walled up to die. The skeletons that were found here indicated the mode of their barbarous execution. They let down these unfortunate ones with their hands and feet tied; they buried them up to the breast in dry lime, mixed with earthen cement, and left them there, closing the grating above. The positions of these skeletons showed the horrible struggle they must have had before finding death.

We came out of that horrible abode and continued to visit the old prisons. A little corridor, on the left of the courtyard described, led to another yard, smaller, and worse than the first; in it were sixty small cells used as prisons, divided into three floors, twenty on each floor. In many of these cells there was an enormous iron ring, made to open and shut with a padlock; in some this ring was fixed in the wall, in others in a stone in the pavement. In the middle of one such prison was a round stone; the governor caused it to be raised; it covered a well, without water of course, in which were skeletons. It is not known whether it served for the living or for the dead, but I think for the dead.

A touching spectacle in the midst of such horrors were the inscriptions, half obliterated, which we read on the inner wall. We read in one of these: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want"; in another, "The caprice and villainy of men will not avail to separate me from Thy Church, Oh Christ, my only hope!" In another: "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." These were the inscriptions made by the persecuted. Let us now see those of the persecutors.

We passed on to visit the modern prisons. They are divided into two storeys. Each one has the form of a monk's cell, except that the window is very high up. Over every door there is a crucifix, not, indeed, expressing the moving prayer: "Father, forgive them," but with a ferocious and menacing expression to inspire fear. Within, there is a passage from the Bible, written in large characters, and these passages contain all that is most terrible in the law and the prophets; never a passage of pardon or of consolation; in the dictionary of the Inquisition these words are not to be found; mercy and compassion towards heretics are, according to the Inquisition, a great sin, and establish the suspicion of heresy. In my prison, for example, there was the 6th verse of Psalm cix.: "Set thou a wicked man over him, and let Satan stand at his right hand." In another prison was verse 17 of the same psalm: "As he loved cursing, so let it come unto him; as he delighted not in blessing, so let it be far from him." In another, the 19th verse of Deuteronomy xxviii.: "Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out." This is a specimen of what the Inquisitors quote from the Bible.

There remained to be seen the chamber of torture; it was in one of the lowest and most hidden dungeons; it had no window, a door and a passage afforded the current of air necessary for respiration; no other light penetrated but that from lighted torches and

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the brazier. We went down by stone steps. The instruments of torture were no longer there; because, to tell the truth, torture was abolished at the end of 1815; but we still saw the great hook in the midst of the vault, to which the pulley was attached for the torture of the cord; we saw in a stone fixed in the wall the iron destined to sustain the plank of the wheel; a large chimney close by indicated the place of torture by fire. Now this chamber is changed to a cellar to keep the bottles of the Holy Inquisitors fresh.

Near to this cellar the governor of the republic had caused an old wall to be broken down, on account of work which was to be done, but God willed that they should begin with the demolition of a very recent wall, made with lime and clay, coloured so as to appear old. Having pulled down the wall, another cellar was found, but instead of bottles, they found in it two ovens, made like beehives, and in these furnaces there were still calcined human bones. You cannot believe the horror that such a discovery occasioned the Romans; every one believed that the torture by fire was abolished. But the Holy Inquisition never derogates from its own laws, and when it can no longer burn heretics in *campo di fiore*, when it can no longer burn in the open air, because the smoke would be seen, it burns them in its furnaces. We came out of so dreadful a place, never to return there again.

Dear Eugenio, this was where your poor friend groaned for two long years! But everything well considered, I am satisfied to have been there; God has made use of the iniquity of men, even of those men for whom I had the greatest esteem, to convert me to Himself; without this affliction I do not know what I might have become.

In the meantime, I do not know what has become of my friends. To-morrow I shall occupy myself about them. I shall go to the Swiss Consul, and shall learn something. Oh, that I might find my dear Signor Pasquali!

I have not yet determined where to go, but as long as I am in Rome I will often write to you, and relate to you the whole story of my imprisonment and of my conversion.—Adieu, dear friend; love me and believe me always, your most affectionate

ENRICO.

LETTER XIV.

Jesuitism.

Rome, April, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

Perhaps you expected to read in this letter the pathetic account of my imprisonment, and according to the chronological order of facts, such ought to have been the subject; but I feel the imperious need of making you participate in my ideas upon Jesuitism; they are no longer those I once had; they are not modified, but are completely changed.

You know that I was entirely Jesuit in heart and soul, although I had not assumed the dress. You know that I had performed with great sincerity the religious exercises of St. Ignatius, and I was ready to perform them again after Easter, if I had not been imprisoned; but some conversations with Signor Pasquali, which I have not related to you, had made me a little suspicious with regard to them. My suspicions became certainty when in the long silence of two years of imprisonment all my ideas had been upset; and comparing them, reflecting upon them, and reasoning upon them, I discovered that which I should never have discovered, had I continued to believe everything in my simplicity. You will ask how I arrived at such a discovery, and I will tell you frankly.

My confessor was a Frenchman, and was also the secretary of the Father-Assistant of France. He had no suspicions of me, but loved me much, and looking on me as one to be confided in, he often made use of me to copy letters. So it happened that I many times remained alone in his room for that purpose. Then (I confess my want of delicacy), from a certain youthful curiosity, I looked in the letter-book at other letters that I had not copied; and thus became acquainted with things which I did not then understand; nevertheless, on thinking them over in my prison, and comparing them with what I already knew, and with what the Waldensian had informed me, they caused the veil to fall from my eyes.

However, all this would not have made me know Jesuitism,

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which is an impenetrable mystery to ninety-nine out of a hundred of the Jesuits themselves. It was the will of God that a great friend of my host was a certain Abbé P——, who for many years had been a Jesuit, and then feigning an incurable malady, had obtained permission to retire from the Society. This old Abbé, hearing my story, said to me: "Poor young man, you are a victim of the Jesuits." The day after, the Abbé came to my room, and unveiled to me the mystery of Jesuitism, which I will briefly relate to you.

The fundamental maxim of Jesuitism is exposed in the exercises of St. Ignatius—"all means are good, provided they lead to the end." It is not, indeed, expressed in these words, which would horrify any honourable man, but though the words are silvered over, like pillules of aloes, nevertheless, under the silver pill is the iniquity. I mean to say, that if these words could somewhat throw dust in the eyes, yet the sense is that which we have given. Now, what is the end that the Jesuits wish to attain? If you asked them they would tell you—"the greater glory of God." This is their device, the word of command of their whole society—"ad majorem Dei gloriam." And on this point the Abbé P—— made me notice a thing on which I had never reflected; they do not say to work for *the* glory, but for the *greater* glory of God; it is not the *positive* glory, but the *comparative* glory of God, which they say they procure. By force of this grammatical subtlety, which is the silvering of the pillule, the way is opened to any expansion; the pillule is so well plated that it appears really a silver globule; but the chemist who made it knows it is aloes. Let us give one of the most spiritual examples. If the salvation of souls be the aim a Jesuit proposes to himself, he must be indifferent to the choice of means; he must only care for those which lead to the end; the glory of God exacts sincerity, truth; but if, speaking sincerely and truthfully, you prevent the desired aim being attained, then the means being indifferent, you may choose deceit, which is no longer called deceit, but holy art; in acting truthfully you give glory to God, but as you give greater glory in the conversion of a soul, so you may use holy arts for the greater glory of God. Put into application these principles, which present themselves under the aspect of piety and deceive the simple, and you will see that they justify regicide, lies, calumnies, and conspiracies.

Let us see now how these principles are applied in general by the Jesuits, even by the very best, without the least scruple. "The greater glory of God," they say, "wills that all men should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth; but the truth is only in the Roman Catholic Church, and salvation cannot be

obtained outside it; then we must seek that all men become Catholics, and that none escape. But, to attain this end, what means ought we to employ? The means are indifferent—ignorance, for example, is the sovereign means to retain men in Catholicism.” Therefore, they make it a duty to maintain and foment ignorance amongst the people; and a sincere Jesuit sees in the progress of the sciences the ruin of religion. But it is an arduous undertaking to maintain ignorance in our times; and it cannot be done openly; therefore, they maintain ignorance under the aspect of science. Accordingly, they and their associates seek to have the monopoly of teaching, to envelop science in inextricable methods, and occupy the intellect in vain questions, rather than in the solidity of science. And if one of their scholars, in spite of them, raises himself above others by innate power, he is persecuted, or calumniated, or treated as a heretic or Liberal, according to the country in which he lives, and this for the greater glory of God, in order that he may not turn others aside from the way of salvation.

To attract to, or maintain the people in, the Roman religion, it is necessary to inspire and foment superstition; superstition might be a bad thing, but it becomes good if skilfully used, and if it lead to the end. And this is why all modern superstitions have their origin among the Jesuits; but as there are men who hate all that is modern in religion, they have recourse to the pious fraud (*pia frode*) of making believe, and preaching and publishing that those devotions are most ancient. If learned and sincere men plainly contradict the imposture, then the Jesuits, to the greater glory of God, declare them to be heretics, Jansenists, unbelievers, according to the places and the times.

It is not possible to disclose in one letter all that the good Abbé P—— told me of Jesuitism. I will tell you what the Jesuits do publicly, and without mystery in Rome, for the greater glory of God, in order that you may have an idea.

In Rome the Jesuits act openly and without fear; they are at home. The whole Roman society of all classes is in their hands. As to that which relates to instruction they have the Roman College, where about a thousand youths receive from them gratuitous instruction; they have the German College, where some hundred German, Prussian, Hungarian, Bavarian, and Swiss youths are under their discipline, and who, when their education is finished, are sent to their own countries as missionaries, parish priests, and even bishops; they have their Irish and Scotch Colleges, in which they educate youths to be sent, well indoctrinated with Jesuitism, to their own countries; they have the College of the Propaganda, where more than three hundred young men of all countries are

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educated to be returned "Jesuitised" to their own countries; they have the College of Nobles, where almost all the sons of the Roman nobility are educated in the principles of Jesuitism. For the instruction of women there are the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, who educate the nobility, the Nuns of the Good Shepherd for the middle class, and the Pious Teachers (*Maestre Pie*) for the common people.

All the scholars of the Jesuits are obliged to confess to the Reverend Fathers, and this is the grand means of the Jesuits. These young men, educated by them, who always hear their preaching and have their instruction, can refuse nothing to those men, who exercise a magnetic influence over them. The Jesuits appointed to hear their confessions are chosen with great skill by the Superiors; they are men who have the special gift of insinuating themselves into, and influencing, the minds of the young men; they are not satisfied with listening to the confession of the sins of these youths, but feigning deep interest in them, they ask with such a charming manner so many and such varied questions, that they come to know, from the young man who confesses, the whole history of his family, the conduct of his parents, the rules of the house, the persons who frequent it, the conversations that are held; and thus the inexperienced young man becomes very often, without perceiving it, the accuser of his own parents. This is one of the means which the Reverend Fathers use for their secret policy.

By this means alone they would not attain their aim; it is not sufficient for them to know the family secrets, they wish to direct all in their way, that is, for the greater glory of God; and, therefore, they have devised so many Congregations, in order to be able, under the aspect of religion, to dominate all society. The Abbé P—— reminded me of the religious Congregations which the Jesuits have established in Rome alone, besides the house of exercises of St. Eusebius, of which I spoke in my first letter, when I saw things in the sense of the Holy Fathers. But the Abbé explained to me these exercises in their real sense. Besides this means, and that of the confession of scholars, the Jesuits direct in Rome the following Congregations.

In the subterranean Church of the *Gesù* is a Congregation of Nobles, in which are assembled all the Roman nobility; the Jesuits are their directors, confessors, and preachers, and by this means they have become masters of the aristocracy. They have in a chapel on the ground floor of the house of the *Gesù* a Congregation of Merchants, with which almost all the business men of Rome are associated; the Jesuits are the confessors, the preachers, and the directors of it, and thus, by means of this Congregation,

they not only are enlightened as to all business, but in a great measure they direct it. In a chapel inside the Roman College there is a Congregation called *Prima Primaria*, with which all shopkeepers and Roman artisans are associated, directed always by Jesuits. In the Church of St. Vitale there is a Congregation of Peasants, and thus they are enlightened as to the affairs of agriculture. In the convict prison of the Castle of St. Angelo, where the condemned are placed, they have and direct a religious Congregation of *Paolotti*, and here they have in their hands the police of the galleys. In the prisons of criminals they have a religious Congregation, and every Sunday and feast day they pass hours with the prisoners in secret colloquy, in order, of course, to save their souls. The *Carabinieri* have been placed under the spiritual direction of the Jesuits, and every year they have to make spiritual exercises under their direction.

But up to this time we have not spoken of the devout sex *par excellence*. Are the women then left out by the Jesuits? Quite otherwise. They are their most devoted adherents. In the oratory of the *Caravita* there is a Congregation of Ladies, to which belong all the Roman ladies, and it is under the direction of the Jesuits. In the same oratory is a Congregation of *Semidame*, with which the Roman ladies belonging to the middle class are associated; and a Congregation of Missions, to which belong the most bigoted among the artisans, the menservants, the cooks, the maid-servants, and the old bigoted women. So that all classes of society are in the hands of the Jesuits.

But all do not belong to these Congregations; it is, therefore, necessary for the greater glory of God to seek others also, and they seek them in the missions and in the confessionals.

The Jesuits are assiduous at the Confessional; their Church of the *Gesù* has a number of confessionals, and they are always all occupied; there are the confessors for the morning, and those for after breakfast; in the evening at the *Caravita*, and in the chapels of the Congregations, there are confessors for the men. The confessors of the various classes of persons are appointed by the Superiors according to their talents. Those who know best how to insinuate themselves into the minds of the young are appointed to confess scholars; the noble, or at least those who know aristocratic ways, are the appointed confessors of the nobility; those who know how to introduce themselves into the graces (always, of course, spiritually) of the fair sex are appointed to the Congregation of Ladies, and to the confessionals in the churches where generally only women go. Thus every class of persons finds amongst the Jesuits the most skilful confessors; and they, to the greater

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glory of God, know well how to draw a profit from the crowd.

The Abbé P——, who for so many years had been a Jesuit, wished to give me an idea of their government. I will give you an example. The Jesuit government is eminently monarchical, one is their chief, who is called the General; he can do what he likes, he is chosen for life, and need not give a reason to any one, so long as he acts according to the spirit of the institution, that is, to direct all the orders *for the greater glory of God*. Should he depart from this aim, he may be deposed by the assistants, who convoke a general Congregation to elect another. But this case never happens. See how the Father General has in his hand the governance of the whole Roman Catholic world.

Every Jesuit is obliged to yield *blind obedience* to his Superior, so that, according to the expressions of their rule, a Jesuit ought to be, in the hands of his Superior, that which the *dead body* is in the hands of the surgeon who dissects it. The Jesuit when he acts from obedience is never responsible for his actions; the Jesuit has no longer a conscience, he has given it over to his Superior *for the greater glory of God*; he must blindly obey and look upon the Superior as if he were Jesus Christ Himself, as if the voice of the Superior were the voice of God. It is said in their rules, that if the Superior command a thing that is manifestly sinful, he ought not to be obeyed, but such exception is illusory. First, because admitting that the voice of the Superior is the voice of God, it is impossible that God should command a sin; secondly, because in the doctrine of the Jesuits, it is difficult to find a sin. As for the Jesuits the world is their kingdom, and the different nations are only provinces of that kingdom of the Father-General. For example, England, Ireland, and Scotland are simply a Jesuit province; all Italy is only a province, France is another province, the whole of Switzerland proper has not even the honour of being considered a province, but French Switzerland is united to the province of France, and German Switzerland to the province of Germany; and so of other kingdoms. Every one of the provinces maintains in Rome near to the General a representative with the title of Father-Assistant, and such Father-Assistants assist and counsel the Father-General, simply giving their opinion, only as in consultation, when it is asked by him.

Every individual belonging to the Society must every day relate what he has seen, thought, or felt, whether of his companions or of strangers, and this relation must be made either to a Jesuit appointed for that purpose, who is called the Spiritual Father, or directly to the Superior. The Superiors must make

extracts from all the relations, collecting what in them may be of interest, and sending their report every week to the Provincial Father. The Provincials in their turn make their report every week, sending it to the Father-General, who in his turn gives the summary every Thursday in the private audience which he has with the Pope, referring to and consulting with His Holiness.

All these things cause the Father-General to be feared by the Pope and the sovereigns; because he only, through the consciences of all his subjects, which he alone has in his power, knows all the ramifications of Roman Catholic society as a whole. The Father-Assistants are the most sagacious men of their province, men sent to Rome in order that they may better inform and advise the Father-General, who consults with his Assistants according to the notices he receives from the Provincials, or from the Associated Society of St. Vincent (called of the *Paolotti*); if it is seen, for example, that it would be for the greater glory of God to organise a revolution in a kingdom, the Father-General consults with the Father-Assistant of that country, who, by his knowledge of the places, of the persons, of the national character, can suggest good advice; then he gives orders to the Provincial of that kingdom, and this latter sends the word of command to his subjects and associates, who, obedient as dead bodies, act for the most part without knowing the aim; they work in the pulpits, in the confessionals, in the schools, as the wheels of a machine skilfully impelled, which moves without knowing what will be the result. In this manner the Father-General who is in Rome can, if he believe it to be to the greater glory of God, predict, or cause to be predicted, an event, months, and even years, before it occurs, without fear of being belied. This is why the Jesuits are protected by sovereigns and governors. A sovereign who is not their friend will sooner or later experience their vengeance.

But you will tell me that in this there is much exaggeration, that were the policy of the Jesuits that which was indicated by the Abbé P——, still the Jesuits, not being now everywhere, the thread would be broken, and their General would no longer have any influence. This difficulty comes naturally to the mind of every one and I did not fail to propose it to the Abbé, who answered me somewhat as follows:—

“The Jesuits, my dear friend, are not always dressed in the habit of Don Basilio,* nor do they always live in convents; in those countries where they cannot legally live, they exist in other ways; indeed, I can tell you that in those countries the influence of the

* See *Don Quixote*, Second Part, Chapter xxi.

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Father-General is greater. The Jesuits exist in all Protestant countries under the name of missionaries, with the habit of priest, and also with the habit of layman; they exist there under other names. Also, to those countries the Father-General sends men of the greatest ability, who make themselves all things to all, to gain all to the sect. So those who would not dare to declare themselves Jesuits in those countries, deceived by the appearance of the emissaries, who occasionally even speak evil of the Jesuits, become Jesuits without being aware. Take England, for example, there they do not legally exist; nevertheless, they have not given up that country, and I assure you that they are more numerous in England than in Italy, and this because all the English, Scotch, and Irish Catholic priests are pupils of the Jesuits, and depend upon them, although some do not know their dependence. They proselytise in all classes of society, so there are Jesuits in the Parliament, amongst the Anglican clergy, amongst the Bishops, and perhaps also in still higher circles. There are Jesuits among the Protestants, and this need cause no surprise. Remember the celebrated Marco Antonio de Dominis. Yet they say that all things are pure to the pure; that to feign yourself Protestant, to lead Protestants back to the Church, is a holy work."

"Puseyism," the Abbé P—— said to me, "is a work of the Jesuits. It would have been folly to attempt to reclaim England to Catholicism by presenting it openly; it was a thing already tried, and had been unsuccessful. That great genius, Bossuet, had attempted it; the French Jansenists had attempted it by amicable arrangements; and before that the Jesuits had attempted it by revolutions; but all these attempts proved useless. Revolutions do not occur in England, a free country *par excellence*; the sophisms of theology have no influence over a practical people, and they are baffled by its learned clergy; it was necessary, therefore, to try another way, and the Jesuits tried it, and with great results; and this is the way they tried.

"Since the Anglican clergy were scrupulously attached in religious matters to the Bible, it was an impossibility to lead them direct to Catholicism; it was necessary to distract them from that study, and to present to them another that might form a stepping stone to the Roman Church. The Jesuits inveigled them into the study of ecclesiastical antiquity, making them see what advantage would accrue to their Church, if, by the monuments of sacred antiquity, it could be proved that their doctrines and their customs were precisely those of the Church of the first centuries. The good English fell into the snare, and gave themselves up to the long, laborious, difficult study of antiquity, and thus they did not entirely

leave the Bible, but interrupted it by certain monuments of ecclesiastical antiquity. The celebrated Bingham published his great work on ecclesiastical antiquity, and was the involuntary cause of Puseyism. The Pope, in Rome, informed by the Jesuits, did not lose time; he urged his best champions on to this field, and there appeared in Rome the books of the famous Fathers Mamacchi, Bosio, Arrighi, and many others on the same subject. And as in Rome there are the Catacombs, and monuments, both true and false, abound, so Roman theologians find they have the advantage. The Catacombs are in the hands of the Jesuits, and thus occurs, always to the greater glory of God, a terrible outrage on the monuments.

"In the meantime the English Jesuits continued to excite the Anglican clergy to the study of these antiquities, and made them wish to go to Rome to see them with their own eyes. The Roman Jesuits were cautious about the conversion of those who were sent; but being masters of the Catacombs and of a magnificent museum in the Roman College, they excited in them more and more a longing for the study, and made many apostles of antiquities; and thus the Jesuits of England and those of Rome are united in urging on a great number of the clergy and of the English aristocracy towards that sect which is called Puseyism, and which is the gnawing worm of the Anglican Church."

Moreover, the Abbé P—— told me that the rationalism that consumes German Protestantism is also a work of the Jesuits to bring back Germany to Catholicism.

In the United States the Jesuits have established the Congregation of the *Paolotti*, directed by them, and dependent on their General; and the greater number of the *Paolotti* swear, in all good faith, to have nothing to do with the Jesuits, because the intrigue is only known to some of the principal heads.

In Protestant countries they use other tactics. They preach and practise a Catholicism that in Catholic countries would be considered a heresy. They permit, contrary to the decrees of the Pope and the Councils, the reading of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, that it may be seen that the Protestants calumniate the Roman Church, when they say that it prohibits the reading of the Bible. The superstitions are much less than in Catholic countries, the worship is much more simple; and all this to deceive the credulous and make them believe that the Roman Church is calumniated by controversialists.

They seek to acquire a certain popularity by public works of charity, which they do in such a way as to make them appear more than they are; they know exactly how to insinuate themselves

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into favour with the great, and according to circumstances seek to render themselves indispensable.

One of the means they use to make themselves indispensable, especially in Protestant countries, is secretly to excite discord, and to make, without appearing to be the authors, political parties in the country. They form, for example, two Protestant parties in a country, in a government, or in a parliament; the Jesuits, with all the Catholics directed by them, should remain neutral; but instead of this, they skilfully examine the leaders of both parties, and throw themselves *en masse* into the support of that party which makes them the largest promises. And thus at once identifying themselves with the victorious party, which has conquered through them, they seek to destroy the adverse party; *that* destroyed, they seek also to destroy the party to which they are attached, so as to remain masters of the field.

But how, you will ask me, can you explain such iniquity? They cannot be so villainous without some great aim; what is then that aim? Such things cannot be done without large means; where and how do they get them?

I also asked these questions of the Abbé P——, and the revelations which he made in reply will form the subject of my next letter.—Adieu, my good friend, always love your

ENRICO.

LETTER XV.

Jesuitism (continued).

Rome, April, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

The revelations that the Abbé P—— made to me in relation to Jesuitism opened my mind; I then understood many things that had been a mystery to me; but still there remained to me some doubts. The Abbé P—— continued to give me all the explanations I could desire, and I, without minutely reporting all that he said to me, will give you the substance in this letter.

Jesuitism of the present day, although it has the same principles as ancient Jesuitism, nevertheless has modified the application of them in such a manner that they are no longer recognisable. He who thinks he knows the Jesuits by having read all the books that were written in the past century to unmask them, would be grossly deceived. The Jesuitism of that day was an open war against the Gospel and society; the Jesuitism of the present day is a slow but contagious and deadly disease, which secretly insinuates itself; it is a poison taken under the name of medicine. To-day the Jesuits are no longer the confessors of sovereigns; the confessor of to-day has no longer any influence over them, they are no longer the Court preachers, Court preaching being out of fashion. Their aim is to make the fate of the people depend upon them, and the confession of sovereigns and Court preaching are no longer the means to attain such an end; and as the means are indifferent they have changed them.

It is very important to them to deny what was formerly said about them before they were suppressed; but how deny documents so clear, judicial processes, unexceptionable testimonies, bulls of the Pope, and their own writings? It would be an impossible thing for any others, but not for those who maintain that *all means are good which conduce to the end*. For such a purpose they have adopted conduct quite contrary to their predecessors, in order that the people who cannot read the ancient books, seeing them

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in appearance like saints, may think that the things said of them are calumnies of the Protestants and of the Liberals; and that the men who study may say: "If the ancient Jesuits were bad the modern ones are good." In this manner they are re-established in the opinion of those who judge things from the surface. Thus they have changed the means, retaining always the same aim. This is, then, the difference between the ancient and modern Jesuits; the former acted openly as conquerors, the latter act secretly as assassins.

At what, then, do the Jesuits aim? According to them, they only seek *the greater glory of God*; but if you examine the facts you will find that they aim at universal dominion alone. They have rendered themselves indispensable to the Pope, who, without them, could not exist, because Catholicism is identified with them. They have rendered themselves indispensable to governors and hold revolutions in their hands; and in this way, either under one name or another, it is they who rule the world, who have reduced it to such perversion of ideas, that he can neither be a good citizen nor a good Catholic who is not a Jesuit.

As, according to their favourite maxim, all means are indifferent, so in order not to be impeded by intelligent persons they perplex them with their studies, with their methods, with their superstitions, with which they have materialised religion, and rendered it carnal. They cause themselves to be called the Religionists of the Society of Jesus; not, however, to take Him as a model, but to present to the people a Jesuit Jesus. Only take any one of their ascetic books, made, as they say, to nourish devotion, and you will perceive, not the sublime Jesus of the Gospel, but a Jesus so belittled as to resemble one of their novices.

They wish to rule in politics; the fourth vow that they make, to blindly obey the Pope, is by them observed as a means to attain their end; when it is opposed to that, they are the most rebellious priests. To render themselves indispensable to sovereigns they make themselves masters of everything; the consciences, not only of the sovereigns, but of the people, are in their hands. The priests who do not depend upon them, who do not follow their doctrines, who do not teach religion, or guide souls according to Jesuit principles, were formerly called Jansenists, and now immoral and revolutionary priests. The Jesuits preach revolution, whilst in word they preach obedience and submission. This will seem to you a paradox, but it is a truth; they preach that we ought to obey all authorities constituted by God; but then, deploring the wickedness of the times, they speak against liberty as a thing unlawful in religion, and insinuate that the authorities that are

of God are those that protect the Church. In the Confessional also, where they do not fear the law, they speak out more clearly; he who does not protect Jesuits, persecutes religion; and thus act, not only the Jesuits, properly so-called, but also all their associates. In this manner they render themselves formidable, because they act like water underground, which wears away the foundation without being seen. When Pope Pius IX., at the beginning of his Pontificate, seemed to have some liberal desires, the Jesuits made the worst insinuations about him, and taught their devotees to pray for his conversion. If a sovereign does not protect them, they insinuate that he is not a religious man; if this cannot be said of him, then they say he is good, but that the ministers are bad, and discredit the government; then they abuse that passage of the Bible: "We ought to obey God rather than man," and teach all kinds of subterfuges to elude the law.

If it is the case of a sovereign or of a government loved by the people, not on this account are the Reverend Fathers discouraged; then they say that the people are deceived by appearances, that the good they see in the ruler is but a varnish, a film of gold on a pillule of arsenic, which attracts the people to their ruin, as the enchantress siren of the fable; that the pretended advantages the people see are only deceptions, and the trickery of irreligious men to snatch from the people the precious treasure of the religion of the fathers; and they know so well what to do and what to say, that they create embarrassment and vexation to the one who is governing, overturn the ministers against their will, introduce their adherents into Parliament, paralyse liberty, and arrest progress. Not content with this, they excite reaction in all possible ways, in order that the country may come under, according to them, blessed despotism.

Pellegrino Rossi was the only man who could maintain constitutional government in Rome, and he was against the Jesuits. His assassination has been attributed to the Liberals, but all men of sense in Rome are persuaded that it was the dark work of the Jesuits, in order to throw Rome into a sanguinary revolution.

Rossi was killed, but other blood was not shed, and the project of reaction was abortive. Then (Cardinal) Antonelli, an associate of the Jesuits, ordered the Swiss Guard to open fire upon an unarmed people, who asked the Pope not to leave them without a government. This infernal attempt also failed, reaction did not win; and then the Jesuit party constrained the Pope to fly from Rome, making him see dangers where there were none, and this flight was the means of attaining their aim, viz.: to throw Rome into anarchy, to alarm despots and Catholics, and make themselves

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masters of the Pope, in order to bring him back again to mediævalism. Thus they act pretty much everywhere; dominion is the end at which they aim; the means for arriving at it are indifferent; hence in a country where there are Jesuits, they must either rule or the country must go to ruin.

Perhaps you wish to know how the Jesuits manage to procure so much wealth, since it is no secret that they are very rich. Remember that their riches are *for the greater glory of God*, therefore the means for acquiring them are indifferent. We, poor simple ones, call certain actions theft, rapine, fraud, robbery, etc., but the Reverend Fathers, with their theology, call such things indifferent means to attain their end, which being holy, that is, *for the greater glory of God*, cannot do less than sanctify even the means.

One of these means is the hypocritical poverty which they affect; if you go into the room of a Jesuit, were it even the room of the Father-General, you would find an edifying poverty. The Jesuit never has a *soldo* in his pocket; but this great poverty is a holy hypocrisy to throw dust in the eyes of the simple, and to make themselves more interesting.

Nothing is ever wanting to the Jesuit, but he has in a moment all that he could desire. The poor man is he who is obliged to suffer privations, but no prince has as much as the Jesuit; the richest libraries, museums, observatories, objects of fine art, are all found in profusion in their houses and in their colleges; their ordinary table, without being sumptuous, is superior to, or at least equal to, the ordinary table of any gentleman.

To carry on their artifice they use another method, which has the appearance of sanctity. Their religious houses, according to their rule, may have no funds or income, but must exist on charity. But do not believe that they are not extremely rich; they have possessions, they have incomes, but these are not settled upon the House, but upon the Infirmary, to maintain sick Jesuits; and under this pretext they are very rich, but feign to have nothing; it is a mental reservation; but as they publish to the people that the House is poor, so, to confirm their pretended poverty, they go into the city begging, and cheat the poor out of the alms of the citizens. They are famous in the churches for begging; they beg under various pretexts for the Houses of the Devout, and a few years ago, to embellish the principal altar of the *Gesù*, they spent a hundred thousand Roman *scudi* (540,000 francs). Would you believe that the Protestant countries are another source of wealth to them?

The Jesuits educate in Rome young men of various nationali-

ties, taken from Protestant countries, and this makes them able to beg in those countries in order to maintain and educate missionaries in Rome. England alone every year gives to the Jesuits several thousand pounds sterling.

I say nothing of the famous work of the Propaganda of faith, which has its centre in Lyons; those immense sums which are collected every year from the adherents to Jesuitism serve to maintain Jesuitism where it already is, and to propagate it where it does not exist.

Another means of wealth are gifts and bequests. If a rich person confesses to a Jesuit, he cannot get out of paying dearly for his absolution; not, indeed, that the Jesuit says, "Give me money or I will not absolve you"; that would be too stupid, it would not be subtle. The Jesuit speaks to his rich penitent of the obligation of beneficence which presses more specially upon the rich; and so far he does well. But then he begins to say that it is needful to be cautious not to give public alms and subscriptions, and that the best way to do good is to do so by means of some religious person, who distributes without letting the name of the benefactor be known; and the purse of the rich person is ready to be emptied into the hands of the confessor. A confessor, other than a Jesuit, would open his hands, but the Jesuit refuses, he will receive nothing, he is forbidden to touch money, and the blind penitent believes him, has a higher estimation for the individual and his Society, and gives his alms to the Society, and to a greater amount than he would have given to the individual.

When a Jesuit sees a rich penitent ready to give, he begins to praise the works of his Society, and to say what greater glory would accrue to God if it had more means. He speaks of charity and distinguishes it from philanthropy; he says that this is a work that is done by philosophers and unbelievers, but charity is the work of Christians; by philanthropy you give to man, by charity you give to God; he reminds you that Jesus praised the woman who poured upon Him the precious ointment, instead of assisting the poor with that money; and concludes by saying that the best spent money is that which is given *for the greater glory of God*, which is given to Jesus; and by Jesus they mean themselves.

If a man confesses to a Jesuit whose riches have originated in robbery, and who, become rich and old, wishes to ease his particle of conscience, he soon finds how it may be arranged with his confessor, who has ready for this occasion the parable of the unjust steward, and quoting it, says to this individual, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations" (Luke

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xvi. 9). Thus they insinuate that these iniquitous riches should be given to the Virgin and to the saints (through their means), in order to make friends of them, that they may receive him into heaven. When they attend the dying bed of the rich, they speak to them of the difficulty the rich have in saving themselves, and when they have well frightened them they add that nothing is difficult with God; that He has taught even the rich a secure way to be saved, by placing their treasures in heaven, because where our treasure is, there will our heart be also. The rich man who by a signature sees heaven open to him, signs his will in favour of the Reverend Fathers, as if it were a matter of signing a bill of exchange. These are some of the most holy means which the Jesuits use to enrich themselves; and these are the most public, the most common means, without speaking of many others which are a secret to the public.

To acquire and maintain riches at the expense of the public they must make the public believe they are not only honest but holy; therefore, the Jesuits affect an austere morality, an exaggerated religion. As to morality, it is not that the Jesuits are of a different nature from other friars, but they know how to take all precautions against being discovered. They always go about the city two and two, they walk with downcast eyes; they do not amuse themselves like the other friars in the cafés, the shops, the houses; in fact, they exhibit the greatest morality. If they did not act thus, who would be for them? But is not this exactly as the Pharisees acted? Nevertheless, whilst they affect such rigour, they have not the least scruple for the immense amount of iniquity they commit, and which I have pointed out to you, because these are *means which conduce to the end*, and consequently these are things which to them are indifferent; whilst corruption in manners would be a means *diverting from the end*, and consequently would be an evil thing.

But it would be injurious to their end to exact the observance of a strict neutrality from those who allow themselves to be directed by them, for then they would have few followers; therefore the Reverend Fathers have a morality adapted for all tastes. I shall not here repeat what has been said with so much grace by Blaise Pascal in his Provincial Letters, but I can assure you that their morality is fundamentally the same, even though it may be adapted to circumstances.

They affect great piety, and insinuate this to their penitents; but all their religion consists in superstitions, more or less gross; in a religion of the senses rather than of the spirit. The Lord says that "the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit

and in truth," and they establish a worship entirely of the senses. Simple and spiritual worship, according to the Gospel, gives to the priests neither riches, nor authority, nor dominion; to attain their end the Jesuits have always materialised worship. Jesus Christ says that the way which leads to life is narrow, while the gate which leads to perdition is wide. The Jesuits, to make to themselves many friends, say precisely the contrary, and make the way to heaven very broad; thus they deceive souls, but gather money. Jesus Christ says that few are those who walk in the narrow way; and the study of the Jesuits is to present an easy Christianity, so that all, according to a way quite other than Christian, may be saved. It is they who have led the worship of Mary up to the highest degree, because such a cult is easy and pleasant, and, according to them, secure, it being impossible that a worshipper of Mary should be lost, however rascally his life may have been.

And as if all this was little, they have invented a new worship to their Saint Francis Xavier. They say that there is a revelation by which God pledges Himself to accord any favour that is asked of Him in the name of St. Francis Xavier, making a *novena* in his honour on the appointed day, which *novena*, if I remember rightly, is in the month of March. The crafty Jesuits, not to be belied, advise all to ask for the most essential grace, that is, the salvation of their souls; and in the days of that *novena* you may see the immense Church of the *Gesù* full of the devout, praying for salvation, and the Jesuits, in the name of God and of St. Francis Xavier, assuring them that they will be saved; and the alms to the Saint fill all the boxes.

But I should never end if I related to you all the Abbé P—— told me, and all that I know, although I do not know the whole, of the Jesuits' arts. These few examples will suffice at present to warn you of them. In my next letter, if it please God, I will tell you about my imprisonment.—Continue to love your

ENRICO.

LETTER XVI.

The Imprisonment.

ROME, May, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

Here I am in a city besieged by French troops. I cannot give you an idea of the injury done to Catholicism by this false step of the Pope and of France. I think that the Papacy has, by so false a way of acting, received such a blow that it can never rise again, at least, morally. It is a sad spectacle to see the priests, who ought to be the ministers of the God of peace, who, like Christ, ought to weep over the sorrows of their country, and pray for it, to see them, I say, rejoicing over the ruin of their native land, and conspiring with the stranger against it. But let us draw a veil over such misfortunes.

Do not fear that I shall now take the opportunity of speaking to you on politics; no, dear friend, my purpose is fixed; my element is not politics, and you know the teaching I received on that point from my good father. Besides, all that relates to political events you know from the newspapers. As you see by the date of my letter, I am still in Rome, because I expect in a few days the return of my friend, Signor Pasquali, who comes back from a journey in the East, with his two other friends; when they return we shall go off together.

I promised in my last to give you an account of my imprisonment; now I will keep my word.

It was Easter Monday, the 5th of April. I was alone, and quietly studying in my room, when about nine o'clock in the evening, two men presented themselves before me, well dressed, and seeming to be two gentlemen. One of them was tall and stout, who, after he had entered, shut the door behind him, and stood upright, as if to guard it. The other was small of stature, muscular, elderly, but having a sinister expression, which inspired me with fear. He advanced towards me, bowing, and when close to me, said: "Are you the Signor Abbé Enrico M——, of

Geneva!" "I am," I replied. "In that case," replied the man of gloomy countenance, "you will do us the favour of accompanying us"; and drawing from his pocket a paper, he opened it, and placed it before me.

I saw the seal of the Holy Office, and my eyes became so dim that I could not read it. My knees, from a nervous motion, smote one against the other, so that I could not rise from my seat; and I felt a cold perspiration run down my forehead.

"Fear nothing," said the man, refolding and putting in his pocket the mandate; "we are two gentlemen; all will be well, the Holy Tribunal is merciful; we have the carriage below," and he continued to speak with great volubility, but his words only reached my ears as indistinct sounds.

After some minutes I saw enter my room, pale and trembling, the Superior of the convent where I lodged. Having somewhat recovered myself, I rose from my seat to follow the two bailiffs, for such they were; but they opened the window of my room, to see from it whether there could be any communication, and assuring themselves that there was not, they looked well if beside the door there was any way of communication with the room, and assuring themselves also of this, they closed the door with the key, which they consigned to the Superior, wrapped up in paper, and sealed with the seal of the Holy Office. Then with a band of parchment, which they had brought with them, and on which was written, *S. Ufficio*, they secured the door, sealing the band with the seal of the Holy Office. That done, in the presence of the Superior, and of another friar, who put their signatures to the act, the two bailiffs courteously invited me to descend the stairs, and we all three got into the carriage which was awaiting us.

Whilst we were alone in the carriage, the two officials who conducted me, showed what they were; there were no longer honeyed words, which were for them only hypocrisy; they began to talk together in a certain vulgar slang, which I did not understand, and laughed excessively. But although I did not understand all that they said, nevertheless, by their gestures and the manner in which they looked at me, I understood they were making fun of me, and I kept silent. Then they began openly, and without slang, to insult me; these insults roused me from the sort of torpor in which I was, my offended dignity rose in the presence of such villainy, and I looked straight in the face of those bullies; but they did not cease to insult me.

We drove in the carriage for about half-an-hour; the blinds of the carriage doors were let down so that you could not see what was happening in the streets as we passed. Finally, a hollow sound

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warned me that the carriage had entered under an archway, and made me aware that we had arrived at the terrible Palace of the Inquisition.

The carriage had scarcely entered than I heard the iron gates close; then the carriage door was opened, and I was told to descend. A man of ferocious aspect, with a lantern in one hand and a bunch of large keys in the other, ordered me to follow him; he went before, I followed, and the two bailiffs were on each side. I was so confused that I do not remember what stairs we ascended, nor what corridors we traversed; I only remember that, arrived before one cell, of which the door was open, my guide stopped, and told me to go in; and when I was in I heard the door of the cell closed behind me, and secured by a great padlock outside. I was in the most profound darkness; I did not know where. I remained for a moment motionless, and then began to seek by feeling to know my surroundings. I thought I should thus remain until the morning, but I was deceived. A little while after, I heard my cell open, and I saw a Dominican Friar enter, of athletic appearance, and with him a priest, with paper, inkstand, and everything necessary for writing, and close after followed those who had arrested me, and the jailer.

Those who had imprisoned me related the whole story of my incarceration, and the priest wrote down everything; then he wished that I should sign the writing, but I excused myself, and he wrote down my refusal, and that act was signed by the two bailiffs. That done, they divested me entirely of my clothes, even to my shirt; they took all that was in my pockets, examined minutely all my clothes, to see if there was anything hidden, took off the braces of my breeches, took off my collar, the fastenings from my hose, and, finally, my pocket-handkerchief. Then they restored my clothes that I might put them on again. This manner of acting appeared to me so indecent, so barbarous, that I could not do less than strongly complain. The Dominican Father then, with hypocritical softness, told me that what was done was for my good, because it might happen, that instigated by the devil, I might attempt my life; but added, that if I behaved well, not only would all be restored to me, but I should be treated with much consideration. During the time of this indecent operation, I was able to look a little around; helped by the light I observed my prison, and took an inventory of all its furniture. It was a small square room, like that of a Capuchin monk; at the side of the door there was a sack full of straw, with a grey woollen covering over it; in another corner there was a red earthen pitcher with water, and near to it a night-vessel of coarse earthenware; a little wooden stool

and a table fixed to the wall formed all the other furniture of the prison.

As soon as the priest had finished writing, the Dominican turned to the jailer, and said to him in a solemn tone: "This prisoner is given into your charge; you will render an account of him to the Holy Tribunal." The jailer made a profound bow, all went out, and I heard the padlock put on, and well locked; then I remained alone, standing up in total darkness in the middle of my prison.

It would be impossible to tell you now what a tempest of thoughts passed through my mind; what tumult agitated my heart; I only remember that I felt as if a heavy hand pressed like an incubus upon my heart, scarcely allowing me to breathe freely. I cannot tell you how long I remained in that state of annihilation; I only remember that a merciful thought roused me from the lethargy; in that moment I did not seek God but God sought me. There came to my mind those words of the Gospel, that Jesus was "sent to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised" (Luke iv. 18, 19).

These words were as balm to my sorrow. I threw myself on my knees, and prayed with all the fervour of my heart, although my spirit was disturbed; a torrent of tears gushed from my eyes, and I felt relieved. Then I threw myself on my sack of straw and slept.

My prison faced the east; a ray of sunshine came early, and, striking upon my eyes, woke me. You do not know, dear Eugenio, what a terrible impression prison makes on awaking the first day! Then is seen all the horror of it, and one feels the inestimable value of the liberty which is lost.

I began to walk up and down my cell, but it was only three paces long, so that by continual turning and re-turning, in a short time my head was giddy, and I was obliged again to throw myself on my sack. I wished to open the window to change a little the foul air which suffocated me, but it was so high as to be impossible for me to reach. I waited impatiently for the jailer, and every quarter of an hour that I heard the clock of St. Peter's strike, appeared to me an age. I did not hear the least noise around me, that building seemed inhabited by the dead. At last I heard mid-day sound, and as yet I had seen no one.

The depression, the grief, the solitude, the hunger had so disturbed my imagination, that I thought I was shut up like Count Ugolino to die of hunger.

A moment after I heard the sound of keys; my door opened,

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and the jailer entered with a basket, from which he drew forth my allowance for that day; it consisted of a little bad broth in a leaden bowl; a piece of boiled meat, which might be three ounces, in the same bowl with the broth; and a piece of black bread, which might weigh a pound; that was all my allowance. Neither spoon, nor fork, nor knife, nor glass, nor plates, nor napkin, for such things are considered luxuries for the prisoners of the Inquisition. The jailer left my provision, saying that he would not return until the same hour the following day, and closing the door very carefully, he left me alone.

In this manner eight long days were passed, in which I saw but once a day the unsympathetic face of my jailer, who, while I eat, emptied my night-vessel and gave the cell a superficial sweep. After the eighth day I told the jailer that I wished to speak with one of the Father Inquisitors. The jailer greeted my request with a sarcastic smile. "And how long," said he to me, "have prisoners become masters in this place? The Reverend Fathers are not your servants; when they wish for you, they will call for you; but be sure that they will not obey your call."

Then I saw that it was necessary to make a friend of the jailer; and I said to him that what I wished from the Fathers, he would, perhaps, be able to give me himself; that I only wanted a little larger prison, because it was impossible for me to live, breathing such foul air; and that I wished to have some book in order to pass away these long days. "As to the prison," he answered, "it is useless to speak of that; there are very few prisons available for the Dogmatisers, and they are all full; as to books, it is not necessary to trouble the Fathers, I can give them if I like."

I could not reconcile this softened demeanour of the jailer with his ferocious air, and with what I had heard tell of the rigours of the Inquisition, therefore, I was astonished at the proposition. He, seeing my surprise, explained to me his offer, saying: "Don't think that we jailers are so bad, or that the Inquisition is as cruel as the heretics say. The Reverend Fathers cannot authorise any alleviation for the prisoners, because it would be against the rules of the Holy Tribunal; but they trust in us because they know we are good Christians, and we do all we can to oblige the prisoners within the limits of our duty; so," continued he, "you have only to tell me what you wish and I will do for you all that shall be just and honest; only I warn you that we also must live, and if you will now write an order to the Reverend Notary, that I should be paid out of your property, I will serve you in all." He pulled from his pocket a sheet, on which I wrote, with a pencil that he lent me, the order he asked. I restricted myself for the time

to praying him to open the little window every morning for me, and to supply me with some book. The next morning the jailer came early, opened the window, and left a great book on my table. At the sight of that book I seemed quite to revive; I jumped up from my sack, ran to the table, and saw that the book was "Legends of Saints." I could have torn it in pieces; but that I had too strong a desire to read to relieve the *ennui* of idleness.

I read, I read, but the reading of those apocryphal stories excited contempt; so that, after three days, I asked the jailer if he would change the book and give me a Bible instead. He started back, as though bitten by a serpent, and opening his two eyes as if possessed, exclaimed: "A Bible! That would be to bring the devil into the Holy Office." I, not understanding the terror of the poor man, asked an explanation, but he would not reply; he took the Legends, and promised to bring me another book; he proposed some romance, which I declined, and he brought me the sermons of Father Segneri.

I remained in that prison a month, and only saw the unsympathetic face of the jailer. He presented me a paper to sign; it was an exaggerated account of the extraordinary services he had rendered me during that month; he had done nothing but open and shut the window, and lend me some old book; and for twenty days of these services he had made out an account of six *scudi*, which I was obliged to pay, in order not to suffer worse usage. I fortunately had a little money which I could draw from the Swiss Consul, otherwise I should have died of suffocation, and could not have had a book.

Three months after my imprisonment I was for the first time called to be examined; and I may say that from that moment began the series of my sufferings. But in another letter I will tell you of my examination.—Believe me always, your affectionate

ENRICO.

LETTER XVII.

The Process.

ROME, May, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

For fifty days I groaned in that sepulchre of the living, without seeing any human form but that of the unsympathetic jailer. One day I heard the door of my prison open at an unusual hour, and I thought I was to be called to the much-desired examination, but, instead, it was the jailer, who turned my cell upside down, in order to sweep it thoroughly, and then burnt over a brazier some laurel berries and some herbs, to disinfect the air, took away the wooden stool, and brought instead two decent straw chairs. I was astonished at such extraordinary attentions, and asked the reason of them; I was told that shortly I should receive a visit from a most important person. You may imagine how comforted I was to hear the announcement of a visit, but do what I would, I could not find out who the important person was who was to visit me. I waited with great anxiety, and my mind ran over all my acquaintances; I made a thousand conjectures, but the most probable appeared to me that this visit must be from the Father Commissary. Towards ten o'clock I heard the door open again, and the harsh voice of the jailer announced the visit of the Abbé Pallotta.

The Abbé Pallotta is a priest who enjoys at Rome the fame of great sanctity. Very small in stature, thin in face, slender in person, baldheaded, in robe of coarse cloth, tied at the side with a girdle of the same stuff, he affects the appearance of one of those saints you see painted over the altars. He enjoys all over Rome the esteem and special veneration of the lower classes.

This man is the general confessor of the prisoners of the Inquisition, and was sent to me to convert me. Scarcely had he entered my prison than he drew from one of the vast pockets of his robe a brass crucifix, a book, and a violet stole; then he drew from his sleeve an image of the Virgin in bas-relief on copper; he adjusted

the crucifix on the table, supporting it against the wall, so that it stood upright, and placed at its feet the image of the Virgin; he then put the stole over his neck, and prostrated himself before these images to pray. After some minutes of prayer he sat down, and invited me to kneel at his feet to make my confession. I replied that God only could remit sin, and that I had made my confession to God, and every day made it to God, therefore I could not make it to a man, still less to one of whom I knew nothing, and to whom certainly I had never done any injury for which I should ask pardon.

While I spoke thus the poor Abbé crossed himself, rose and sat down, quite frightened; and going to a distance from me said I was possessed of the devil, and that he would exorcise me; and seizing the book of exorcisms, he prepared to do so; but I, taking the book from his hands, told him that the possessed of the devil are those who so cruelly persecute the innocent; and, therefore, if he wished to exorcise some one he should go and exorcise the Father Inquisitors and my jailer.

These words had on him the effect of an electric shock; he fell down on his knees, drew from his pocket an iron scourge, and, moving some contrivance, opened his robe behind the shoulders, making them bare, and in that state he began with great energy to flagellate himself, crying: "Lord, have mercy."

This act moved me greatly; I did not know what to think of the man. For a few moments I remained stupified, but when I saw his shoulders bleeding, I roused and threw myself upon him, wrenching the iron scourge from his hand. I could have desired to have Signor Pasquali with me, that with his coolness and knowledge of the Bible, he might convince this man of his religious fanaticism; but he, rising, said to me in a kind tone: "My son, you who so fear a few strokes of discipline, what will you do in the indescribable torments of hell into which you will soon fall, if you refuse the pardon which God to-day offers you in His mercy?"

Then a discussion began between us. I said that not only did I not refuse the pardon of God, but that I had already in His mercy received it. "Heresy, obstinacy," said the priest; "the pardon of God is only received through our means." I will not here relate that discussion which lasted for half-an-hour, I will only tell you that to all the passages of the Gospel which I quoted, to show that the pardon of sin is given us gratuitously by God, on the sole condition of believing in Jesus Christ, he responded by kissing the image of the Virgin, and praying her to liberate me from the demon of heresy. He wished also that I should kiss this image, and kneel with him just to say an *Ave Maria*, promising

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me that the Virgin would bring about my conversion. I positively refused, and recited with solemnity the words of the Second Commandment of God. Then the Abbé Pallotta put back his images in his pocket, and left the prison, saying: "This kind of possession goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

The manner in which this man acted disturbed me; I passed the rest of the day agitated by my thoughts and doubts, so much the more as I foresaw that my conduct would have occasioned great commotion amongst all the officials of the Inquisition. In fact, soon after the Abbé Pallotta left my cell, the jailer entered with a priest, who sprinkled with holy water all the prison and threw a quantity over my person. The chairs were taken away, and the stool brought back in their place. Instead of my usual dinner I only had a meagre portion of black bread. The jailer, every time he came into my prison, made the sign of the cross; he no longer spoke to me, and if I questioned him he did not reply. Nine days passed in this manner.

The tenth day I was so weak from fasting that I could scarcely stand. I was then called up for my first examination. Conducted by the jailer to the room of examination, I saw that same Dominican Father whom I had seen in my prison the evening of my arrest; he was seated on a chair before a table on which was placed a great black crucifix, and a sheet of pasteboard, on which was printed in large letters the beginning of the Gospel of St. John. On the left side of the table a notary was seated, with all the appliances for writing. The Dominican Father had before him a number of papers tied together, which I then knew was my process. I stood before the table, and the jailer was at my left, somewhat behind. I was ordered to swear on the Gospel to tell the truth, even against myself. I swore, because it was really my intention to tell all the truth, even against myself, provided I did not compromise others. Having sworn, I was ordered to sit on a small wooden bench.

The Dominican Father, who was the appointed judge, then began the questioning. He commenced by asking my name, my surname, my country, my age, the name of my parents, the motives for which I had come to Rome, and many other things which seemed to me to have nothing to do with my process. But it is better I should write the interrogations as question and answer as they were made to me, and as I am able to remember them.

Q. Do you know where you are?

A. In the prisons of the Holy Office.

Q. Why are you in these prisons?

A. That you know better than I.

Q. But you do know?

A. I do not.

Q. But you may imagine why you are?

A. I think it may be for having conversed with Protestants.

Q. What reason have you to believe so?

A. Because the Jesuit Father P—— threatened me with the Holy Office if I did not relinquish conversing with those Protestants, and I hold it for certain that he has accused me.

Q. Who were those Protestants with whom you conversed, and how did you know them?

I then gave the names of my three friends, and related at length how and why I had had intercourse with them.

Q. What subjects did you converse on with those Protestants?

I related distinctly and with all sincerity all I remembered of our conversations.

Q. What are your own opinions on such matters?

A. I ought to render to God alone the account of my inward feelings; I do not think any tribunal has the right to judge my thoughts and opinions.

Then the appointed judge made me observe that I was obliged by oath to answer with truth all the questions, and said that if I refused to answer this or any other question, I should be guilty of perjury, and this my new crime would be noted in the process, because it would be, with others, punished according to law.

I knew then but too late the snare into which I had been led by being made to swear; I remained for a moment perplexed as to the validity of the oath; then I at last answered: "It is not the fear of punishment, but the love of truth and the obligation I feel to confess it, which prompts me to answer. My opinions are to believe all that the Word of God teaches; neither a syllable more nor less."

A diabolical sneer came on the pale face of the Friar, who continued thus to interrogate me:

Q. What do you understand by the Word of God?

A. All that is written in the books of the Old and New Testament.

Q. Do you believe that unwritten tradition is the Word of God?

A. No; because St. Paul pronounces an anathema against any one who adds to the Word of God; and because Jesus Christ says that tradition annuls the Commandment of God.

Q. Do you admit as canonical, and divinely inspired, all the books of the Old Testament which the Council of Trent has declared so to be?

A. No; because St. Paul tells me that God entrusted His

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oracles to the Synagogue, not to the Council of Trent; hence I retain as canonical and divine only those books which, as such, have always been retained by the Synagogue.

Q. Have you made known to any one these opinions of yours?

A. I told them to my confessor.

Q. Who was your confessor?

A. The Jesuit Father M——.

Q. Hearing these things from you, what did he say to you?

A. I do not remember precisely, but I know that his answers did not convince me.

Q. Why did they not convince you?

A. Because they were not founded on the Word of God.

Q. Did your confessor give you absolution?

This question made me suspect that my answer might injure a third party, therefore I replied: "I have sworn to tell all that has relation to myself, even if it be against myself; but I will not answer questions that relate to others."

Q. Besides your confessor, to what other persons have you made known these your opinions?

A. I have said that I only spoke to my confessor.

Q. Swear on this point.

A. I will not swear, neither will I swear any more.

The judge then told me that he admonished me under the name of charity to swear; that if I refused the oath, it was a proof that I had lied; the Holy Tribunal had in its hands the proofs of my falsehood. I replied that I would on no account swear again; that in no tribunal was the oath given as proof against one's self; that the questions asked of me were captious and suggestive; and that I should no longer reply to such questions. In fact, I crossed my arms on my breast and maintained most perfect silence, answering no more. "You constrain the Holy Tribunal," said my judge, "to make use of torture to make you speak; but I protest before God and before men that I am innocent of all the harm which will occur to you; you have brought it upon yourself." Thus saying he rose, and said to the jailer, "This criminal is recommended to your charity." The jailer took me by the hand and led me outside.

I expected to return to my prison, but the jailer made me go up a long winding flight of steps, and conducted me to a wretched cell in the highest part of the palace. This prison is called the room of trial; and it was substituted for the ancient torture. It was a very small room, situated immediately under the roof; a round dormer-window, lantern shaped, was in the centre of the highest part of the prison, and gave to it a strong light augmented

by the intense whiteness of the walls, and of the white lime-covered floor. There was nothing in this room but a sack of straw and a night-vessel; no seats, neither stool nor table; bars of iron prevented access to the dormer-window, whether to breathe or to open the ventilator.

In the excessive heat of the Roman summer this prison was insupportable. I seemed to be in a furnace. When the sun went down, and I might hope to have a little rest from being tormented with the excessive light, there arose a new torture; the heat shut up in that small space seemed to me insupportable; then I experienced all the horror of that atmosphere, made noxious and corrupt by the intense heat, and by the exhalations of the unclean vessel which the jailer had orders to empty every third day. Added to all this, I could not, as in my other prison, have water at discretion, but once a day was brought to me a small cup of water, which I swallowed at one draught, and which was only sufficient to prevent my dying of thirst. For all food I had only a piece of black bread, enough to keep me alive. I should have preferred to suffer the torture of the cord, rather than this most horrible and most prolonged torture of hunger, thirst, heat, pestilential air, and solitude. Feelings of rage and hatred against my persecutors rose powerfully in my mind; all religious sentiments vanished; I only felt rage and desperation. At last there came to my mind the idea of breaking my skull against the walls; but God preserved me from that excess. I no longer prayed; I no longer believed. Affliction had overcome all my strength; and on the fourth day of this torment, I was reduced to such a state of debility, that the walls of the prison seemed continually to turn round me, and I seemed to be carried round and round as by a wheel.

Whilst in this state I was taken again to the room of examination, and in this state I was examined. You can well understand that I have not the least recollection either of what was asked me, nor what I replied. It appeared to me that my examination pleased the Reverend Fathers, because after it I was taken back to my old prison, which seemed like a palace to me; cordials were quickly given to me, and before returning to the old regimen, for a week I received the food of the convalescent, viz., broth, meat, wine, and white bread.

After some days, when I had regained strength, another mysterious visit was announced to me. It was the Father N——, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, who, from being a Protestant, had become a Catholic, and passed for a most learned man, and one of the best theologians of Rome. He began to put forth the

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customary arguments in favour of the Catholic Church. I let him speak as long as he wished, without ever interrupting him; but while he was speaking, it occurred to my mind to use a stratagem to get from him what I so much desired, viz., a Bible. I told him that his reasons might be true, and that I would willingly enter into discussion with him; but I should like to have the favour of a Bible, to be able to study well the passages which appeared to me controvertible, and of which I should want to ask his explanation.

The Father appeared satisfied, and said he would speak about it to the Father Commissary; in fact, a short time after, the jailer came and brought me a Latin Bible, four sheets of paper, an inkstand and a pen; he told me that I should have to give account of the paper, and I must take great care not to destroy even the least bit.

I could scarcely restrain myself from jumping for joy in the presence of the jailer, to see myself the possessor of the so-much-desired Bible, and this under the roof of the Inquisition.

Scarcely had the jailer left, than I eagerly opened the Bible, and these words met my eyes: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;" (Isaiah lxi. 1). Scarcely had I read these words than I seemed to recognise the hand of God verifying these things: I seemed to feel Jesus Christ at my side; the prison was no longer terrible to me; I no longer felt that solitude which had so much distressed me, because I realised that God was with me. I knelt down to thank my God. I wept, I prayed, and felt comforted. I may say from that moment I date my regeneration; I felt born to a new life; I was no longer conscious of the sufferings; God was with me, and I feared nothing more from man. To-morrow I will write to you what happened to me with my Bible.—In the meantime, believe me, your most affectionate

ENRICO.

LETTER XVIII.

The Conversion.

ROME, May, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

So great was my comfort in finding myself possessed of a Bible, that I could not contain myself. I did not feel alone; I seemed to converse with God in being able to read His Word. I cast myself on that Bible, and all the remainder of the day I did nothing but read, without drawing any profit from it; because, rather than reading I devoured its pages, skipping from place to place, without any order and without reflection.

Like a famished man who casts himself eagerly upon the desired food, devours as much as he can and draws from it no nourishment, but indigestion and *malaise*, so this undigested reading produced in me more harm than good. Meditating on such loss I determined to read the Bible with prayer, consecutively, reflecting that this was proper for a book which was the Word of God. I arose at the dawn of day, and began with fervent prayer, asking God to guide me by His Spirit in that reading.

I have said that the Bible which was given to me was the Latin Vulgate: it was an edition in 4to. of Venice, printed in 1733, by Niccolò Pezzana. I opened this Bible to read the preface, and found there reproduced the preface of the Roman edition, which I read with attention; and I there found these words which are of more value than any argument, to show that the Vulgate is falsified. I translate to you literally from the Latin these words: "In this most popular version, although there are some things designedly changed, there are still many others that ought to be changed, which have been designedly left as they were. This Roman preface was made by Pope Clement VIII., author of the Vulgate."

This Pope himself declares that this version is the only authentic one, whilst he at the same time declares that this version is full of voluntary errors. This discovery surprised me immensely. I could not believe myself; I could not understand how a Pope could

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make such a confession, and how, after such a confession from a Pope, the priests could be audacious enough to maintain that their Bible is the true one, and that the Protestants are calumniators when they declare it to be false.

Seeing that in reading the prefaces I found many interesting things, I continued to read the different prefaces that were in the Bible, and I found in the preface of St. Jerome many most interesting things, especially regarding the apocryphal books declared canonical by the Council of Trent. The prefaces that St. Jerome prefixed to all the books he translated are reproduced; for example, in the preface to the Book of Tobit, St. Jerome denies its canonicity; he takes from the canonical books the Book of Judith, in the preface he makes to the translation of that book; in the preface to the prophecy of Jeremiah he says he has not translated the Book of Baruch, because it is apocryphal; in the preface to the Book of Daniel he says that the Story of Susannah, the Song of the Three Children, and the *Fables* of Bel and the Dragon, which the Council of Trent has declared canonical, are apocryphal. In the preface to the Books of Solomon he declares that the Books of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus are apocryphal.

The reading of these prefaces taught me that St. Jerome, who is called by the Roman Church the greatest of the Fathers, believed what the Protestants believe with regard to canonical and apocryphal books, and contradicted the decrees of the Council of Trent. Amongst these prefaces I found the decree of the fourth session of the Council of Trent, which places among the canonical books all those books that St. Jerome declared apocryphal. The decree ends with a solemn *anathema*, fulminated against all those who would say that those books are not canonical. And, lo, in the same prefaces we find not only a flagrant contradiction, but we find St. Jerome excommunicated by the same Church which declares him the greatest of its Fathers.

That which struck me more than anything else was to find in my Bible a collection of eighteen Biblical passages which ordered the people to read the Word of God. This made me understand how much the Roman Church is in contradiction to God and itself, when it forbids the reading of the Bible.

I read all the prefaces, and set myself to reflect however the Roman Church could have fallen into such flagrant contradictions, and however the learned theologians who are in that Church could be so blind as not to see those contradictions, and so dishonourable as to deny them. Such questions perplexed my mind, and whilst I was thus thinking I opened my Bible by chance, and my eyes alighted on the 10th verse of chapter ii. of the second

Epistle to the Thessalonians: "Because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie."

These words of the Holy Spirit answered all my questions, and I understood everything; Signor Pasquali could not have done in a year that which in a moment was done for me by the Word of God. I was convinced that by the just judgment of God the Roman Church had been struck with a strong delusion to believe a lie. I saw clearly that it was impossible to seek the truth in it; I then took God for my Guide, I threw myself on my knees to pray, and repeated the prayer of Saul of Tarsus: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Rising from prayer, I began to read in my Bible the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans.

Arriving at the 16th verse of the first chapter, I was arrested by the profound impression these words made on me: "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." "Faith then," I said to myself, "is the only condition which God has imposed for my salvation. If I only believe, I shall have in myself, through the Gospel, all the power of God."

I then continued my reading of this Epistle, and found still further confirmation of this truth, that the only means of salvation is faith, that no flesh can be justified before God by the works of the law, that Abraham believed in God, and it was imputed to him for righteousness; and I read many other declarations which are in this Epistle, which you well know, and which establish absolutely the justification of man to be the work of God, and not of man, but that man receives it by means of faith.

Then I thought of writing the most important passages of the Bible upon the essential doctrines, so as to have them always before my eyes when the Bible should be taken from me; and as I could not dispose of the few sheets of paper, I wrote some of those passages on the under part of my table with the pen; others I wrote on the wall with the point of a little nail, which with great trouble I drew from my shoe.

The next day I decided to read through the whole New Testament. Not to dilate too much, I will not recount all the impressions I received from God in that blessed reading. I will only tell you that the doctrine of regeneration described by Jesus Christ Himself in the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John made such an impression upon me, and opened my eyes in such a manner, that I only then understood what Christianity was. I had conceived the idea that Christianity consisted in a profession of pure and Scriptural faith, in spiritual worship, and in a healthy morality; but from reading that chapter, I knew that these things

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were not sufficient to make a true Christian, but that the new birth was necessary, the death of the old man, and the birth of the new man, created according to God in righteousness and holiness; and I can tell you sincerely, that from that moment the grace of God made me feel that this change had been effected in me, and that Jesus Christ had been grafted into my heart by faith. Until then I had been convinced that the Roman Church is in error, but I then felt that Christ, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, was in my heart.

The discussions of Signor Pasquali had opened my mind; the discoveries I made in my Bible had illuminated my intellect; but my heart had been still distressed; then I understood perfectly that one may know everything about the truth, without being truly converted, and that conversion takes place when the new birth operates in us. Then peace filled my heart! I felt but lightly the weight of privations; my delight was in prayer; my prison was no longer a torment to me, because I had my Saviour in me, for Whose name I suffered.

Thus passed ten days, in which I read nearly the whole of the Bible; I reflected much on it, and my conversion was complete.

Father N—— returned the tenth day, and asked me if I was convinced of my errors, or if I still had difficulties. And here I must confess one of my actions which was not according to the simplicity which becomes the true disciples of Christ; I was willing to make use of Jesuitism to deceive, if it were possible, the Jesuits. I answered Father N—— that there no longer remained any difficulty, that God had worked in me complete conversion, and that I ardently desired to make a public abjuration of my errors.

I thought by this means to obtain permission openly (in a church, for example) to make my abjuration; and then my intention was publicly to abjure the errors of the Roman Church, and proclaim myself an Evangelical Christian, happen what might. But Father N—— told me that the way to make a public abjuration was not by word of mouth; the practice of the Holy Tribunal insisted that the abjuration should be made in writing, to be read kneeling before the Father Inquisitor, to be signed, and then, if desired, published in some religious journal. Father N—— added that foreseeing my docility, he had brought with him the formula of my abjuration; I had only to sign it, and the next day it would be read solemnly before the Inquisitor.

He then presented me with a paper that I might read and sign it. I, without reading it, tore it and threw it down, and distinctly said: "The abjuration I intended to make in public was to abjure the errors of Rome."

The poor man seemed dumbfounded; for some moments he remained silent, then he said to me: "My son, you are lost; Satan has blinded you." I opened the Bible, and placed under the eyes of Father N.— these words in chapter vi. of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance, seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame." I read these words in a grave and solemn tone; then fixing my eyes on him, I said: "Do you know of whom the Holy Spirit speaks in this passage? Do you know on whom so terrible a sentence is pronounced?" His face became scarlet, his eyes were cast down, and he did not answer my question. Then I continued with great power, and said: "The Holy Spirit speaks of those, who after having known the truth as it is found in the Gospel have renounced it; He speaks of me if I should be so vile and iniquitous as to deny the truth after having known it; He speaks of you, Father N.—, who, after having known the truth, have abandoned it to embrace error. Your sentence is pronounced, and instead of occupying yourself with perverting others, you should occupy yourself with satisfying your conscience."

The man's eyes sparkled with rage; he could answer nothing, but immediately went out of my prison, muttering I know not what words in English. Some minutes after, the jailer came, making signs of the cross; he took from me the Bible, the paper, and the inkstand, but he could not take from me the peace of heart I had found in my Saviour.

From that moment I was not again examined; I saw no other face than the ferocious face of the jailer; I heard no other words from him but these, "recantation or death."

In the meantime I passed my time happily in the prison; the under side of the table was covered with passages from the Bible, which furnished me with material for the sweetest meditation; prayer occupied another portion of my time. But that which is remarkable was that I saw in my prison, precisely verified, that word of God which says that those who are regenerate have no need that any one should teach them, because the unction from the Holy Spirit will teach them everything (I. John ii. 27). I felt in myself distinctly the work of the Lord; when I recalled to memory the doctrines of the Roman theology, in order to examine them, immediately there was presented to my mind some passage from the Bible which taught me the opposite Evangelical doctrine.

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For example, I examined the doctrine of the Council of Trent, which says that the Bible does not contain all that is necessary for salvation, and immediately there came before me the passage of St. Paul (II. Timothy iii. 15): "The Holy Scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." If the doctrine of the obscurity of the Bible came into my mind, I remembered that passage of St. Paul (II. Cor. iv. 3): "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost; in whom the God of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." Sometimes the scruple about having abandoned the Roman Church would present itself to my mind, and this scruple sometimes rather agitated me, but I seemed to hear sounding in my ear that heavenly voice which says: "Come out from among them, O my people, that ye be not participators of their sins and receive of their calamities." In a word, for every difficulty that presented itself before me, there came into my mind a passage from the Word of God; hence twenty months of meditation and prayer in prison have served me, I believe, much better in the understanding of the Bible than if I had been twenty years in a theological school.

This is, my dear Eugenio, in a few words the history of my conversion; but I am not alone in having received from God so great a blessing; Mr. Manson has also left Puseyism and become an Evangelical Christian; and Mr. Sweeteman has become a most zealous and serious young man. Signor Pasquali has been the instrument of their conversion. But a few moments ago I again embraced these three dear brethren, who have returned from a journey in the East. In my next letter I will tell of the imprisonment and liberation of the good Signor Pasquali; he also has had to suffer much, but God was always with him, and has liberated him.—Believe me, your affectionate

ENRICO.

LETTER XIX.

Diplomacy.

ROME, June, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

Here I am again with my dear friends, in the very height of happiness; now I can say that there is verified in me to the full extent of its meaning the device of our dear Geneva, *post tenebras lux*. After so many trials my future is joyous; after so many afflictions I have the greatest comfort. I promised to relate to you the imprisonment and liberation of my dear friend, Signor Pasquali. I should have preferred that you should have heard it from his own mouth, but as that is for the present impossible, I will try to tell you as best I can, briefly, all that I have learnt from my friends of his imprisonment and liberation.

As soon as my friends suspected that something had occurred to me through not seeing me for some days, they went to the convent where I lived, proceeding direct to my room. It was just at the moment in which the officials of the Inquisition were making the inventory of my papers and books. An officer of the Inquisition kept guard outside the door of my rooms, to prevent any one approaching. My friends learned from one of the monks that I was in the prisons of the Inquisition, and that an examination was being made of my room. Signor Pasquali wished to enter at any cost to get information about me, but he was not permitted; on the contrary the Superior of the convent obliged the three friends to leave, and reproached them with having been the cause of my imprisonment and of my ruin.

My friends immediately went to the Swiss Consul, praying him to demand me, diplomatically, as a citizen of free Helvetia. The Swiss Consul is an excellent man; he showed great displeasure at the misfortune which had happened to me, and said he would do all that was in his power, but anticipated that all would be useless; that his official power was limited to solicitation as he was not able to threaten; that the Court of Rome was not

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persuaded either by prayers or reasonings; and that only fear could do anything with it.

My friends then used all possible efforts to succeed in penetrating my prison, and thus see if there was anything which could be done for my benefit; but their efforts were useless, it was neither possible for them to see me, nor to send me any letter.

This is how the imprisonment of Signor Pasquali took place. The Holy Office desired to have him in its power, but did not wish it known, in order not to have it bruited abroad. Signor Pasquali, although Italian by birth, nevertheless, having been many years in England, had obtained English naturalisation, and the English Government will not suffer its subjects to be incarcerated by the Inquisition. It was necessary, therefore, to arrest him with guile, without any one being cognisant of it, and this is how the Inquisition attained its aim. One day in the dusk of evening Signor Pasquali was walking alone in a somewhat remote street, of which there are so many in Rome. A well-dressed man, with all the air of a gentleman, saluting, and coming up to him, said he was a great friend of the Swiss Consul, into whose house he had seen him enter; he added that the Consul had confided to him the fact of my imprisonment, and that he in his desire to render a service to strangers, had so arranged that Signor Pasquali might hope almost with certainty to have an interview with me; that he was a great friend of the Father Commissary of the Inquisition, and that in case an interview with me was not possible he would speak to the Father Commissary, to whom he would recommend me, and through whom certain news could be obtained of me.

The good Signor Pasquali fell into the snare; he believed this pretended gentleman, and asked when it would be possible to verify these things.

"Now, if you wish," answered the stranger, "because this is the hour in which the Father Commissary is least occupied."

They then went to the Palace of the Inquisition; the stranger entered the apartment of the Father Commissary, begging Signor Pasquali to remain in the ante-chamber for a moment, until the Father Commissary should be informed. After a moment a servant came from the apartment to introduce Signor Pasquali. When he had passed through some rooms, the servant said that the Father Commissary permitted him to see the prisoner, but only for a quarter of an hour, and then he should pass on to where his unknown friend awaited him. Signor Pasquali readily followed the servant, who stopped before a cell, opened it, and invited Signor Pasquali to go in, saying he would remain outside; but scarcely had Signor Pasquali entered, than he closed the door

behind him, and with a loud burst of laughter, drew the bolt. Thus was Signor Pasquali put in prison, and a few moments after, that was done to him which had been done to me; viz., the verbal arrest and the examination of his person. He protested strongly, but his protests were received with derision.

In the meantime, Mr. Sweeteman and Mr. Manson, finding that Pasquali did not return home were in great agitation. After some hours they went to the police, who promised that the next day they would occupy themselves in seeking for Pasquali, but they could not promise to find him. The next day the friends returned, but found there was no news. They went to the English Consul, who suspected a felonious assault, and wrote immediately to the Secretary of State that he should give orders to the police to make all possible search to find Signor Pasquali. But, in the meanwhile, days and weeks passed, without learning anything. One day a man dressed as a gentleman presented himself to Mr. Manson (perhaps it was the same who had imprisoned Signor Pasquali), and told him that he had news of Signor Pasquali, certain news, that he could indicate a sure way to have him liberated, and he would indicate it on two conditions; the first, a solemn promise of absolute secrecy; the second, a reward agreed upon.

Mr. Manson promised secrecy, and agreed that the reward should be a hundred *scudi*, when the report should be found exactly true. The stranger was satisfied, and revealed to Mr. Manson how Signor Pasquali had been incarcerated, and told him what should be done to secure his liberation.

In the meanwhile, Signor Pasquali was being examined in the Holy Office, but his examination was made with the solemnity that is accorded to a dogmatizer. He was not examined as I was by a secondary official, in private; he was conducted to the room of judgment, where were the Father Commissary, Monsignor the Assessor, the Fiscal, two Associate Fathers of the Commissary, two Councillors, the Chief Notary, and a sub-Notary.

Monsignor the Assessor ordered Signor Pasquali to swear, and Signor Pasquali replied: "The Lord teaches not to swear in any manner, and I will not swear; I am accustomed, by the grace of God, never to lie, and never to swear." He was asked to what religious sect he belonged. Signor Pasquali replied in the words of St. Paul: "I serve the God of my fathers, after the way that you call heresy; and believe all that is written in the Word of God; in a word, I am a Christian, and belong to no sect whatever." "But," continued the Assessor, "you belong to a sect separate from the Church of Jesus Christ." "Pardon me," said the Waldensian, "I belong to the Church of Jesus Christ, and not to a sect; rather,

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by the mercy of God, I belong to a Church which has existed from Apostolic times, and which preserves all the Apostolic doctrines."

Then one of the two Councillors asked to be allowed to speak, and began to enter into discussion with Signor Pasquali. At this Signor Pasquali was filled with inexplicable joy, because it gave him an opportunity of witnessing to the Gospel in an assemblage of its greatest enemies. "St. Paul says," began the Councillor, "that only the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church is the pillar and foundation of truth." "Reverend Father," interrupted Signor Pasquali, "St. Paul does not speak of the Roman Church in that passage, but of the Church of Jesus Christ. But I will tell you when St. Paul speaks of the Roman Church. He speaks of it in Acts xx., when he says: 'I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock; also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them.' This is when St. Paul spoke of you. But he spoke more clearly in the fourth chapter of his first Epistle to Timothy, when he said: 'The Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their consciences seared with a hot iron.'"

Signor Pasquali wished to quote other passages on this subject, but he was interrupted by the President, who told him that he must confine himself to simply answering the questions.

He was then asked: "What do you think of the Pope?" "I think," he replied, "that he is that man of whom St. Paul speaks in the second chapter of the second Epistle to the Thessalonians."

A cry of horror escaped from the lips of all those men; and the President rising, said: "He is an obstinate heretic; we need no other proofs." All then rose, and at a sign from the President, Signor Pasquali was conducted back to his prison, and it is likely that both of us were destined to be thrown into one of those furnaces of which I have spoken, if God had not interfered for our preservation.

Whilst these things were happening at the Holy Office, Mr. Manson had not lost time. He had gone with Mr. Sweeteman to the English Consul, and related to him all that he had learnt from the unknown individual, viz., that Signor Pasquali was in the prisons of the Holy Office, whence he would never again come forth; and he acquainted him with the advice the stranger had given to secure his liberation. The advice was, that the English Consul should immediately demand an audience with the Pope, and should speak with great firmness, as if he spoke by order of his Government, demanding resolutely the immediate release of Signor

Pasquali; that he must yield in nothing, and, above all, not lose time, otherwise all would be lost. "Be assured," said the stranger, "that the small experience of the Pope, his timid and undecided character, the fear with which at this moment Lord Palmerston inspires the Roman *Curia*, will cause the Pope to accede to the demands of the Consul, perhaps making the exile of Pasquali the condition. But, above all," said the stranger, "let the Consul speak alone with the Pope, and manage, if it be possible, not to leave the audience before receiving a written order for the liberation of Signor Pasquali." The Consul took the advice, and immediately putting on his uniform, went to the Quirinal; he entered the ante-room with a very preoccupied air, as though he would speak with the Pope on the most interesting business; he went straight to the Chamberlain, and with the same air of preoccupation asked for a special audience. He was soon admitted to the presence of the Pope, and knew so well how to manage, that the Pope was afraid of bringing down upon himself the anger of England. The Consul told him that Signor Pasquali was an English subject, and that England would not passively see one of its subjects in the prisons of the Inquisition, whilst in England the Catholics enjoyed perfect liberty. He informed the Pope that if Signor Pasquali were immediately set free, the affair would have no further consequences, but if he were not, he, the Consul, would have immediately to write to his Government, and then the affair would be treated diplomatically; and the result would certainly not be advantageous to the Pontifical Government. The Pope was afraid, and promised that he would have Signor Pasquali liberated; but the Consul observed that this promise, although of great value, would not exempt him from the duty of writing immediately to his Government, and, therefore, he prayed the Pope to quickly fulfil this promise, deigning to write with his own hand an order for the immediate release of Signor Pasquali.

"Your Holiness," said he, "must depend upon no one in this matter; it is purely a religious affair, and the Ministers have nothing to do with it." The Pope then wrote the order of release, and delivered it to the Consul, who immediately hastened to the Holy Office, and demanded that Signor Pasquali should be delivered up to him.

It was an hour after mid-day when my two friends saw the Consul arrive at their house with Signor Pasquali, who, after a month of imprisonment, was so wasted and deteriorated in health, that it was hard to recognise him. The Consul ordered that he should have something to eat, and, in the meantime, he prepared their passports for Malta, making them set out the same day, for

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fear the Pope, alarmed at what he had done, might under another pretext cause Signor Pasquali to be again imprisoned. They then paid the hundred *scudi* to the unknown informant, recommended me to the Consul, who could do nothing for me (I not being an English subject), and set out for Naples, whence they soon embarked for Malta.

My friends started from Malta for the East, to visit the sacred spots, and then profiting by the Roman revolution, returned to Rome to see what had become of me, intending afterwards to return to England.

Mr. Manson, through what he had seen in Rome, and through the conversations with Signor Pasquali, had entirely changed his opinion concerning the Roman Church. He is still strongly attached to the English Church, and in this there is no harm; but he has entirely renounced the doctrines of Puseyism, which by a logical consequence would have led him to Catholicism.

But that which scandalised him greatly was an incident that he witnessed in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, an incident not rare, but which an Englishman, and especially a Puseyite, would never have believed, if he had not seen it with his own eyes. It happened as follows.

One day all three were in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but in a corner unobserved. A Franciscan friar, mounted upon some steps, was adjusting a lamp, when a Greek priest, entering the church by a small door, went gently towards the steps and knocked them over, throwing the friar who was upon them to the ground; he then fled, and went out by the same little door, shutting it behind him. My friends ran to help the fallen friar, who cried out loudly; at which cry other friars ran up, and the injured one, cursing and swearing in Italian, related to his companions that he was brought to this pass by a Greek priest, and excited them to vengeance. The friars, instead of helping the injured one, immediately disappeared, and a moment after returned all armed, some with guns, some with pistols, some with knives, and some with sticks. They all rushed in fury towards the door through which the Greek priest had taken refuge, which was that leading to the Greek convent. They were already about to pull down the door, and there would have occurred a horrible massacre among the Greeks and Franciscans, if a company of Janizaries had not arrived, who, by blows with sticks and the butt-end of their guns, drove back the malcontent friars to their convent. This fact scandalised immensely the two Englishmen, so much the more when they learned that such scenes are of frequent occurrence among these holy missionaries; even the Turks themselves are scandalised by

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them, and therefore the Pacha is obliged to keep Janizaries in the church to prevent such disorders from ending tragically. Nevertheless, those friars are zealous missionaries sent thither by the Propaganda of Rome for the edification of the devout who go to visit the Holy Sepulchre.

Mr. Sweeteman has become the most lovable young man in the world; through the discourses of Signor Pasquali he has been completely converted to Christ. Signor Pasquali, if you could but see him, is in the greatest joy possible; he constantly embraces me, and calls me his beloved brother; we three look upon him and respect him as a father in Christ.

I have left the house of that good Roman gentleman who received me with so much kindness the day of my liberation, and have gone to live with my friends. In a few days we shall leave Rome, but I have not yet decided whether I shall return directly to Geneva or go first to England. Signor Pasquali would like me to be a little longer with him that he may strengthen me in the Gospel, so I know not what will be decided. In the meantime we have made an interesting discovery, of which I shall tell you in another letter.

Adieu, dear Eugenio, God grant that you may soon embrace again as a brother in Christ—Your most affectionate

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LETTER XX.

Archives of the Inquisition.

ROME, June, 1849.

MY DEAR EUGENIO,—

Our departure from Rome is decided on; it will take place to-morrow; I am going to England with my three friends, but we all four go by Geneva, where we shall stay some days. How many things I shall have to tell you, my dear Eugenio, when we are together! I will relate to you the whole story of my sorrows, and of all the iniquities I saw in Rome, of which I have only related a small portion. You will then know my dear friends, and we shall introduce them to the dear Christians of Geneva. In the meantime I will not break my promise to you; I promised to relate in this letter an interesting discovery we have made, and now I will keep my word.

Mr. Manson wished to know who had accused me to the Inquisition. I told him I feared it was assuredly the Jesuit Fathers; Signor Pasquali was of the same opinion, but Mr. Manson, perhaps for a little affection he still bore to the Jesuits, appeared unable to be persuaded. Signor Pasquali, who wished to convince him, said that he could prove it by showing him both our processes. He went to the English Consul to see if such a thing was possible, and the Consul gave him a letter of recommendation to the ex-Minister, Sterbini, author of the decree for the destruction of the Holy Office. Sterbini most courteously offered to accompany us himself to the Chancery of the destroyed tribunal to seek there our processes.

So we four went, accompanied by Sterbini, to that palace of horror. The subterranean prisons were destroyed, and the workmen were labouring to convert that place of priestly vengeance into habitations for poor operatives. The place of the archives remained intact, because the governor expected to find treasure in those papers, and already he had begun to examine them.

Meanwhile he said: "I will tell you something of what I have discovered in the time I have been able to give to this examination."

So saying he led us before some bookshelves, and drawing out a

volume of the year 1828, he opened it and showed us an original letter from Cardinal Bernetti, then Secretary of State, in which he prayed the Father Commissary, in the name of Pope Leo XII., that on account of information of some political conspiracies in the State, and of inability to discover anything by means of the police, he (the Father Commissary) should seriously occupy himself with such matters, and discover them by means of the Inquisition. After that letter came the decree of the Tribunal to attain this object, which decree said that in order to effectually discover such conspiracies there was no better means than the Confessional, and therefore the Holy Tribunal prayed His Holiness that he should make a decree that confessors could not absolve any of those who should have taken part in any way in such conspiracies or secret societies, whoever they might be, or of those who might know the existence of the same, unless, first, they denounced to the Holy Office those who had taken part, or who had been suspected of taking part, in such conspiracy or secret society. And as it was foreseen that many would rather waive absolution than go to the Holy Office to denounce relations and friends, permission was given to the confessors to be able to receive accusations without any formality.

After this decree came the Pontifical brief, which was communicated to all the confessors of the State, made in the terms required by the Holy Office. Then followed all the denunciations of the confessors consequent upon that brief, and these denunciations were comprised in ten large volumes. Most of them were without the signature of the denouncer, and were without any legal guarantee. Very frequently the denunciations were wrested from the lips of the dying at the extreme moment of life. When the mind was weakened, and the moral faculties almost extinct, then the crafty priest used all his fierce eloquence to show the dying man that there was no other way of salvation but that of denouncing his relatives or friends, and to attain the end more easily they promised that the denunciation should not be carried out until after his death. By these artifices almost all the Liberals of the Pontifical State were denounced, and those denunciations contributed greatly to make the revolution of 1831 abortive.

From the shelves containing the political denunciations, we passed to others, where the denunciations of solicitations were kept. We would rather have gone on, but Signor Pasquali wished that Mr. Manson should notice these books a little, to be more than ever persuaded that confession to the priest, so much cherished and praised by the Puseyites, is none other than a mystery of iniquity. He commenced by turning over the last of these

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numerous volumes which contained the processes for solicitation, and the most revolting iniquity was found in it, committed by the priests under the pretext of confession; now was found a confessor of nuns who had seduced the youngest nuns of the convent and made them dishonoured mothers; now a confessor, who in a college of young men, by means of the Confessional had formed a select and numerous *hareem*; now it was a daughter or a wife seduced by the confessor. There was, amongst other things in that volume, the story of a friar who, accused seventeen times of solicitation, was never punished, because he was a man most zealous in discovering and denouncing the Liberals.

On seeing such things Mr. Manson became as red as a hot coal. Mr. Sweeteman trembled with indignation. Signor Sterbini smiled and said that in those volumes were registered the least of the iniquities which were committed every day, because those things were only registered which had been denounced by the seduced women; but when an honourable woman had been excited to evil and seduced by a confessor, she would rather die than make known her shame, and thus the greater number of cases of seduction were not denounced.

Signor Pasquali, with his accustomed *sangfroid*, said to Mr. Manson: "Do you see the evil effects of priestly confession? On returning to England recount them to your dear friends the Puseyites, who seek by every means to establish auricular confession, and tell them what you have yourself seen."

We were sickened by these things, and prayed Sterbini to indicate to us, if possible, where our processes were. He then took an index, and after having consulted it, drew from the shelves a parchment volume, enclosing our processes. Mine began with a letter from Father P——, my Jesuit master, in which he denounced me as being in close friendship with three heretics, of always going with them, of entering into religious discussion with them, and of wilfully continuing that friendship and those discussions, although he and the other Jesuit Fathers had formally prohibited me. This first denunciation was followed by the relation of Mr. Manson's *lacquey de place*, in which he described the character of my three friends and the discourses I held with them. After these two documents followed the decree with regard to me, signed by the Father Commissary; the decree contained only one word, *observetis* (to be watched). After this decree the Fiscal had appointed two Familiars to observe all my slightest actions, and refer them to the Holy Office. Then there were the reports of the observers, in which were described all my words and actions, many of them exaggerated, others entirely invented, and all confirmed

with the solemn oath of the informers, who, in the jurisprudence of the Holy Office, are persons most worthy of confidence.

My Jesuit Confessor completed the work, revealing to the Holy Office all that I had said in my confession, and his revelation was, like all the others, reported in writing in my process. Then came the decree of imprisonment, and the reports of the personal examination, and of the domiciliary examination, in which it was stated that nothing had been found to prove my delinquency. Then there were inscribed in the process my examinations, the reports of the jailer, my conversation with the Abbé Palotta, and those with Father N—. My trial finished with a decree that said, *Supersederi donec resipiscat*, which means that my trial should be suspended, anticipating my conversion.

Signor Pasquali's trial was consequent on mine. I was accused of being a seduced heretic, Signor Pasquali of being a seducing heretic, a public dogmatiser; the accusers were the same. But Signor Pasquali was born a Protestant, and had not committed the crime of unpardonable apostasy in the eyes of the Inquisition; he was with Englishmen, and although born in Italy, had acquired English nationality; if he had to be imprisoned it must be done most quietly, so that no one could discover him, because the times, said the decree of arrest, being difficult, occasion must not be given to England to make complaint. The Pope must appear Liberal, in order that England might not support the Liberal Italians against him. On this account a Roman gentleman, who for his devotion was a confidant of the Holy Office, was employed to carefully lead Signor Pasquali into the hands of the Inquisition, and this gentleman arrested him in the mode which I have related to you.

The trial of Signor Pasquali bore the title of *pubblico dogmatizzante*; there were registered the reports of imprisonment and examination; then followed the decree of the solemn examination, as is the custom for public dogmatisers, and the report of that examination. I have related to you how abruptly he was taken away from the examination, but I should never have known the details that followed if I had not read them in that process.

Scarcely had Signor Pasquali gone from the room of judgment than those Reverend Fathers deliberated about his condemnation. The word of the Fiscal was given that the guilt of Signor Pasquali as a public dogmatiser was evident; it was his opinion, according to the laws of the Holy Tribunal, that he should be condemned to death; as to this there could be no doubt, he only doubted as to what kind of death Signor Pasquali should be condemned; he left it to the Holy Tribunal to decide if he should be walled up or burnt in the furnaces.

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The two Councillors then spoke; they agreed that death was the penalty due to Signor Pasquali, but their opinion was for fire, because the bricking up was a penalty fallen into disuse. Then the two Father Familiars spoke, and supported the opinion of the Councillors. After them the Father Commissary spoke, and said that he esteemed the penalty of death a useless thing, when it was not accompanied by publicity; therefore, he believed that a decree of incarceration for life was sufficient. Monsignor the Assessor, who as President, spoke last, observed that Signor Pasquali, being an English citizen, it was possible that his arrest might be discovered, and one day he might be effectively demanded by England. If this should happen, and Signor Pasquali had been put to death, the Pope would be most irritated; so that it was his opinion they should suspend pronouncing any sentence, retain Signor Pasquali in prison, and pronounce the sentence of death when they were certain that England would not demand him. All agreed in this sentence, and his trial was ended by the following decree:—*Supersederi et ad mentem. Mens est ut consulatur Sanctissimus et ejus jussa exequantur.* This decree, you will understand, was the last sheet annexed to the process. In it was mentioned that the Father Commissary had referred all to the Pope, and that the Pope, having found these deliberations wise, ordered they should be put into execution, retaining Signor Pasquali in the strictest custody. Thus the life of Signor Pasquali was saved through the fear the Pope had of England. We thanked Signor Sterbini, and came out of that place, never again to enter.

In returning home from the Palace of the Inquisition, we witnessed a fact, little in itself, but which showed the indefinable character of Signor Mazzini, head of the Roman Republic. We met in the street a magnificent carriage, all covered with gold, drawn by two superb horses, which went at the slowest pace. It was the grand carriage of the Pope. The people who were in the street stopped, waiting for the carriage to pass, and while it passed all uncovered, and many knelt down, making the sign of the cross. Inside the carriage were two Franciscan friars, dressed in their surplices, and one of them wearing also the stole. We asked a gentleman who was near us, and who had not, like ourselves, raised his hat, nor given any sign of reverence as the carriage passed, what was in it, and why there were such signs of adoration; he answered us that it was the grand carriage of the Pope, presented by Mazzini to the *San Bambino* of *Ara Cali*, believing thus to gratify the Roman populace.

We continued our walk, and Signor Pasquali asked what the *San Bambino* was, and why it was driven round Rome. I

answered that the *San Bambino* was an image of the infant Jesus, roughly carved in wood, in the custody of the Franciscan friars, and that this image was to them a real treasure. The friars say that it is made of olive wood, the wood of that very olive tree against which our Redeemer leant when He sweated blood in the garden. They say that this image was carved by angels, and that it came to Rome by itself, and went to take up its dwelling in the Church of the *Ara Cœli*, and this is how it came about:—I do not remember now in what year, but one Christmas Eve, whilst the friars were praying in the church, they heard a knocking at the door of the church; but, thinking that evil persons were seeking to disturb them at their prayers, they did not go to open it; the knocking continued, but the friars remained obdurate; then all the bells of the church sounded as if for a festival, without any one touching them, the doors of the church flew open, and the *Bambino* entered, and went and placed itself upon the altar. This *Bambino* is covered with the richest clothing, has upon it priceless diamonds and jewels in great numbers; the friars never touch it unless they are dressed in their sacerdotal garments, and their hands covered with silk gloves; and the devout kiss its right foot, with which foot they say it knocked at the door. Now Mazzini, who had ordered the spoliation of all the churches, who had tolerated the sharing in the plunder of the sacred vessels, did not permit the jewels of the *San Bambino* to be touched; he even presented it with the precious Papal carriage. This *Bambino* is carried to the houses of the sick, when they are persons who can and will give a good fee for it, and when it arrives at the house all the family meet it with lighted candles at the carriage door, and thus accompany it when it goes out.

Of these things, dear Eugenio, there are very many in Rome, and it would require not a letter, but a large volume, to describe them. If the Protestants, by the light of the Gospel, would consider Rome as it is, and not as they imagine it to be from the description of the Jesuits and their followers, they would not be astonished when they hear some call Papal Rome the Babylon of the Apocalypse. Let them come to Rome as Signor Pasquali came, with the Bible in their hands and in their heart, and then they will know what Papal Rome is.

Adieu, dear Eugenio, in a few days we shall be again together; we shall embrace one another, and love one another all the more, because to our youthful friendship will be added the bonds of religion, we having become brothers in Jesus Christ.

ENRICO.